

VOL. XXV.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 5.

# THE MUNSEY



FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

# Munsey's Magazine

*The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publisher's permission.*

## CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1901.

<b>A Great New Nation</b> The brief past, prosperous present, and great future of the commonwealth of Australia—illustrated.	WALTER JEFFERY . . . . .	601
<b>The Quest of the North Pole</b> The efforts being made by men of many nations to solve the last of the great mysteries of the globe—illustrated.	HENRY COLLINS WALSH . . . . .	613
<b>A Blackjack Bargainer, A Short Story</b> <b>Richard Croker</b> The character and career of the great political "boss," sketched by a man who has known him for many years.	SYDNEY PORTER . . . . . LOUIS SEIBOLD . . . . .	620 628
<b>The Homes of Carlyle</b> The various abiding places in which the great critic and philosopher spent his rather unhappy life—illustrated.	JANE MACNEIL . . . . .	633
<b>The March of the Brass Band</b> The extraordinary development of military music during the past century—illustrated.	MARIAN WEST . . . . .	640
<b>Mutinies on American Ships</b> Authentic stories of murder and robbery on board of our merchant vessels—illustrated.	JOHN R. SPEARS . . . . .	646
<b>The Passing of Li Hung Chang</b> The great Chinaman's last appearance upon the world's political stage—illustrated.	EDWIN WILDMAN . . . . .	657
<b>The Court of King Edward</b> The duties and the salaries of the most important dignitaries and officials of the British court—illustrated.	FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN . . . . .	664
<b>Count Hannibal, A Serial Story, Chapters XXII-XXIV</b>	STANLEY J. WEYMAN . . . . .	675
<b>The Evolution of the Camera</b> Early experiments in photography, and the wonderfully efficient apparatus of the present day—illustrated.	W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS . . . . .	687
<b>The Expansion of Our Great Universities</b> The marvelous extension of higher education in America during recent years—illustrated.	ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D. . . . .	693
<b>Insects as Carriers of Disease</b> How deadly diseases are spread by flies and other insects.	SMITH ELY JELLIFFE, M.D., Ph.D. . . . .	707
<b>Chronicles of Us, V—The Blond Lady</b>	JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS . . . . .	713
<b>The Stage—illustrated</b>	ANNE O'HAGAN . . . . .	718
<b>The Athletic Girl</b> The changes outdoor sport has brought in the habits, dress, and health of woman—illustrated.	ANNE O'HAGAN . . . . .	729
<b>Storiettes—illustrated.</b>		
<b>A Contrariness of Cupid</b>	M. S. ANDERSON . . . . .	739
<b>Freckles</b>	LYNN ROBY MEEKINS . . . . .	740
<b>From the Upper Deck</b>	JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS . . . . .	743
<b>The Complication in Becket</b>	EMMA A. OPPER . . . . .	745
<b>A Railroad Incident</b>	JOHN H. PAINE . . . . .	748
<b>Engineering as a Profession</b> The third of a series of articles on the great professions.	GEORGE HEBARD PAINE . . . . .	750
<b>Literary Chat</b>		755

# IMPORTANT

through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00 in advance. Single copies, ten cents.

ISSUED MONTHLY by FRANK A. MUNSEY, - - 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Do not subscribe to THE MUNSEY through agents unknown to you personally. If you do, you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people who have subscribed to THE MUNSEY



# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 5.

## A GREAT NEW NATION.

*BY WALTER JEFFERY,*

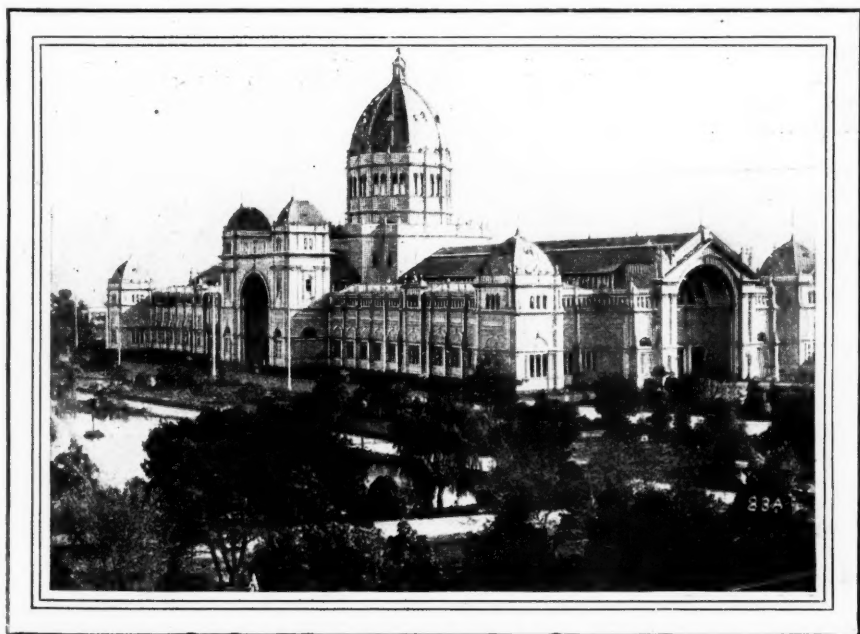
EDITOR OF "THE TOWN AND COUNTRY JOURNAL," SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA, WHICH CELEBRATED ITS BIRTH-DAY AS A UNITED NATION ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—THE NEW CONFEDERATION'S BRIEF PAST, ITS PROSPEROUS PRESENT, AND ITS GREAT FUTURE.

THE last year of the nineteenth century will probably be remembered in subsequent history for two epoch making events—the union of South Africa under the British flag and the birth of the Australian Commonwealth. Of the two, the latter is assuredly the

more important; for the future of Australia looms larger and brighter than that of even the most habitable part of the Dark Continent.

It may seem a little premature to speak of the new confederation as a great nation, while its population is less than



THE EXHIBITION BUILDING AT MELBOURNE, IN WHICH THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH MET IN MAY LAST.



THE LAW COURTS AT MELBOURNE—MELBOURNE IS THE CAPITAL AND CHIEF CITY OF THE COLONY (NOW THE STATE) OF VICTORIA, AND DISPUTES WITH SYDNEY THE HONOR OF BEING THE CHIEF CITY OF AUSTRALIA.

that of Pennsylvania; but a great nation it will undoubtedly be, within a period that is short when measured by the clock of history. The island continent has everything to make it the home of a mighty people. Its resources are vast, its climate is generally good, its inhabitants are the pick of the race that has subdued half the globe. They are a masterful people, already boasting a higher average of wealth than any other nation, and possessed of unlimited ambition. They intend to be the dominant power of

their southern seas, and who shall say them nay?

#### THE PROSPERITY OF AUSTRALIA.

The Dutch sailors who first explored the Australian coast reported it as a "foul and barren shore." There are still wide tracts of the island continent—indeed, most of the inland regions—marked as desert on the maps. Only two generations ago the same word was spread over vast regions of the United States. The "great American desert"

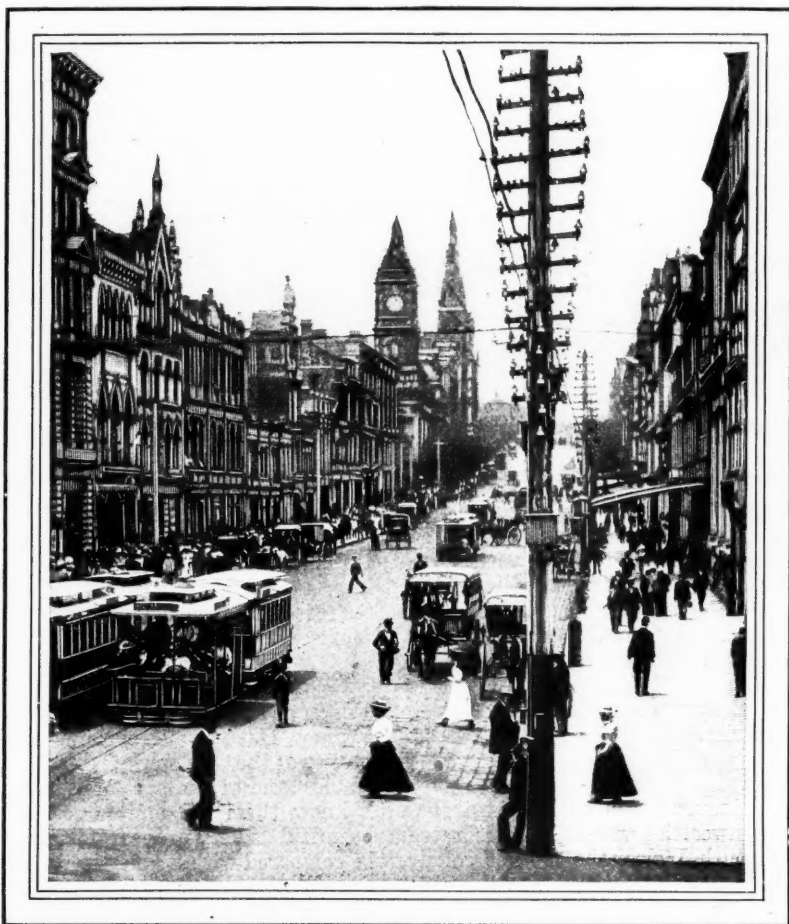


SYDNEY COVE IN 1788, WHEN CAPTAIN ARTHUR PHILLIP ESTABLISHED THE FIRST WHITE SETTLEMENT ON THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT WITH EIGHT HUNDRED CONVICTS TRANSPORTED FROM ENGLAND.

*From an old print.*

dwindled to a mere fraction of its former size as the land and its possibilities became better known; and it is probable that the same will be the case in Aus-

no history is the happiest applies well to Australia. She is a land with a great future and almost no past. Hers has been a brief and uneventful story of



COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE—THE GROWTH OF MELBOURNE, WHICH WAS FOUNDED IN 1835, HAS BEEN WONDERFULLY RAPID, ESPECIALLY FROM 1850 TO 1890. IT IS NOW A CITY OF HALF A MILLION PEOPLE, WITH MANY FINE BUILDINGS, WELL PAVED STREETS, AND A MODERN STREET CAR SYSTEM.

tralia. It must be remembered that little more than a century has passed since the first white settlers landed on her shores. Her interior is still largely unexplored; but even should much of this prove worthless for lack of water, she has eight thousand miles of coast, most of it fringed with at least a hundred mile strip of fertile land.

The saying that the country that has

growing prosperity. She has had no terrible disasters, no menacing problems. She has gained her national unity without the struggles and throes through which the American colonies passed. She has known no such days of "blood and iron" as those that welded modern Germany. Unlike the United States, she has no negro question, and she is weakened by no social cleavage like the



THE PRINCESS THEATER IN MELBOURNE, AT WHICH MANY AMERICAN AND ENGLISH THEATRICAL STARS HAVE APPEARED.

long dissension of North and South. Canada and South Africa have race questions, and the latter has also a great native population to deal with; Australia has neither. It is significant that the political issue of her first elections was the business matter of tariff duties. In other words, she starts her career with a unity of sentiment which it required a century of national life to create in America.

#### THE NEW COMMONWEALTH'S BIRTHDAY.

The inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth was fitly celebrated. New South Wales, the mother colony, kept holiday for a week. On the great day half a million people assembled in Sydney to witness the ceremonies, and the whole rejoicings passed off without an accident, without even an additional case at the police courts.

The celebrations began with the arrival from England, in December of last year, of the first governor general, the Earl of Hopetoun, who was well known to Australians as a former governor of the colony—now called the State—of Victoria. Lord Hopetoun came from England by way of India, touched at Western Australia, and went on to Adelaide, the capital of South Australia.

Here he left the mail steamer, and embarked in H. M. S. Royal Arthur, a first class cruiser, the flagship on the Australian naval station, which is now so important a part of the British Empire's sea force that its commanding officer has fourteen men of war under his flag.

#### THE PAGEANT IN SYDNEY HARBOR.

Every one has heard of the beauty of Sydney Harbor. Travelers sing the praises of the Golden Gate, of the Bay of Naples, and of the port of Rio Janeiro. I know them all, and none of them, beautiful as they are, can for a moment be compared with Sydney in its peculiar fitness for a water pageant. From the entrance at Port Jackson Heads to the handsome pavilion where Lord Hopetoun landed in one of the finest parks in the world, its banks washed by the harbor, yet in the heart of a city of half a million people, there is deep, smooth, blue water, there are miles of green sloping foreshores, there are promontories and bays, and there are many islands, large and small. All these were coigns of vantage for thousands of people to view the proceedings. On the harbor innumerable tiny white sails crowded the fairway, leaving a channel five miles long, from the Heads to the

landing, through which the Royal Arthur steamed to her moorings. The cruiser passed between two lines of merchant steamers, decorated from stem to stern in bunting, and flying the flags of more than one nation—among them the familiar and, as we think, the particularly friendly ensign of the United States.

or harbour in which there appeared to be good anchorage, and which I called Port Jackson.

#### THE SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE.

The next feature of the celebrations was the landing, a few days later, of imperial troops from England and of native troops from India. Except for the marines on the war ships, the red coat



THE PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS OF SYDNEY IN HONOR OF THE LANDING OF THE EARL OF HOPE-  
TOUN, THE FIRST GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH, IN DECEMBER LAST—  
THE ENGRAVING SHOWS LORD HOPETOUN'S CARRIAGE PASSING THE SYDNEY POST OFFICE.

Then Lord Hopetoun, in the flagship's barge, was rowed ashore between two lines of naval boats, the guns thundering a salute as he proceeded, and the boats' crews standing erect and bare-headed as he passed them. Here was a contrast, indeed, to the landing of Captain Arthur Phillip, the first governor, who, in January, 1788, disembarked from his frigate, the escort of a fleet of convict transports, on an uninhabited and almost unknown shore. Before that time the only record of Sydney Harbor was a paragraph in Captain Cook's log, dated at noon of May 6, 1770:

At this time we were between two and three miles distant from the land, and abreast of a bay

of the imperial army had not been seen in Australia since the last garrison of regular troops was withdrawn in 1870. England sent a thousand men, India a hundred, representing every branch of the service from the Household Cavalry to the militia and the volunteers, and from the Viceroy of India's ornamental six foot bodyguard to the diminutive but unbeaten Gurkha warrior.

The silver helmets of the Life Guards, the bearskins of the Grenadiers, the feather bonnets and kilts of the Highlanders, the somber green of the famous Sixtieth Rifles, stirred Australians of English birth with emotions to which they had long been strangers, and many



a sedate citizen surprised his friends by cheering himself hoarse as the troops marched through the city. But the young Australians in the streets supplied a wholesome corrective. They promptly dubbed the Indian soldiers "Chutney men," and the gorgeous uniforms appealed to them only as a sort of a circus parade. Indeed, with the thermometer at ninety degrees, a man wearing a bearskin or a metal helmet is really to be pitied rather than admired. The stiff bearing of the Englishmen, and the uneasy way they sat their ridiculously betrapped horses, compared with the graceful horsemanship of the lightly uniformed Australian mounted riflemen, was an object lesson. Even to Englishmen, with all their pride of race,

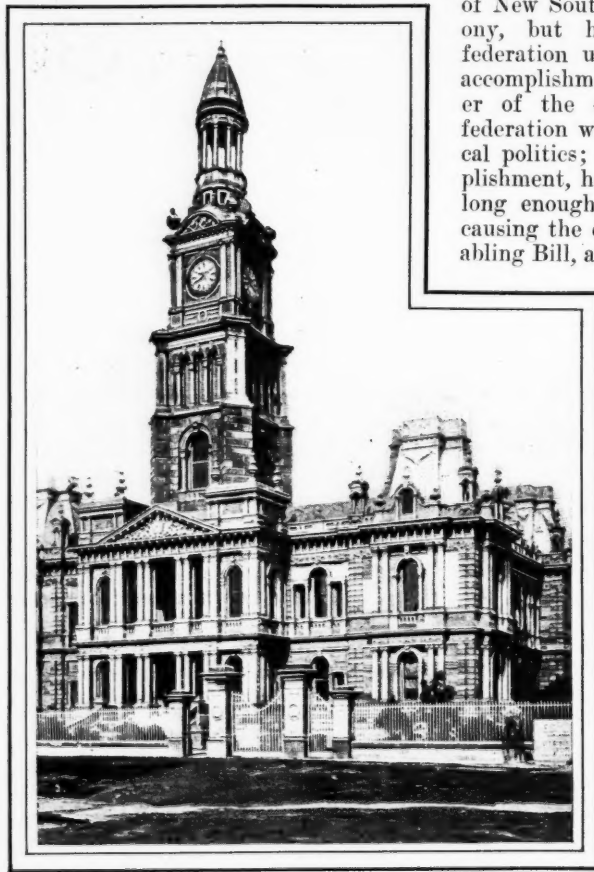
and their veneration for the splendid traditions of the imperial army, it brought home the fact that if the British soldier is not to be trained for show purposes only, he will have to be modeled more on the pattern of the younger race of Britons.

#### THE COMMONWEALTH'S FIRST MINISTRY.

The first duty of the governor general was to commission some public man to form a federal ministry. This was a delicate task, among a people extremely sensitive of the slightest departure from constitutional methods, and where the representative of the monarchy has long been looked upon as merely a master of social ceremonies. The political situation, too, was somewhat indefinite.

Sir William Lyne was prime minister of New South Wales, the mother colony, but he had openly opposed federation up to the moment of its accomplishment. G. H. Reid, the leader of the opposition, had brought federation within the scope of practical politics; on the eve of its accomplishment, he had sat on the rail just long enough to hazard the issue by causing the defeat of the Federal Enabling Bill, and then had turned about

again and passed a new measure, the Constitution Act. By these acrobatics he has since been known as "Yes No Reid." The premiers of the other colonies were not in it. Victoria, the only colony rivaling New South Wales in importance, had received her share of concessions by the enactment that the first Parliament should sit in her capital, Melbourne, and that the federal capital should be ultimately settled in neutral territory not less than a hundred miles from Sydney. Only by such concessions, probably, could federation have been brought about, for there



THE TOWN HALL AT SYDNEY, THE CAPITAL AND CHIEF CITY OF THE COLONY (NOW THE STATE) OF NEW SOUTH WALES.



GEORGE STREET, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREETS OF SYDNEY—SYDNEY IS THE OLDEST CITY OF AUSTRALIA, AND AT PRESENT IS PROBABLY THE MOST PROSPEROUS, THOUGH AT THE LAST CENSUS MELBOURNE WAS SLIGHTLY AHEAD IN POPULATION.

was a good deal of reluctance on the part of the less populous states to enter a coalition in which they must be more or less overshadowed by the "mother colony" of New South Wales.

There apparently remained only one course for the governor general to take, and that was to send for Edmund Barton. Mr. Barton had for years been a dilettante New South Wales politician, and had held office in more than one ministry, but never as a leader. When federation began to grow possible, he developed into an enthusiastic federationist. At the election of delegates from New South Wales to the convention for forming a constitution, he headed the list, and from that time he led the movement, becoming essentially an Australian as distinct from a New South Welshman. When the convention met he was its dominating figure, and he went to England to pilot the necessary bill through the British Parliament, as chief of the representatives of the six federating colonies. He might well be regarded as the elect, not only of New

South Wales, but of all the Commonwealth, and almost every one expected that he would be summoned. But he was not, and great was the general surprise, not unmixed with indignation.

For once, however, public opinion and the newspapers were on a wrong tack. In sending for Sir William Lyne, Lord Hopetoun unquestionably took the constitutional view that the prime minister of the senior colony, and of the colony in which the representative of the sovereign was residing, was the proper person to act as his adviser, and that Mr. Barton, beyond the fact that he was a federation delegate, had no political existence. The result was what might have been expected. The leading ministers of the other colonies refused to serve under Sir William Lyne, who thereupon reported to the governor general that he was unable to form a ministry, and that Mr. Barton appeared to be the man wanted. Thereupon Mr. Barton was sent for, and under him the leading ministers of the different colonies accepted office, including Sir



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY, FORMERLY THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES—THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE NEW COMMONWEALTH IS TO BE IN A FEDERAL DISTRICT, THE LOCATION OF WHICH IS NOT YET FIXED.

William Lyne himself, who holds the portfolio of minister for home affairs in the Commonwealth government.

#### SYDNEY'S WEEK OF REJOICINGS.

The actual birthday of the Commonwealth was the first day of the twentieth century. In Sydney, it was the beginning of a week of rejoicings. The program for January 1—it must be remembered that January comes at the height of the Australian summer—included a procession from Government House to the Centennial Park, where the governor general and his ministry were to be sworn in, followed by a state banquet in the evening, and by illuminations. On the following days there were a review, a school children's fête, a regatta, sports, and all kinds of minor entertainments, with illuminations every night. The estimated cost was about half a million pounds sterling. Melbourne, as I write, is preparing to outdo Sydney in its welcome to the Duke of York; but it can scarcely hope to exceed in splendor the Sydney illuminations, the procession through the Sydney streets, and the impressive inaugural ceremony of January 1.

In the procession, two hundred mounted police led the way. These men are among the finest horsemen in the

empire's service, and stories of Australia's bushranging days have made them famous outside of their own country. Following these were representatives of all the trades unions—which are stronger here, I think, than anywhere; then came friendly societies, fire brigades, and other civil organizations, followed by several hundred visitors from all the Australian colonies, from South Africa, the Straits Settlements, and indeed from all over the world. There were also cars emblematic of countries, Canada and Italy being the most conspicuous. Then came the purely military element of the display. In this ten thousand troops took part, the governor general, with a lancer escort, bringing up the rear. The procession was about four miles long, and it took from half past ten to one o'clock to reach the pavilion where the members of the new government took their official oath.

Here and there along the line of march there stood beautiful triumphal arches—an American arch was one of the finest—and Venetian flagpoles lined both sides of the streets. Although it is not expressly so stated in the Constitution, we regard the Southern Cross as the copyrighted emblem of Australia, and it was conspicuous among the flags; but we are liberal minded, and we fly the

royal standard, the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, or the red ensign with equal impartiality from public offices and public houses.

At the Centennial Park, where the oaths were administered by the chief

summated in the actual sight of so many of its people.

#### GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.

The area of Australia is almost precisely equal to that of the United States



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED BY THE AMERICAN RESIDENTS OF SYDNEY FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH, IN JANUARY LAST—THE CELEBRATION LASTED A WEEK AND COST ABOUT HALF A MILLION POUNDS.

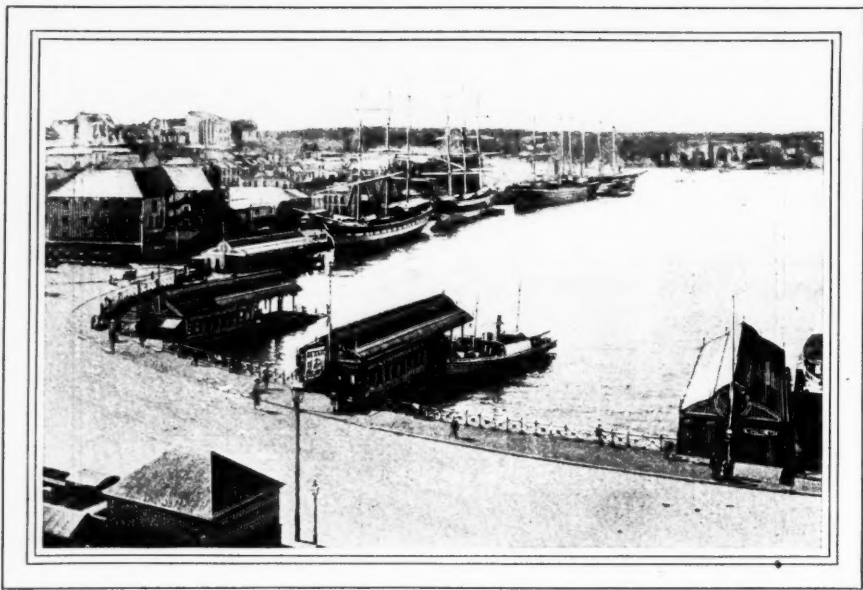
justice of New South Wales to Lord Hopetoun and his ministry, there was an impressive scene. A small pavilion had been erected for the ceremony. It lay in a hollow, and on the sloping banks about it more than three hundred thousand people had gathered to witness the swearing in. Never before, perhaps, was the birth of a new nation formally con-

without Alaska, but its three million square miles have today less than five million inhabitants. Like all young countries, its chief productions are those of the soil; its manufactures are as yet in their infancy. Its foreign trade is very large—larger, in proportion to its population, than that of any other country; and its commerce is increasing, es-

pecially with the United States. Its chief industries are sheep farming and mining. Probably the most important event in its history was the discovery of gold, in 1851.

The first gold strike was near Bathurst, in New South Wales, but this was speedily overshadowed by richer discov-

world eight years ago struck its most staggering blow at Melbourne. The Victorian capital has pulled herself together again, but the recent census shows how the shock halted her marvelous growth. In 1891 the young city had 490,896 people—the increment, practically, of but forty years; this year,



A SCENE ON THE WATER FRONT OF SYDNEY—THE CIRCULAR QUAY. SYDNEY HARBOR IS ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE WORLD, BOTH FOR ITS SCENERY AND FOR ITS ACCOMMODATION FOR SHIPPING.

eries in Victoria, which had just begun its existence as a separate colony. Just as the finding of the yellow metal in California, two years before, drew a flood of settlers to the Pacific coast, there was now a new rush to the southeastern corner of Australia. It sent Victoria, much the smallest of the divisions of the island continent, rapidly to the front in population and wealth. It built up "marvelous Melbourne" with a rapidity scarcely equaled by the growth of any city save perhaps Chicago.

In fifty years Victoria has produced gold to the amount of nearly three hundred millions sterling—an unparalleled output for so small a territory; but in recent years her mining industry has declined, and both Queensland and West Australia have passed her. The financial panic which echoed around the

instead of leaping beyond the half million mark, she was still six thousand short of it; while Sydney, which ten years ago was more than a hundred thousand behind, stood almost on a level with her.

#### FOUR CHAPTERS OF AUSTRALIAN HISTORY.

It is interesting to note that the colonization of Australia was one of the momentous consequences of England's loss of her American provinces. When her effort to reconquer the seeders failed, and she reluctantly decided to recognize their independence, one of the problems that arose for solution was that of recompensing the colonists who had adhered to their allegiance, usually at the cost of all they possessed. In August, 1783, James Matra submitted to the government "a proposal for establishing





A VIEW ON GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY, WITH THE QUEEN VICTORIA MARKETS IN THE BACKGROUND—THE DOUBLE DECKED STAGES ARE A REMINDER OF LONDON.

a settlement in New South Wales"—the name being that which Captain Cook had given to the unknown shore along which he sailed thirteen years before.

Matra's memorandum urged that a new plantation in the southern hemisphere would "afford an asylum to those unfortunate American loyalists whom Great Britain is bound by every tie of honor and gratitude to protect and support, where they may repair their broken fortunes and again enjoy their former domestic felicity." Lord Sydney, the home secretary, took up the suggestion, less from any desire to aid the expatriated Tories of America than for a less sentimental reason. Since the system of transporting criminals across the Atlantic had necessarily been brought to an end, the English jails were overflowing with the victims of the rigorous laws of the eighteenth century; and it was to find a place of exile for convicts that Captain Phillip was sent out with the "first fleet" of 1788.

The era of penal settlements was the earliest and the darkest chapter of Australian history. It lasted for about thirty years—years, as might have been expected, of struggle and suffering, of some disorder, and of painfully slow progress.

The second chapter began with Macquarie's governorship, and his expeditions that pushed across the coast mountains and explored the vast grassy plains beyond them, which now form the world's finest and greatest sheep pasture. This first attracted free settlers, who began to come to the wide new land and to drive their flocks and herds over more and more of it. The immigrants were none of the "dregs of the Old World" that America, not entirely to her liking, has received in such copious streams. Only men of enterprise, of stamina, and of some capital were likely to undertake the journey to the virgin continent on the other side of the globe. The foundation was laid for the new nation; yet obstacles were many and development was slow till the opening of the third chapter, that of the days of gold.

The fourth, a wholly new era, begins with the accomplishment of federation. With the removal of the barriers that have restricted intercourse between the states, and with the strength of a national sentiment to help her forward, it can hardly be doubted that the century just beginning will see Australia take her place among the great peoples of the earth.



WORKING THROUGH THE ICE—THE CREW OF AN EXPLORING VESSEL SAWING THEIR SHIP FREE WHEN IT HAS BEEN NIPPED IN A POLAR FLOE.

# The Quest of the North Pole.

BY HENRY COLLINS WALSH.

NO PERIL, NO HARDSHIP, AND NO RECORD OF FAILURE CAN END THE LONG STRUGGLE TO SOLVE THE LAST OF THE GREAT MYSTERIES OF THE GLOBE—THE FLAGS OF HALF A DOZEN NATIONS ARE NOW IN THE ARCTIC, AND RACING TO REACH THE POLE.

THE most extraordinary race for the North Pole that the world has seen is now well under way, but it will be at least three years before the results are fully known. All the great powers save France have representatives in the north, and the strong personal rivalry is supplemented by national sentiment. The United States has two polar expeditions, and one of them is the most expensively equipped of any that ever started northward, while a third is preparing. In addition to the Americans, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, Norway, Austria, and Italy have parties in the ice fields.

The nineteenth century saw many lives, and millions in money, sacrificed in unsuccessful endeavor to reach the pole. But these efforts were not fruitless, for each leader learned something from the experiences of his predecessor. If the most difficult, baffling, and dangerous exploring problem that man has undertaken is to be solved, it seems likely that the triumph will belong to the opening years of the twentieth century. Not only is there an unprecedented number of expeditions, but the leaders have vastly more exact knowledge to guide them, and greater resources, than their forerunners. Those best informed seem to think that the mystery of the frozen sphinx of the north will at last be revealed, and it is a question only of what flag will first float above the pole.

## PUSHING FARTHER AND FARTHER NORTH.

For three hundred years adventurous and scientific spirits have been seeking that objective, and in the last quarter of the nineteenth century the explorers made substantial progress northward. Lieutenants Lockwood and Brainard, of

the Greely expedition, reached eighty degrees, twenty four minutes, in May, 1882, when they discovered Cape Washington, which still remains the most northerly known land. They followed the "American route" along the west coast of Greenland through Baffin's Bay.

The next great advance was made by Nansen, in the most wonderful of all arctic voyages. He started from the Siberian coast, and made his ship, the *Fram*, fast to an ice floe in September 22, 1896. The drifting of some wreckage from the *Jeannette*, sunk fifteen years before, from Siberia to Greenland, led Nansen to believe that the current would carry him near the pole, as indeed it did. Nansen left the *Fram* in March, and, with sledges, reached eighty six degrees, fourteen minutes, north latitude, within two hundred and sixty one miles of the pole, while the drifting *Fram* was at one time only twenty miles further south. Wellman is of the opinion that if Nansen had established a base in Franz Josef Land for the return journey, he could have reached the pole. As it was, the Norwegian was rescued, just in time to save his life, by Jackson, who sailed all around the Franz Josef islands, thus proving that Greenland is probably the most northerly land.

Then came the Duke of Abruzzi, who sailed from Norway in June, 1899, following practically the route of Nansen's homeward journey. His dash for the pole began on February 28, and the Italian party surpassed Nansen's record by twenty two miles. It was absent from the ship a hundred and four days, and traveled seven hundred and twenty two miles. The survivors lived on dog meat on the return journey.

The problem of reaching the pole can

be broadly presented in a few words. It is necessary to have a base on solid land. The ice of the polar basin is constantly in motion, and an explorer who caches supplies on it has practically no chance of finding them again. It has been pretty clearly proven that the land nearest the pole is about five hundred miles distant from it, and the journey must be made with sledges. From the time when the party leaves its base, it must carry every ounce of its supplies for men and dogs. There are only about a hundred days when travel is possible in those latitudes, from March 1 to the end of May. Before March it is too dark, and the terrific gales make a sledge journey foolhardy. After May it is too warm, the snow becoming mushy and sticky. If an explorer starts forth with ample supplies, his progress is so slow that he cannot reach the pole and return in the allotted time; if he travels light, he must make a mighty quick journey or else freeze or starve to death. Wellman says that the leader who can place in the field a party that can average ten miles a day for a hundred days will reach the pole and return safely. Other explorers have different theories.

#### THE PRESENT RACE FOR THE POLE.

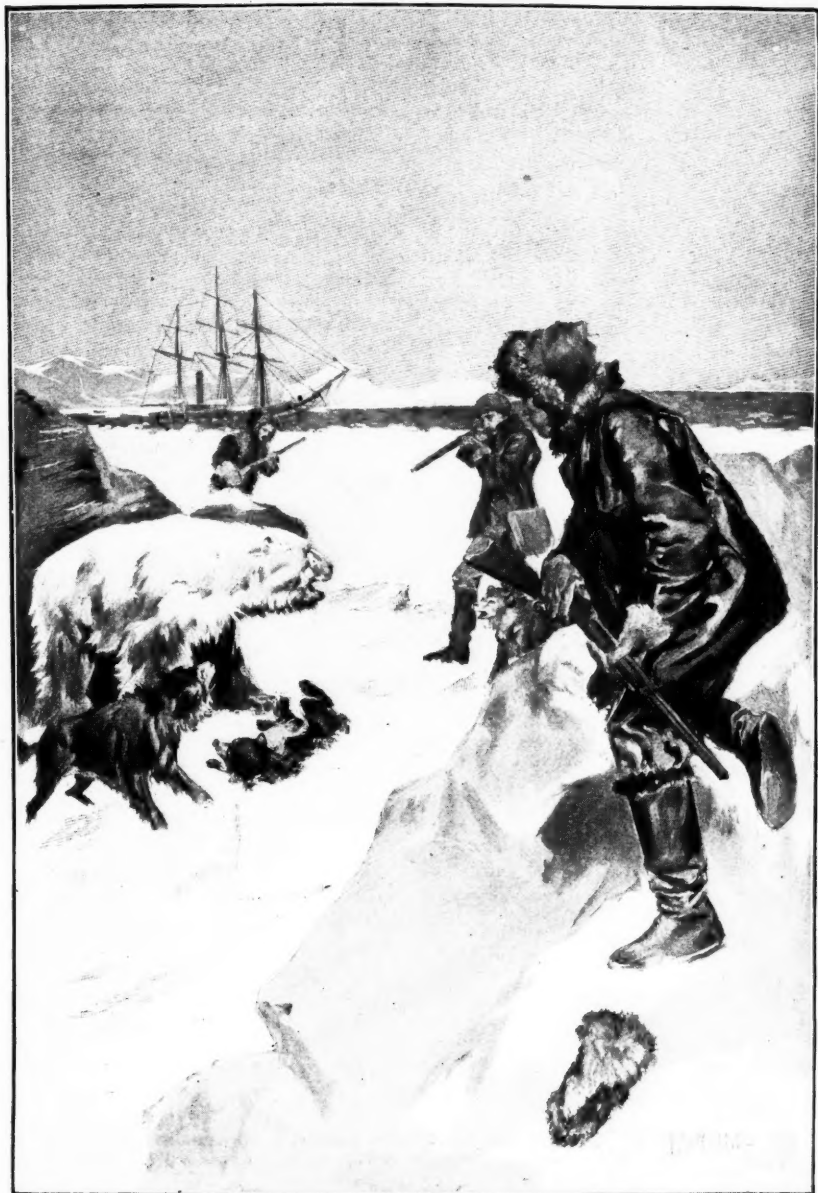
Who will reach ninety degrees north? Peary, with sixteen years of arctic experience, and Captain Otto Sverdrup, who was the skipper of the *Fram*, are now in the regions about the pole. Indeed, either or both may have reached it and returned to his base by this time. That is possible, but not probable. Reports received from Peary last year indicated that he had experienced exceptional hardships and difficulties during the two years he has been in Greenland. He had planned to make a dash to the pole last summer, but at this writing no news has come from him. A sailing vessel, the *Eric*, is now on its way to Etah, Peary's headquarters on the west coast of Greenland, as it is feared that the *Windward* may have been injured and the party may be in distress. Sverdrup has had little better luck, according to the meager news that has been received from him. A third explorer already in the field is Baron von Tull, who sailed in the summer of 1900 on a scientific expe-

dition along the Siberian coast, and who will probably have a try for the pole should favorable opportunity offer.

Since the unfavorable news from Peary, the scientific world expects most from the Baldwin-Ziegler and the Nansen-Abruzzi expeditions. And truly there is reason for confidence in them. The previous work of Nansen and of the Italian prince has been remarkable, while the American expedition is the most elaborately fitted out of any that has started northward. Evelyn B. Baldwin is a slender young man with a soft, melodious voice and a square jaw. He was in the United States Weather Bureau when he joined a Peary expedition in 1895, and subsequently he was with Wellman in 1898-9. Baldwin had long planned to head an expedition of his own, and while he was in the Arctic he studied and experimented. He evolved a plan which he is absolutely confident will result in success, because he believes he has provided safeguards against every contingency that is likely to arise. His scheme so convinced W. H. Ziegler, a Brooklyn millionaire, that he furnished the most complete equipment ever placed at the disposal of an arctic explorer.

#### BALDWIN AND HIS RESOURCES.

Baldwin has three ships and four hundred Esquimaux dogs, practically cornering the market in the latter. He also took with him fifteen or twenty Siberian ponies. His flagship was known as the *Esquimaux*, and was the stoutest whaler of the Dundee fleet, a three master with auxiliary steam power. She was rechristened the *America*, after being entirely refitted. The *America* has a cargo capacity of six hundred tons. Additional stores and scientific instruments were sent north on the *Fridtjof*, which carried Mr. Ziegler and some other members of the expedition, and will return in the autumn. The *America* sailed from Tromsø, Norway, and she will remain in the Arctic as a permanent base for the expedition. Both ships are now on their way to Franz Josef Land, while the *Belgica*, the ship that carried the Belgian expedition to the Antarctic, will go to the east coast of Greenland to meet the party should it come out that way.



A FIGHT WITH A POLAR BEAR AT CLOSE QUARTERS—THE RESULT WILL PROBABLY BE SOME FRESH MEAT FOR THE EXPLORERS, THOUGH THEY MAY LOSE ONE OR TWO OF THEIR VALUABLE DOGS.

Franz Josef Land does not extend as far north as Greenland, but explorers starting from it have had marked success, and it has never yet destroyed a party. The Duke of Abruzzi chose that

route in 1899. So open was the water that his vessel, the *Stella Polare*, was able to steam up to the eighty second degree of latitude, within about five hundred and fifty miles of the pole.





MAKING A DASH FOR THE POLE—AN EXPLORING PARTY PUSHING NORTHWARD WITH A DOG SLEDGE, USING SKIS AND A SAIL TO ASSIST THEIR PROGRESS.

Baldwin has carefully concealed the details of his plans, but it is known that he purposes to sail as far north as possible, and establish headquarters. He expects to use the ponies as long as he can, and then kill them to feed the dogs. He has made many experiments in food and fuel, and he thinks that his party will be so lightly burdened with supplies

that it can move swiftly, and yet so ample will be the stores that the lack of food need cause no anxiety. Only two or three men will accompany him when he makes his dash for the pole.

#### THE NANSEN-ABRUZZI EXPEDITION.

Even less is known about the Norwegian and Italian expedition, headed

by Nansen and the Prince of Abruzzi, the two record breakers in arctic work. Such secrecy surrounded the latter's first expedition that hardly anything was known about it until it was under way, and it attracted no attention until its triumphant return. Not only did the expedition penetrate farther north than man had ever before gone, but it brought back valuable observations as to ocean currents, the magnetic pole and its influence, the formation and extinction of ice, the thermic system of the arctic atmosphere and seas, and many other things. The most northern boundaries of Europe were determined; it was proven that the so called Petermann's Land does not exist, and that there is nothing between Franz Josef Land and the pole but the sea of ice.

Nansen and Abruzzi will make a start from Franz Josef Land, and both have more exact knowledge of that country than any one else, excepting Jackson. I have never seen the Italian prince, but I think Nansen a great leader of men, and better fitted by nature for work in the Arctic than any man I ever met.

#### TWO MORE COMPETITORS—BERNIER AND WELLMAN.

The flag of Britain will fly at the masthead of an expedition headed by Captain J. Elzear Bernier, of Quebec, who sought the aid of the mother country in perfecting his arrangements. His plan is somewhat similar to Nansen's, who proved, in part at least, that a great ice current drifts from Siberia to Greenland, passing through the polar basin. It is Bernier's intention to enter the ice along the Siberian coast and work his way due north as far as possible. When compelled to make fast to the floe, he will drift so long as the general direction is northward, and if deflected will make a sledge journey. Captain Bernier expects to be gone for three or four years, and on his return will head for Franz Josef Land or Spitzbergen. He has a Marconi wireless telegraph outfit, upon which he will depend to maintain communication after he leaves the ship. During Nansen's sledge journey, he was never more than a hundred and fifty miles from the Fram, but the distance might as well have been a thousand. If

the Marconi system is not affected by the peculiar magnetic conditions near the pole, Captain Bernier should be able to keep in touch with his ship all the time he is sledging.

Walter Wellman was to head the third expedition to sail under the Stars and Stripes this year, but he could not make ready in time. He is again going north, however; the next year will see him locked in the land of ice, and, possibly, with as good chances as the others. Never was a man more confident of reaching the pole than he was when he made his dash in 1899, and he declares that the accident which wrecked the expedition was the worst ill fortune an explorer ever encountered.

"Start an ant crawling across a newspaper," he says, "take a pair of shears, shut your eyes, make one random clip, and cut the insect in two. We were the ant creeping across the surface of the great ice sheet, and that is what chance did for us."

Thus far the expeditions that are following the recognized methods have been considered. There have been few others, that of the brave Andrée being the most notable. Perhaps some of the later expeditions may find the wreckage of his balloon. This year sees two innovations in arctic travel. One explorer proposes to break through the ice, and the other to dive under it. The idea of reaching the north pole in a submarine boat will probably strike most people as an absurdity, an idea borrowed from a Jules Verne tale; but it is to be attempted by an Austrian scientist. Furthermore, one of the highest authorities, none other than Nansen, says it is a feasible scheme, so Verne's imaginative Nautilus may actually be realized.

#### TO THE POLE BY SUBMARINE BOAT.

Professor Anschuetz-Kaempfe, who is constructing the craft especially for polar work, promised to have it ready by the first of July. It is to have a radius of action of twenty five hundred miles, and to be able to dive a hundred and fifty feet. It will be of eight hundred tons' displacement, and strong enough to resist a pressure of sixty thousand pounds to the square yard. A benzine motor will supply the power for surface

navigation and for charging the electric storage battery, which will propel the craft under water for fifteen hours without renewal. It was announced that, as soon as the boat was completed, she would be towed to the edge of the ice pack by an Austrian man of war. The submarine craft will sail along on the surface until the ice bars the way, and will then dive under the barrier. The theory is that the light will show when there is an opening in the ice. There are many of these openings, and the frequency with which explorers encounter them led to the open polar sea theory, once generally accepted, but now abandoned. It is estimated that the boat will be able to come to the surface at intervals of ten or twenty minutes, as a rule.

One unfamiliar with the facts may imagine that the polar ice must extend pretty nearly to the bottom of the sea, and that a boat would have to dive far more than a hundred and fifty feet to clear it. But Nansen, who has written to Professor Anschuetz-Kaempfe approving the submarine boat plan, says that his experiences have convinced him that the average thickness of ice in the polar sea does not exceed twelve feet.

There are many things in favor of this plan of reaching the pole. To begin with, only five persons, including the leader, have to be provided for, and no dogs are needed. As for the oxygen supply when the boat is below the surface, the craft will have what is called a breathing room, a compartment with a capacity of a hundred cubic yards, in which the air will be chemically purified and made breathable again. Under ordinary conditions, the air in the compartment will sustain the life of five men for forty eight hours. In addition, a store of compressed oxygen for emergencies is carried, so that it will be possible for the craft to be submerged three days and three nights without suffocating those in her.

Scientific men think that the chief danger of submarine polar navigation will be the risk of striking floating masses of ice under the water. There is no question that they exist, but there is no knowledge as to their number or extent. Of course the boat will have a searchlight, but the rays cannot pene-

trate very far. On the other hand, the submarine craft is practically independent of the conditions which check ordinary sea and land travel. Such a boat has practically six months of light in which to sail, and neither hurricane nor soft ice would trouble her. But if the vessel is caught in an "ice screwing," the ramming together of giant floes, it will be crushed like an eggshell.

#### AN ICE BREAKING POLAR SHIP.

The other novel attempt is also based upon the fact that the ice in the polar sea is not so thick as was formerly supposed. It is not so daring an enterprise; in fact, it would seem that the Russian expedition is the safest of them all. Vice Admiral Makaroff plans to smash his way to the pole by means of an ice breaking ship, the *Ermak*, built after his designs, which are merely a modification of those born in Yankee brains, for the first vessel of the kind was used to make a channel through the straits of Mackinac in winter.

The *Ermak* was completed in March, 1899, and she is one of the heaviest and strongest steamers yet constructed, being three hundred and five feet long, seventy one feet wide, and forty two feet deep. She has a displacement of eight thousand tons, with engines of ten thousand horsepower, and is fitted with four screws, three at the stern and one at the bow. She is built of steel, her hull being specially designed to resist the crushing effect of the ice. The *Ermak* has much greater beam than ships of her length usually have, and is remarkably shallow forward, so that her bow may be pushed up on the ice and thus assist in breaking it by her great weight.

The *Ermak* has crushed through ice as far north as eighty degrees, twenty minutes, on the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, and, though somewhat damaged by a towering ice pack that she battered, she has since undergone extensive repairs, and has been specially strengthened for her coming attack upon the pole itself.

#### THE VALUE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

In addition to the expeditions to the Arctic, three are about starting for the Antarctic, where the dangers to be met

are probably even greater than in the north. And the old inquiry goes up as to the good of it all. If the millions expended, the sufferings endured, and the lives lost should result in finding the pole, of what good would it be? Outside of the gratification of a sporting rivalry, what benefit can come from it?

Scientific minds say that the discovery of the pole, in itself a magnificent geographical accomplishment, would be a fitting corollary to the general work of polar expeditions. Surrounding it are nearly three million square miles of the globe yet to be explored. Vast tracts have been brought within our ken by arctic expeditions, and the conquest will go on till exact knowledge of the whole area is obtained.

"Arctic exploration," says General Greely, "has contributed generously to the material interests of mankind and to the sum of human knowledge. In polar lands some of the rarest secrets of nature have been disclosed to scientific voyagers. Contributions to all sciences have been levied from the air, the earth, the ocean, and even the universe. Within the arctic circle have been found and determined the poles of the triple magnetic forces. Study of the varying phases of barometric pressures in the far north has given the world a better understanding of the climates of North America, Europe, and Asia."

On the purely material side, General Greely quotes authentic figures to show that in a little more than two centuries, the arctic regions have furnished to the civilized world products whose value aggregates twelve hundred millions of dollars.

"What is the use of arctic exploration?" says Nansen. "One might as well ask, of what use is science?"

#### FACTS TO BE LEARNED IN THE FAR NORTH.

The highest results are associated with the hydrography of the great oceans; the observations needed for the further knowledge of the laws governing the origin and course of storms; and magnetism, with its relations to the compass, the telegraph, and the telephone.

"We shall never accurately know the laws of aerial and oceanic currents," says Sir Clement Markham, "unless we

know more about what takes place in the arctic circle."

Meteorology is but in its infancy, and yet much has already been accomplished. It will not be surprising if, before many years have passed, it will be a sufficiently exact science to enable experts to predict far in advance every storm and climatic change, as well as the general character of seasons. The results of arctic observations have been of great assistance to this science, and will be of still greater assistance in the future.

Theories of the earth's magnetism must give place to established facts for conducting surveys and navigating ships. Further observations in magnetism, especially near the magnetic pole, which must not be confounded with the north pole, will make safer all ocean travel. The origin and development of terrestrial fauna and flora are illustrated in the polar regions, which afford glimpses into ages long before man existed, when our continent was covered with ice. I recall a remark made by Professor Frederick Wright, author of "The Ice Age of North America," when we were fellow members of Dr. Cook's arctic expedition of 1894. He said that in order to interpret certain glacial scratches upon rocks in New Jersey, he was obliged to go among the glaciers of Greenland.

There are many facts to be obtained only within the immediate vicinity of the pole, facts which every student of physical science awaits with eagerness; for instance, the problem of the ellipticity of the earth's surface, which enters into every computation of earth areas or directions. Just how much is our globe flattened at the poles? Until the question of its exact conformation is definitely settled, no boundary line can be run with exact precision, and shoals and dangerous reefs cannot be plotted with absolute accuracy.

It seems to be a popular idea that all arctic expeditions have been failures because the north pole has not been reached. A majority of expeditions entered the arctic circle with no thought of making a dash for the pole, and scarcely one can be called a failure, because even those that ended in disaster left rich results.

# A Blackjack Bargainer.

THE STORY OF THE STRANGE ENDING OF THE GOREE-COLTRANE FEUD.

BY SYDNEY PORTER.

THE most disreputable thing in Yancey Goree's law office was Goree himself, sprawled in his creaky old armchair. The rickety little office, built of red brick, was set flush with the street—the main street of the town of Bethel.

Bethel rested upon the foot hills of the Blue Ridge. Above it the mountains were piled to the sky. Far below it the turbid Catawba gleamed yellow along its disconsolate valley.

The June day was at its sultriest hour. Bethel dozed in the tepid shade. Trade was not. It was so still that Goree, reclining in his chair, distinctly heard the clicking of the chips in the grand jury room, where the "court house gang" was playing poker. From the open back door of the office a well worn path meandered across the grassy lot to the court house. The treading out of that path had cost Goree all he ever had—first an inheritance of a few thousand dollars, next the old family home, and, latterly, the last shreds of his self respect and manhood. The "gang" had cleaned him out. The broken gambler had turned drunkard and parasite; he had lived to see this day come when the men who had stripped him denied him a seat at the game. His word was no longer to be taken. The daily bout at cards had arranged itself accordingly, and to him was assigned the ignoble part of the onlooker. The sheriff, the county clerk, a sportive deputy, a gay attorney, and a chalk faced man hailing "from the valley," sat at table, and the sheared one was thus tacitly advised to go and grow more wool.

Soon wearying of his ostracism, Goree had departed for his office, muttering to himself as he unsteadily traversed the unlucky pathway. After a drink of corn whisky from a demijohn under his table, he had flung himself into his chair, star-

ing, in a sort of maudlin apathy, out at the mountains immersed in the summer haze. The little white patch he saw away up on the side of Blackjack was Laurel, the village near which he had been born and bred. There, also, was the birthplace of the feud between the Gorees and the Coltranes. Now no direct heir of the Gorees survived except this plucked and singed bird of misfortune. To the Coltranes, also, but one male supporter was left—Colonel Abner Coltrane, a man of substance and standing, a member of the State Legislature, and a contemporary with Goree's father. The feud had been a typical one of the region; it had left a red record of hate, wrong, and slaughter.

But Yancey Goree was not thinking of feuds. His befuddled brain was hopelessly attacking the problem of the future maintenance of himself and his favorite follies. Of late, old friends of the family had seen to it that he had whereof to eat and a place to sleep, but whisky they would not buy for him, and he must have whisky. His law business was extinct; no case had been intrusted to him in two years. He had been a borrower and a sponge, and it seemed that if he fell no lower it would be from lack of opportunity. One more chance—he was saying to himself—if he had one more stake at the game, he thought he could win; but he had nothing left to sell, and his credit was more than exhausted.

He could not help smiling, even in his misery, as he thought of the man to whom, six months before, he had sold the old Goree homestead. There had come from "back yan'" in the mountains two of the strangest creatures, a man named Pike Garvey and his wife. "Back yan'," with a wave of the hand towards the hills, was understood among the mountaineers to designate the re-



motest fastnesses, the unplumbed gorges, the haunts of lawbreakers, the wolf's den, and the boudoir of the bear. In a cabin far up on Blackjack's shoulder, in the wildest part of these retreats, this odd couple had lived for twenty years. They had neither dogs nor children to mitigate the heavy silence of the hills. Pike Garvey was little known in the settlements, but all who had dealt with him pronounced him "crazy as a loon." He acknowledged no occupation save that of a squirrel hunter, but he "moon-shined" occasionally by way of diversion. Once the "revenues" had dragged him from his lair, fighting silently and desperately like a terrier, and he had been sent to State's prison for two years. Released, he popped back into his hole like an angry weasel.

Fortune, passing over many anxious woovers, made a freakish flight into Blackjack's bosky pockets to smile upon Pike and his faithful partner.

One day a party of spectacled, knickerbockered, and altogether absurd prospectors invaded the vicinity of the Garveys' cabin. Pike lifted his squirrel rifle off the hooks and took a shot at them at long range on the chance of their being revenues. Happily he missed, and the unconscious agents of good luck drew nearer, disclosing their innocence of anything resembling law or justice. Later on, they offered the Garveys an enormous quantity of ready, green, crisp money for their thirty acre patch of cleared land, mentioning, as an excuse for such a mad action, some irrelevant and inadequate nonsense about a bed of mica underlying the said property.

When the Garveys became possessed of so many dollars that they faltered in computing them, the deficiencies of life on Blackjack began to grow prominent. Pike began to talk of new shoes, a hog's-head of tobacco to set in the corner, a new lock to his rifle; and, leading Martella to a certain spot on the mountain-side, he pointed out to her how a small cannon—doubtless a thing not beyond the scope of their fortune in price—might be planted so as to command and defend the sole accessible trail to the cabin, to the confusion of revenues and meddling strangers forever.

But Adam reckoned without his Eve.

These things represented to him the applied power of wealth, but there slumbered in his dingy cabin an ambition that soared far above his primitive wants. Somewhere in Mrs. Garvey's bosom still survived a spot of femininity unstarved by twenty years of Blackjack. For so long a time the sounds in her ears had been the scalybarks dropping in the woods at noon, and the wolves singing among the rocks at night, and it was enough to have purged her of vanities. She had grown fat and sad and yellow and dull. But when the means came, she felt a rekindled desire to assume the perquisites of her sex—to sit at tea tables; to buy inutile things; to white-wash the hideous veracity of life with a little form and ceremony. So she coldly vetoed Pike's proposed system of fortifications, and announced that they would descend upon the world, and gyrate socially.

And thus, at length, it was decided, and the thing done. The village of Laurel was their compromise between Mrs. Garvey's preference for one of the large valley towns and Pike's hankering for primeval solitudes. Laurel yielded a halting round of feeble social distractions comfortable with Martella's ambitions, and was not entirely without recommendation to Pike, its contiguity to the mountains presenting advantages for sudden retreat in case fashionable society should make it advisable.

Their descent upon Laurel had been coincident with Yancey Goree's feverish desire to convert property into cash, and they bought the old Goree homestead, paying four thousand dollars ready money into the spendthrift's shaking hands.

Thus it happened that while the disreputable last of the Gorees sprawled in his disreputable office, at the end of his row, spurned by the cronies whom he had gorged, strangers dwelt in the halls of his fathers.

A cloud of dust was rolling slowly up the parched street, with something traveling in the midst of it. A little breeze wafted the cloud to one side, and a new, brightly painted carryall, drawn by a slothful gray horse, became visible. The vehicle deflected from the middle of the street as it neared Goree's office, and

stopped in the gutter directly in front of his door.

On the front seat sat a gaunt, tall man, dressed in black broadcloth, his rigid hands incarcerated in yellow kid gloves. On the back seat was a lady who triumphed over the June heat. Her stout form was armored in a skin tight silk dress of the description known as "changeable," being a gorgeous combination of shifting hues. She sat erect, waving a much ornamented fan, with her eyes fixed stonily far down the street. However Mariella Garvey's heart might be rejoicing at the pleasures of her new life, Blackjack had done his work with her exterior. He had carved her countenance to the image of emptiness and inanity; had imbued her with the stolidity of his crags, and the reserve of his hushed interiors. She always seemed to hear, whatever her surroundings were, the scalybarks falling and pattering down the mountainside. She could always hear the awful silences of Blackjack sounding through the stillest of nights.

Goree watched this solemn equipage, as it drove to his door, with only faint interest; but when the lank driver wrapped the reins about his whip, awkwardly descended, and stepped into the office, he rose unsteadily to receive him, recognizing Pike Garvey, the new, the transformed, the recently civilized.

The mountaineer took the chair Goree offered him. They who cast doubts upon Garvey's soundness of mind had a strong witness in the man's countenance. His face was too long, a dull saffron in hue, and immobile as a statue's. Pale blue, unwinking round eyes without lashes added to the singularity of his gruesome visage. Goree was at a loss to account for the visit.

"Everything all right at Laurel, Mr. Garvey?" he inquired.

"Everything all right, sir, and mighty pleased is Missis Garvey and me with the property. Missis Garvey likes yo' old place, and she likes the neighborhood. Society is what she 'lows she wants, and she is gettin' of it. The Rogerses, the Hapgoods, the Pratts, and the Troys hev been to see Missis Garvey, and she hev et meals to most of thar houses. The best folks hev axed her to differ'nt kinds

of doin's. I cya'n't say, Mr. Goree, that sech things suits me—fur me, give me them thar." Garvey's huge, yellow gloved hand flourished in the direction of the mountains. "That's whar I b'long, 'mongst the wild honfey bees and the b'ars. But that ain't what I come fur to say, Mr. Goree. Thar's somethin' you got what me and Missis Garvey wants to buy."

"Buy!" echoed Goree. "From me?" Then he laughed harshly. "I reckon you are mistaken about that. I sold out to you, as you yourself expressed it, 'lock, stock, and barrel.' There isn't even a ramrod left to sell."

"You've got it; and we'uns want it. 'Take the money,' says Missis Garvey, 'and buy it, fa'r and squar'."

Goree shook his head. "The cupboard's bare," he said.

"We've riz," pursued the mountaineer, undeflected from his object, "a heap. We wuz pore as possums, and now we could hev folks to dinner every day. We been reco'nized, Missis Garvey says, by the best society. But there's somethin' we need we ain't got. She says it ought to been put in the 'ventory ov the sale, but it tain't thar. 'Take the money, then,' says she, 'and buy it fa'r and squar'."

"Out with it," said Goree, his racked nerves growing impatient.

Garvey threw his slouch hat upon the table, and leaned forward, fixing his unblinking eyes upon Goree's.

"There's a old feud," he said distinctly and slowly, "'tween you'uns and the Coltranes."

Goree frowned ominously. To speak of his feud to a feudist is a serious breach of the mountain etiquette. The man from "back yan'" knew it as well as the lawyer did.

"Na offense," he went on, "but purely in the way of business. Missis Garvey hev studied all about feuds. Most of the quality folks in the mountains hev 'em. The Settles and the Goforths, the Rankins and the Boyds, the Silers and the Galloways, hev all been cyarin' on feuds f'om twenty to a hunderd year. Yo' feud is twenty odd year old. The last man to drap was when yo' uncle, Jedge Paisley Goree, 'journed co't and shot Len Coltrane f'om the bench. Missis

Garvey and me, we comes f'om the po' white trash. Nobody wouldn't pick a feud with we'uns, no mo'n with a fam'ly of tree toads. Quality people everywhar, says Missis Garvey, has feuds. We'uns ain't quality, but we're buyin' into it as fur as we can. 'Take the money, then,' says Missis Garvey, 'and buy Mr. Goree's feud, fa'r and squar'."

The squirrel hunter straightened a leg half across the room, drew a roll of bills from his pocket, and threw them on the table.

"Thar's two hunderd dollars, Mr. Goree; what you would call a fa'r price for a feud that's been 'lowed to run down like yourn hev. Thar's only you left to cyar' on yo' side of it, and you'd make mighty po' killin'. I'll take it off yo' hands, and it'll set me and Missis Garvey up among the quality. Thar's the money."

The little roll of currency on the table slowly untwisted itself, writhing and jumping as its folds relaxed. In the silence that followed Garvey's last speech the rattling of the poker chips in the court house could be plainly heard. Goree knew that the sheriff had just won a pot, for the subdued whoop with which he always greeted a victory floated across the square upon the crinkly heat waves. Beads of moisture stood on Goree's brow. Stooping, he drew the wicker covered demijohn from under his table, and filled a tumbler from it.

"A little corn liquor, Mr. Garvey? Of course you are joking about—what you spoke of. Opens quite a new market, doesn't it? Feuds, prime, two fifty to three. Feuds, slightly damaged—two hundred, I believe you said, Mr. Garvey?"

Goree laughed self consciously.

The mountaineer took the glass Goree handed him, and drank the whisky without a tremor of the lids of his staring eyes. The lawyer applauded the feat by a look of envious admiration. He poured his own drink, and took it like a drunkard, by gulps, and with shudders at the smell and taste.

"Two hunderd," repeated Garvey. "Thar's the money."

A sudden passion flared up in Goree's brain. He struck the table with his fist. One of the bills flipped over and touched

his hand. He flinched as if something had stung him.

"Do you come to me," he shouted, "seriously with such a ridiculous, insulting, darned fool proposition?"

"It's fa'r and squar'," said the squirrel hunter, but he reached out his hand as if to take back the money; and then Goree knew that his own flurry of rage had not been from pride or resentment, but from anger at himself, knowing that he would set foot in the deeper depths that were being opened to him. He turned in an instant from an outraged gentleman to an anxious chafferer recommending his goods.

"Don't be in a hurry, Garvey," he said, his face crimson and his speech thick. "I accept your p-p-proposition, though it's dirt cheap at two hundred. A t-trade's all right when both p-purchaser and b-buyer are s-satisfied. Shall I w-wrap it up for you, Mr. Garvey?"

Garvey rose, and shook out his broadcloth. "Missis Garvey will be pleased. You air out of it, and it stands Coltrane and Garvey. Just a scrap ov writin', Mr. Goree, you bein' a lawyer, to show we traded."

Goree seized a sheet of paper and a pen. The money was clutched in his moist hand. Everything else suddenly seemed to grow trivial and light.

"Bill of sale, by all means. 'Right, title, and interest in and to' \* \* \* 'forever warrant and——' No, Garvey, we'll have to leave out that 'defend,'" said Goree with a loud laugh. "You'll have to defend this title yourself."

The mountaineer received the amazing screed that the lawyer handed him, folded it with immense labor, and placed it carefully in his pocket.

Goree was standing near the window. "Step here," he said, raising his finger, "and I'll show you your recently purchased enemy. There he goes, down the other side of the street."

The mountaineer crooked his long frame to look through the window in the direction indicated by the other. Colonel Abner Coltrane, an erect, portly gentleman of about fifty, wearing the inevitable long, double breasted frock coat of the Southern lawmaker, and an old high silk hat, was passing on the opposite sidewalk. As Garvey looked,

Goree glanced at his face. If there be such a thing as a yellow wolf, here was its counterpart. Garvey snarled as his unhuman eyes followed the moving figure, disclosing long, amber colored fangs.

"Is that him? Why, that's the man who sent me to the penitentiary once!"

"He used to be district attorney," said Goree carelessly. "And, by the way, he's a first class shot."

"I kin hit a squirrel's eye at a hundred yard," said Garvey. "So that thar's Coltrane! I made a better trade than I was thinkin'. I'll take keer ov this feud, Mr. Goree, better'n you ever did!"

He moved towards the door, but lingered there, betraying a slight perplexity.

"Anything else today?" inquired Goree with frothy sarcasm. "Any family traditions, ancestral ghosts, or skeletons in the closet? Prices as low as the lowest."

"Thar was another thing," replied the unmoved squirrel hunter, "that Missis Garvey was thinkin' of. 'Tain't so much in my line as t'other, but she wanted partic'lar that I should inquire, and ef you was willin', 'pay fur it,' she says, 'fa'r and squar'.' Thar's a buryin' groun', as you know, Mr. Goree, in the yard of yo' old place, under the cedars. Them that lies thar is yo' folks what was killed by the Coltranes. The monyments has the names on 'em. Missis Garvey says a fam'ly buryin' groun' is a sho' sign of quality. She says ef we git the feud, thar's somethin' else ought to go with it. The names on them monyments is 'Goree,' but they can be changed to ourn by——"

"Go! Go!" screamed Goree, his face turning purple. He stretched out both hands towards the mountaineer, his fingers hooked and shaking. "Go, you ghoul! Even a Ch-Chinaman protects the g-graves of his ancestors—go!"

The squirrel hunter slouched out of the door to his carryall. While he was climbing over the wheel Goree was collecting, with feverish celerity, the money that had fallen from his hand to the floor. As the vehicle slowly turned about, the sheep, with a coat of newly grown wool, was hurrying, in indecent haste, along the path to the court house.

At three o'clock in the morning they brought him back to his office, shorn and unconscious. The sheriff, the sportive deputy, the county clerk, and the gay attorney carried him, the chalk faced man "from the valley" acting as escort.

"On the table," said one of them, and they deposited him there among the litter of his unprofitable books and papers.

"Yance thinks a lot of a pair of deuces when he's liquored up," sighed the sheriff reflectively.

"Too much," said the gay attorney. "A man has no business to play poker who drinks as much as he does. I wonder how much he dropped tonight."

"Close to two hundred. What I wonder is whar he got it. Yance ain't had a cent fur over a month, I know."

"Struck a client, maybe. Well, let's get home before daylight. He'll be all right when he wakes up, except for a sort of beehive feeling about the cranium."

The gang slipped away through the early morning twilight. The next eye to gaze upon the miserable Goree was the orb of day. He peered through the uncurtained window, first deluging the sleeper in a flood of faint gold, but soon pouring upon the mottled red of his flesh a searching, white, summer heat. Goree stirred, half unconsciously, among the table's debris, and turned his face from the window. His movement dislodged a heavy law book, which crashed upon the floor. Opening his eyes, he saw, bending over him, a man in a black frock coat. Looking higher, he discovered a well worn silk hat, and, beneath it, the kindly, smooth face of Colonel Abner Coltrane.

A little uncertain of the outcome, the colonel waited for the other to make some sign of recognition. Not in twenty years had male members of these two families faced each other in peace. Goree's eyelids puckered as he strained his blurred sight towards his visitor, and then he smiled serenely.

"Have you brought Stella and Lucy over to play?" he said calmly.

"Do you know me, Yancey?" asked Coltrane.

"Of course I do. You brought me a whip with a whistle in the end."

.So he had—twenty four years ago; when Yancey was six, and Yancey's father was his best friend.

Goree's eyes wandered about the room. The colonel understood. "Lie still, and I'll bring you some," he said. There was a pump in the yard at the rear, and Goree closed his eyes, listening with rapture to the click of its handle and the bubbling of the falling stream. Coltrane brought a pitcher of the cool water, and held it for him to drink. Presently Goree sat up—a most forlorn object, his summer suit of flax soiled and crumpled, his discreditable head tousled and unsteady. He tried to wave one of his hands towards the colonel.

"Ex-cuse—everything, will you?" he said. "I must have drunk too much whisky last night, and gone to bed on the table." His brows knitted into a puzzled frown.

"Out with the boys a while?" asked Coltrane kindly.

"No, I went nowhere. I haven't had a dollar to spend in the last two months. Struck the demijohn too often, I reckon, as usual."

Colonel Coltrane touched him on the shoulder.

"A little while ago, Yancey," he began, "you asked me if I had brought Stella and Lucy over to play. You weren't quite awake then, and must have been dreaming you were a boy again. You are awake now, and I want you to listen to me. I have come from Stella and Lucy to their old playmate, and to my old friend's son. They know that I am going to bring you home with me, and you will find them as ready with a welcome as they were in the old days. I want you to come to my house and stay until you are yourself again, and as much longer as you will. We heard of your being down in the world, and in the midst of temptation, and we agreed that you should come over and play at our house once more. Will you come, my boy? Will you drop our old family trouble and come with me?"

"Trouble!" said Goree, opening his eyes wide. "There was never any trouble between us that I know of. I'm sure we've always been the best friends. But, good Lord, colonel, how could I go to your home as I am—a drunken

wretch, a miserable, degraded spend-thrift and gambler——"

He lurched from the table into his armchair, and began to weep maudlin tears, mingled with genuine drops of remorse and shame. Coltrane talked to him persistently and reasonably, reminding him of the simple mountain pleasures of which he had once been so fond, and insisting upon the genuineness of the invitation.

Finally he landed Goree by telling him he was counting upon his help in engineering the transportation of a large amount of felled timber from a high mountainside to a waterway. He knew that Goree had once invented a device for this purpose—a series of slides and chutes—upon which he had justly prided himself. In an instant the poor fellow, delighted at the idea of his being of use to any one, had paper spread upon the table, and was drawing rapid but pitifully shaky lines in demonstration of what he could and would do.

The man was sickened of the husks; his prodigal heart was turning again towards the mountains. His mind was yet strangely clogged, and his thoughts and memories were returning to his brain one by one, like carrier pigeons over a stormy sea. But Coltrane was satisfied with the progress he had made.

Bethel received the surprise of its existence that afternoon when a Coltrane and a Goree rode amicably together through the town. Side by side they rode, out from the dusty streets and gaping townspeople, down across the creek bridge, and up towards the mountains. The prodigal had brushed and washed and combed himself to a more decent figure, but he was unsteady in the saddle, and he seemed to be deep in the contemplation of some vexing problem. Coltrane left him to his mood, relying upon the influence of changed surroundings to restore his equilibrium.

Once Goree was seized with a shaking fit, and almost came to a collapse. He had to dismount and rest at the side of the road. The colonel, foreseeing such a condition, had provided a small flask of whisky for the journey, but when it was offered to him Goree refused it almost with violence, declaring he would never touch it again. By and by he was



recovered, and went quietly enough for a mile or two. Then he pulled up his horse suddenly, and said:

"I lost two hundred dollars last night, playing poker. Now, where did I get that money?"

"Take it easy, Yancey. The mountain air will soon clear it up. We'll go fishing, first thing, at the Pinnacle falls. The trout are jumping there like bullfrogs. We'll take Stella and Lucy along, and have a picnic on Eagle Rock. Have you forgotten how a hickory cured ham sandwich tastes, Yancey, to a hungry fisherman?"

Evidently the colonel did not believe the story of his lost wealth; so Goree retired again into brooding silence.

By late afternoon they had traveled ten of the twelve miles between Bethel and Laurel. Half a mile this side of Laurel lay the old Goree place: a mile or two beyond the village lived the Coltranes. The road was now steep and laborious, but the compensations were many. The tilted aisles of the forest were opulent with leaf and bird and bloom. The tonic air put to shame the pharmacopeia. The glades were dark with mossy shade, and bright with shy rivulets winking from the ferns and laurels. On the lower side they viewed, framed in the near foliage, exquisite sketches of the far valley swooning in its opal haze.

Coltrane was pleased to see that his companion was yielding to the spell of the hills and woods. For now they had but to skirt the base of Painter's Cliff; to cross Elder Branch and mount the hill beyond, and Goree would have to face the squandered home of his fathers. Every rock he passed, every tree, every foot of the roadway, was familiar to him. Though he had forgotten the woods, they thrilled him like the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

They rounded the cliff, descended into Elder Branch, and paused there to let the horses drink and splash in the swift water. On the right was a rail fence that cornered there, and followed the road and stream. Inclosed by it was the old apple orchard of the home place; the house was yet concealed by the brow of the steep hill. Inside and along the fence, pokeberries, elders, sassa-

fras, and sumac grew high and dense. At a rustle of their branches, both Goree and Coltrane glanced up, and saw a long, yellow, wolfish face above the fence, staring at them with pale, unwinking eyes. The head quickly disappeared; there was a violent swaying of the bushes, and an ungainly figure ran up through the apple orchard in the direction of the house, zigzagging among the trees.

"That's Garvey," said Coltrane; "the man you sold out to. There's no doubt but he's considerably cracked. I had to send him up for moonshining once, several years ago, in spite of the fact that I believed him irresponsible. Why, what's the matter, Yancey?"

Goree was wiping his forehead, and his face had lost its color. "Do I look queer, too?" he asked, trying to smile. "I'm just remembering a few more things. Some of the alcohol has evaporated from my brain. I recollect now where I got that two hundred dollars."

"Don't think of it," said Coltrane cheerfully. "Later on we'll figure it all out together."

They rode out of the branch, and when they reached the foot of the hill Goree stopped again.

"Did you ever suspect I was a very vain kind of fellow, colonel?" he asked. "Sort of foolish proud about appearances?"

The colonel's eye refused to wander to the soiled, sagging suit of flax and the faded slouch hat.

"It seems to me," he replied, mystified, but humoring him, "I remember a young buck about twenty, with the tightest coat, the sleekest hair, and the prancingest saddle horse in the Blue Ridge."

"Right you are," said Goree eagerly. "And it's in me yet, though it don't show. Oh, I'm as vain as a turkey gobbler, and as proud as Lucifer. I'm going to ask you to indulge this weakness of mine in a little matter."

"Speak out, Yancey. We'll create you Duke of Laurel and Baron of Blue Ridge, if you choose; and you shall have a feather out of Stella's peacock's tail to wear in your hat."

"I'm in earnest. In a few minutes we'll pass the house up there on the hill where I was born, and where my people

have lived for nearly a century. Strangers live there now—and look at me! I am about to show myself to them ragged and poverty stricken, a wastrel and a beggar. Colonel Coltrane, I'm ashamed to do it. I want you to let me wear your coat and hat until we are out of sight beyond. I know you think it a foolish pride, but I want to make as good a showing as I can when I pass the old place."

"Now, what does this mean?" said Coltrane to himself, as he compared his companion's sane looks and quiet demeanor with his strange request. But he was already unbuttoning the coat, assenting readily, as if the fancy were in no wise to be considered strange.

The coat and hat fitted Goree well. He buttoned the former about him with a look of satisfaction and dignity. He and Coltrane were nearly the same size—rather tall, portly, and erect. Twenty five years were between them, but in appearance they might have been brothers. Goree looked older than his age; his face was puffy and lined; the colonel had the smooth, fresh complexion of a temperate liver. He put on Goree's disreputable old flax coat and faded slouch hat.

"Now," said Goree, taking up the reins, "I'm all right. I want you to ride about ten feet in the rear as we go by, colonel, so that they can get a good look at me. They'll see I'm no back number yet, by any means. I guess I'll show up pretty well to them once more, anyhow. Let's ride on."

He set out up the hill at a smart trot, the colonel following, as he had been requested.

Goree sat straight in the saddle, with head erect, but his eyes were turned to the right, sharply scanning every shrub and fence and hiding place in the old homestead yard. Once he muttered to himself, "Will the crazy fool try it, or did I dream half of it?"

It was when he came opposite the little family burying ground that he saw what he had been looking for—a puff of white smoke, coming from the thick cedars in one corner. He toppled so slowly to the left that Coltrane had time to urge his horse to that side, and catch him with one arm.

The squirrel hunter had not overpraised his aim. He had sent the bullet where he intended, and where Goree had expected that it would pass—through the breast of Colonel Abner Coltrane's black frock coat.

Goree leaned heavily against Coltrane, but he did not fall. The horses kept pace, side by side, and the colonel's arm kept him steady. The little white houses of Laurel shone through the trees, half a mile away. Goree reached out one hand and groped until it rested upon Coltrane's fingers, which held his bridle.

"Good friend," he said, and that was all.

Thus did Yancey Goree, as he rode past his old home, make, considering all things, the best showing that was in his power.

#### GUERRILLAS.

DAY after day I overthrow the Past;  
Against her pit my bravest and my best—  
Outweary her with Work, subdue with Jest;  
With Joy as captain, send her fleeing fast;  
With Time as chief, leave her for dead at last.

But ah, the realm was once the wild thing's own;  
She from defeat learns never vanquishment.  
When sleep the generals worn, the sentries spent,  
Back through the night she speeds and gains her throne,  
Mocks the usurping hordes, queens it alone.

Though all the daytime victories fall to me  
And Memory flees among the hills uncrowned,  
In dreams she rules, and I am rebel bound;  
Dim yesterdays command my fealty,  
A vassal to the Past again—to Thee!

Anne O'Hagan.

# RICHARD CROKER.

BY LOUIS SEIBOLD.

THE CHARACTER AND CAREER OF THE MAN WHO IS PERHAPS THE MOST POWERFUL POLITICAL "BOSS" THAT A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT EVER PRODUCED, SKETCHED BY A NEW YORK JOURNALIST WHO HAS KNOWN HIM FOR MANY YEARS.

AMONG the scant possessions which Eyre Coote Croker brought with his family to New York in the year 1846, from Black Rock, near Quarters-town, County Cork, Ireland, were a three year old son named Richard Welstead Croker and an ancient coat of arms bearing the suggestive motto "*Deus alit eos*" ("God feeds them").

The crest and the motto had been in the Croker family for two centuries, according to tradition, but Farmer Eyre Coote Croker found little use for them in the United States, and they have long since been mislaid. The three year old son who was brought along with them has now grown to middle age, a solid, energetic, and picturesque figure in the history of his adopted country—one of the most interesting and perplexing personalities in American politics—the absolute ruler of the most compact and systematically organized political machine that the western world has ever known.

There is nothing suggestive or reminiscent of the squalling infant of three years that Farmer Croker, long since passed away, brought with him to New York, in the solid, stolid, almost squat, gray bearded man with the shoulders of a Hercules who dominates the government of the American metropolis by the sheer force of his crude personality and by his faithful observance of the physical rules of systematic organization.

Richard Welstead Croker is at once an anomaly and a genius—a creation that has no parallel in the history of any other country. He is the product of the streets. His learning is of the sort that schools and colleges do not embrace within their curriculum. He is not versed in the arts or sciences or letters.

He rules by might and by reason of opportunities seized upon and appreciated.

Education is to him a subsidiary consideration, to be employed only when needed. It affords him no inspiration in the science of politics. This science he understands better than any advanced dogmatist who writes political reviews and rails at existing conditions.

## CROKER THE PRACTICAL POLITICIAN.

Croker has no theories. I have his own assurance on this point. He is practical and factful. He indulges in no day dreams. He works with the tools that the political school in which he has been trained have provided. He knows that they are the most useful, and that they accomplish the purposes for which they are intended.

"Doing things," he said sententiously once when I asked him how he accounted for his success. He fumbled his closely cropped gray beard, turned his steel blue eyes on the Saratoga race track, where we were at the time, and continued: "While most men sit around club windows, or at dinners, discussing political plans, I go among my people to find out what they are saying and doing. I don't waste any time in theories. I want reports that give me facts and figures. I don't make plans to be forgotten overnight. I never went to bed on a theory in my life. As a matter of fact, I never went to bed at all if there was a plan to carry out, until I had learned whether it would suit or not.

"The best plans are those that result from the establishment of a system. System is necessary to success, and you cannot have system without organization. Tammany Hall is a perfect organization; therefore a perfect system.

That is why it is successful. We do not have any theories in Tammany Hall."

This practical view of the value of political theories will convey a better idea of Richard Croker's character and methods than any other I ever heard him make or any estimate of his interesting character I have ever read in a contemporary article purporting to describe him. He is a difficult man to understand. Those who have known him intimately for many years and understand his nature perfectly are frequently perplexed by his methods, which he does not always explain even to them.

They know, for instance, that his rugged personality is the true index to the character of the man; that his nature is simple, direct, persistent, and insistent; that he possesses concentration without imagination; that he is as literal in his beliefs as an American Indian. They know, too, that, paradoxically, while he seeks advice he rarely follows it, but adheres to the old established rules of politics upon which the Tammany organization is established.

Underlying every other element, they know he possesses physical and moral courage to a remarkable degree. Persons who do not credit Croker with the possession of this quality would have corrected their impression had they witnessed the extraordinary incidents attending his return to New York, in August, 1897, from England, whither he had gone the year before discredited and apparently not a little discouraged.

#### CROKER'S GREATEST VICTORY.

When he returned, the spirit of revolt was rife in Tammany. Twenty one of the thirty five district leaders, each as powerful in his own local sphere as the Tammany boss had been in a general sense, were arrayed against him. His reappearance at Tammany Hall was as dramatic a spectacle as I ever witnessed. He walked through a long lane of scowling and unfriendly leaders and their henchmen. He paid little or no attention to their presence or their moods.

A long black cigar clutched tightly in his teeth, his head erect, his broad, square shoulders thrown well back, his face absolutely without expression, his step elastic, and his whole personality

suggesting indifference, he threaded his way through the hostile crowd in the public hall and passed into the council room. He sent a peremptory order to all the district leaders to come to him. Following the blind, unreasoning instinct of obedience, which is the law of organization discipline, they came.

The door of the council room was closed. Croker, still puffing at his cigar, talked to the district leaders for ten minutes, calmly and without apparent personal interest. He spoke without emotion, and addressed himself directly to the men lined up in front of him, using the language of the streets, which came most readily to him, and which they most readily comprehended.

He heard that some of the leaders had complaints to make. What were these complaints? None? Well! He just wanted to say that he was tired of hearing that certain leaders were dissatisfied.

"Tim Sullivan, are you dissatisfied?" Croker glanced keenly at the man as he made the inquiry, gruff, direct, with a challenge in it to the most powerful individual of them all.

Sullivan declared that he was not dissatisfied.

"Very well," calmly continued Croker, "there is no dissatisfaction. Now I want you men to go back to your districts and go to work. If you don't, I'll put men in your places who will work. We have a show to carry New York this time, and if you go about it right we'll do it. But I don't want to hear any more growling. That's all. We'll meet here next Tuesday to perfect plans for the campaign."

Then Croker came out into the general meeting room, where a portrait of John Kelly, his predecessor and mentor, hangs in a place of honor. Croker's appearance was a signal for an exhibition of abject servility such as I have never witnessed at a political assemblage. Men who had been loudest in their denunciation of him were the most demonstrative in their sycophantic assurances of loyalty. Calm, imperturbable, he stood in the center of a crowd of two hundred of New York's municipal statesmen, and listened to their protestations of friendship and obedience, even though he knew, as he told me one day

last summer, that they were insincere. "And," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "some of those fellows have since complained that I turned them down."

Since that episode in Tammany Hall, in the glare of that stifling day in August, 1897, Croker has been supreme in his directorship. I have seen him exhibit the same degree of coolness and indifference to attacks in the ever varying phases of political experience; in local campaigns; at State conventions, when the struggle between his organization and the followers of David Bennett Hill was most exhilarating; at the last Democratic national convention in Kansas City, when he stood out against all the other leaders of the nation, a stubborn menace to harmony.

#### THE SECRET OF CROKER'S POWER.

To my mind, his whole career, from the moment when he entered politics as the leader of the famous "tunnel gang" in the old Eighteenth Assembly District, during the Civil War, is a refutation of the theory that advanced learning or scientific knowledge of government and its requirements is essential to the attainment of political honors. The superiority of Croker's organization over movements inaugurated by men of a higher type of intelligence has been demonstrated too frequently to permit of doubt on this point.

Men who know Croker best smiled at a recent academic sketch of him written by a Western student, apparently for the purpose of providing a suitable rhetorical setting for the really fine portrait of the Tammany boss that hangs in the Democratic Club. The article idealized Croker, rather than revealed him as a man of flesh and blood, inspired in his public acts by the exigencies of his calling, and at once the servant and the most conspicuous figure of the political machine with which he is identified.

He is absolute in his dictation; not because his will is masterfully supreme, as the Western writer declares, but because he "goes with the game," as a Tammany leader once described his chieftain's status to me. He may offend the "better class" of citizens, who are his natural antagonists; he may treat the Bar Association and the Chamber of Commerce

with contempt, as he not infrequently does; but he never offends the majority of the district leaders, upon whose fealty and patronage his own position depends.

According to the view of this authority, "his (Croker's) death would be a calamity to his city, for no other man in all Tammany who might succeed him is so honest as Croker." To my certain knowledge, there are twenty men prominent in Tammany affairs quite as honest as Croker, and possessed of the qualities that have made the present boss successful. His passing will mark the advent of a man who will be quite as satisfactory a leader, and the new chief will follow the methods of Croker, as Croker has followed the methods of Kelly, and as Kelly followed the methods handed down to him by Tweed.

#### CROKER'S EARLY CAREER.

Croker entered politics with his brawny fists. He was never afraid of any one. As a young man, he associated with persons of his own class, and was the master of all of them.

He was a pugilist of note in a local way, but he was a fair fighter, and won his way to the leadership of his associates as much by his loyalty to his friends—a quality which distinguishes him today—as by reason of the strength of his good right arm. The early chronicles of his career contain many exciting physical encounters with rivals who sought to destroy his power, but he does not appear to have suffered defeat in any event; nor was he apparently any more to blame than the men with whom he exchanged blows.

He became a power in the politics of his district before he was twenty five years old, and in 1866 he was rewarded by "Boss" Tweed with the office of court attendant, the duties of which were simple, and the compensation more than adequate. The following year he became an alderman, succeeding his former patron, James J. O'Brien, who is now one of his most implacable political foes.

Croker's career as an alderman was not different from that of the usual type of the local legislator whose achievement have made the administration of the government of New York unique, and



have at times disgraced the American metropolis before all the world. Under the tuition of Richard Connolly, better known as "Dick" Connolly, who was Tweed's chief lieutenant, Croker became an active and prominent worker in the second grade of Tammany bosses. Connolly made millions, and Croker gained much valuable experience, which he has since found useful.

The turning point in Croker's career, and the one which induced him to aspire to a higher and more elevated grade of companionship, grew out of the most serious charge ever made against him. This was the assassination of John McKenna, a local politician, during a fracas at an election polling place, on November 4, 1874. Croker was charged with the deed, and for several weeks he was in the Tombs prison.

A witness for the prosecution testified that he heard McKenna say, after the fight, "Dick Croker shot me." Croker was tried for murder before Justice Barrett, who has since become his confidential legal adviser. The jury disagreed, and the prisoner was released.

Croker went assiduously to work, after that, to win his way in politics. His dogged persistence was the one quality that guaranteed his success.

#### WHEN CROKER NEEDED HELP.

I never see him in these latter days, when wealth and the highest political honors possible for him to attain have rewarded him for his efforts, but I recall his disagreeable experiences after being released from prison. He was shunned by men of his own class, and found little assistance in his attempts to remove the stigma of the prison from his name. He was in almost abject poverty. Yet within three years he forged his way to the front, and became fairly well to do. John Kelly gave him the opportunity to redeem himself.

I do not believe the circumstances have ever been narrated in public print. Croker appealed to Kelly to use his influence with Mayor Edson to appoint him to a position of minor importance. Kelly and the mayor were not on good terms, but Kelly, who was friendly to Croker, sent for an intimate friend of Edson's, and urged him to assist his pro-

tégé. That friend has since told me of his first meeting with Croker.

Kelly called Croker from an adjoining room. Croker, in a suit of clothes almost threadbare from constant wear, and twirling a well worn soft brown slouch hat in his hand, came in and stood looking stolidly at Kelly.

"Now, Richard," said Kelly, "I want you to tell this gentleman what you are after. He will help you."

In a few jerky words Croker said that he had applied to several officials for a position. He knew there was a vacancy in one of the departments. "But they won't give it to me," he said, "and I don't know what to do. I've got my district behind me, and I go to the City Hall every day and hang about to try and see the mayor. He won't see me. When I speak to him in the halls, he don't notice me. I guess it's because of that case against me."

"What case?" asked Mayor Edson's friend.

"For killing McKenna," replied Croker. "They think I did it. I didn't, though. I want work. I've just got to have it."

Croker remained standing during the entire interview, twirling his slouch hat, and looking at the floor, until Kelly dismissed him, after saying to the mayor's friend:

"Now, I know that Richard is a worthy boy" (Croker was thirty two years old then). "I know he means well and is a good party worker. I wish you would help him."

Ten minutes later, when the mayor's friend came down from Kelly's office in the building at the corner of Park Place and Broadway, he found Croker leaning against a lamp post. Night was coming on, and it had begun to snow. Croker wore no overcoat. He looked disconsolately at the crowds shifting and separating through the City Hall Park, his hands in his pockets, and his face wearing an expression of utter dejection. He admitted, when interrogated, that he did not have the money to pay his fare up to Harlem to deliver to Mayor Edson the letter which had been given him. In this hour of sore need Mayor Edson's friend assisted him, and it is a tribute to Croker's sense of gratitude that he has

since returned the loan with interest ten thousand fold.

Crocker secured the position, and plodded away at politics. His sole diversion, which he followed as persistently as he did politics, was the race track. He was not always lucky in betting on the races. It was only a short time after his appearance in Kelly's office as a supplicant for a three dollar a day position that he confided to a friend at Saratoga that he had lost his last dollar in the world on a race. He didn't know how he was going to get back to New York. He complained at the time that "that crowd in New York won't let me in. I can't make any money."

But by a singular swish of the skirts of chance, "that crowd," with Kelly at its head, decided a short time later that Crocker was just the man for deputy leader. Kelly liked Crocker personally, and gave him the benefit of his own ripe experience. For ten years Crocker was an apt pupil. He studied Kelly's methods and improved upon them. It was from Kelly that he absorbed his knowledge of organization detail, his faculty of listening eloquently and of saying as little as possible. He studied to better advantage than Kelly, who died a poor man, that phase of statesmanship which Bird S. Coler terms "commercialism in politics."

#### FIFTEEN YEARS OF SOVEREIGNTY.

As Kelly advanced in years and declined in vigor, he learned to rely more and more on Crocker, and when he died, in 1886, it was but natural that Crocker should be selected to succeed him. For four or five years, the new leader made haste slowly and with preservative caution. His whole life was indissolubly linked with his political ambition. His sole recreation was horse racing. He told me once that "he played politics three hundred and sixty five days and three hundred and sixty five nights in the year." He was always a temperate man as far as the use of stimulants was concerned. He took excellent care of himself, which fact explains his splendid health of today.

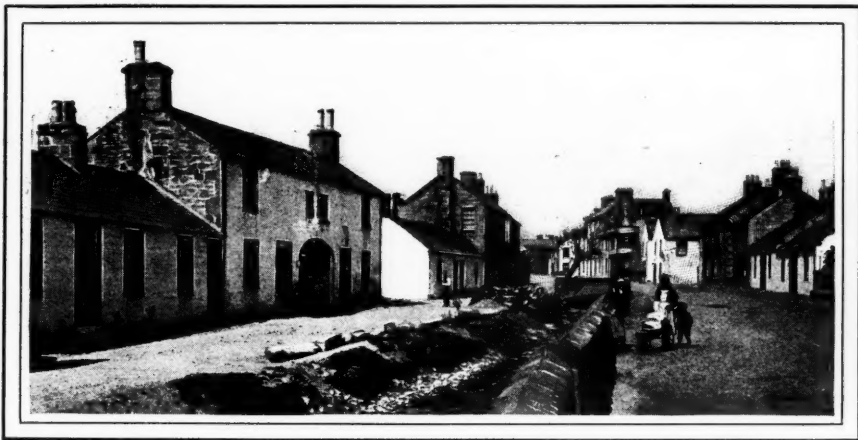
With increased experience and power there came to Crocker increased caution. He learned to know what not to do, what

not to say, when to exert his power, when to reserve it, and when and how to efface himself effectively. His pilgrimages to Europe, at times when there seemed necessity for his presence in New York, furnish proof of this caution. When there was nothing to fight for in the way of patronage or offices, Crocker went to England, and indulged his tastes for a quiet country life and the turf, while the district leaders fought among themselves, and his political enemies mapped out plans for his undoing.

During a political contest, Crocker is one of the hardest workers in New York. He spends on an average eighteen hours a day receiving reports, listening to men, giving directions, and going over details. I have seen him sit for a full hour in the gathering gloom of approaching night, looking out of the window of the Democratic Club, as impassive as if carved out of marble. It is during this hour, before the club crowd comes, that he formulates his plans and decided what orders to give.

He never interferes with the plans of the district leaders for their own profit, except where those plans interfere with his own. His business affairs, which are extensive, are managed by competent men, who for obvious reasons will not disclose the character or extent of his transactions. Estimates of Crocker's personal wealth vary all the way from one to five million dollars. His more intimate friends put it at a million and a half, every dollar of which has been directly or indirectly made out of politics.

While his own tastes are simple, Crocker spends money at the rate of eighty thousand dollars a year. He is generous with his family, and is fond of making presents to his friends. He spends about six months of each year in England, apparently paying no attention to political matters in New York. But in spite of the three thousand miles that separate him from the theater in which he is so often the most dramatic figure, he is in constant touch with his organization. He is continually advised of the condition of affairs, through many agents who know not the existence of each other. His orders from abroad are obeyed as implicitly as if given in the Democratic Club or at Tammany Hall.



THOMAS CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE, ECCLEFECHAN, DUMFRIESSHIRE—THE SAGE OF CHELSEA WAS BORN IN THE STONE HOUSE WITH A CENTRAL ARCH, WHICH WAS BUILT BY HIS FATHER, A SCOTTISH PEASANT.

## THE HOMES OF CARLYLE.

BY JANE MACNEIL.

HIS BIRTHPLACE IN THE SCOTTISH VILLAGE OF ECCLEFECHAN—CRAIGENPUTTOCK, THE "LITTLE ESTATE OF PEAT BOG" WHERE HE PASSED HIS HAPPIEST DAYS—THE HOUSE IN CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, WHERE HE LIVED FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.

IN the museum or memorial into which Thomas Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, has been converted, a stuffed cock and a piano surely deserve prominent places. With his genius for grotesquely tormenting himself and his wife with trifles, these two enemies of silence seemed at times to be the only facts in the material world which his philosophical mind recognized.

Those who make the duly established literary pilgrimages will naturally turn to Cheyne Row, where Carlyle lived for more than forty years, where success came to him, where little trials fretted him and great loneliness surrounded him. In the first place, the house has been turned into a sort of permanent memorial to him. In the second, Chelsea is more in the line of a day's travel than Ecclefechan, where he was born and where he lies buried, or Craigenputtock, where he lived for a time after his marriage. And in the third place, the Chelsea dwelling is the one about

which cluster the anecdotes that show the genius, the philosopher, the stormy prophet, to have been no more than human—or, indeed, a little less than that.

In Chelsea he heaped anathemas upon his neighbors who would not train their cocks to postpone crowing to some civilized hour in the morning. In Chelsea he reviled the young lady who practised upon her piano without reflecting how its strains delayed the production of "Frederick the Great." In Chelsea he played the spoiled child when house cleaning time came around; and there he puzzled over the strange foible of his incomprehensible "Goody," who saw fit to lose her temper over his "Gloriana"—never dreaming, poor genius, that Goody ceases to be a term of satisfactory endearment when Gloriana begins to be used.

### CARLYLE'S NATIVE COUNTRY.

Yet the Chelsea house, the scene of so many struggles, big and little, ludicrous

and deeply tragic, cannot be so truly suggestive of him as the bleak, poor country whence he came, and where he lived until all its loneliness, all its austerity, all its dourness, had made themselves a part of his nature. The house where he was born at Ecclefechan, near Annan, is still standing, and is more suggestive of him than any place in London could ever be.

It was not much of a settlement, Ecclefechan. The Annan River, coming down from the mountains, flows through a broadening valley of small farms and

hands were hard, capable hands, and so were those of his sisters. All the stern Scottish virtues were in the family; the grim religious beliefs—to the end of her life old Mrs. Carlyle could not become reconciled to Thomas' departure from the fixed tenets of John Knox's faith—the thrift, the conscientiousness, the hard working spirit, the relentless honesty. It was a nature born of surroundings that had acted upon many generations. The prospects were wide, wild, and bleak; the living was poor and difficult won. The genius that was indig-



THE KITCHEN AT CRAIGENPUTTOCK, THE LITTLE FARM WHICH BELONGED TO MRS. CARLYLE, AND AT WHICH SHE AND HER HUSBAND SPENT MOST OF THE FIRST EIGHT YEARS OF THEIR MARRIED LIFE—"A LITTLE ESTATE OF PEAT BOG," MRS. CARLYLE CALLED IT.

pasture lands. Ecclefechan is a mere row of houses, straggling along near a brawling "beck." At one end of the row is a house over a central arch—the house which Thomas Carlyle's father, a Scottish peasant, built for his family, and in which Thomas was born in 1796.

There were many children, and the family was poor, hard working, and self denying. Like his brothers and sisters, Thomas ran barefoot through the roads. They trudged barefoot to the school, a mile or so away. They lived in small space and they all worked. His mother's

enous to that soil was of necessity a strenuous, stern, and everlastingly upright one.

The Carlyle family always lived in this neighborhood. After Thomas' childhood, they moved to Mainhill, a poor place, where he spent his vacations from Edinburgh University and from his early attempts at teaching. Later yet they moved to Scotsbrig, in the same region, and thither he went many times from the London that he hated so, only to find that he was little more content away from it. Wherever he went,

throughout his whole dyspeptic life, Carlyle was able to find noises that distracted him. On one of his returns to Scotsbrig he wrote to his wife, who had remained in London, and who had told him some of her own annoyances with a neighbor's dog:

Alas, one cannot get much quiet in this world. Here in the mornings when one awakes before five there is a combination of noises, the arithmetical catalogue of which might interest a mind of sensibility—cocks, pigs, calves, dogs, clogs of women's feet, creaking of door hinges, masons breaking whinstone, and carts loading stones.

When he returned to Scotsbrig, it was to the noises of the small farm and to the work of one. Once he wrote of his mother and himself helping his brother James to bring in the hay. His mother's baking of scones, her dairying, her washing, mending, incessant toiling, all revealed in stray lines in his letters, show how laborious a life the family always lived.

#### CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE AT CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

If any place in which he lived may be said to have cheerful memories connected with it, that place would be Craigenputtock, the farm of his wife's to which they went after their marriage. It was near the border of Dumfriesshire and Kirkcudbright, in a moorland country, high and bleak. Dumfries, the railroad station, was seventeen miles distant; the nearest village was four miles away. They were very poor—no novelty to Thomas Carlyle, but a new experience for the young lady who had been the admired Miss Welsh, "the flower of Haddington." Accustomed to seeing his mother and sisters uncomplainingly accept the loneliness



THE LITTLE GARDEN AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE IN CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, IN WHICH CARLYLE LIVED FROM 1834 TO HIS DEATH IN 1881.

and the labor of the poor farmer's existence, Carlyle never seemed to think twice about his bride's possible predilections in regard to dwellings. He had, however, considered at some length the effect upon his work which his abode was likely to have, and before the marriage he kept changing his plans from Edinburgh to the country, and from the country to Edinburgh, in a way that must have sorely tried that spirited young Jean Welsh, although she mentioned it only with the mirthfulness with which she smoothed out many of their troubles. After she had poked fun at herself in a fashion flattering enough to him, telling how her own inclinations were developing an acrobatic skill in following his, she went on to say:

Will you be done with this wild scheme of yours? I tell you it will not answer, and you must play Cincinnatus somewhere else. With all your tolerance of places, you would not find at Craigenputtock



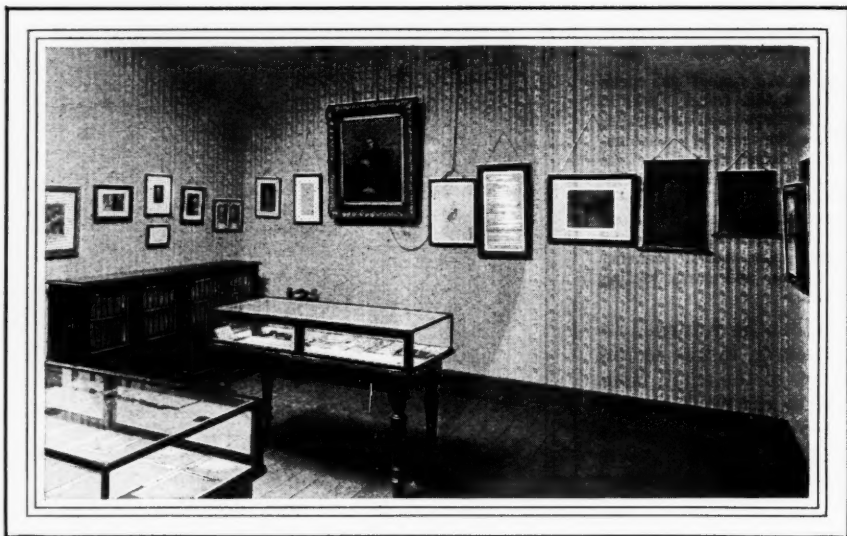
the requisites you require. The light of heaven, to be sure, is not denied you; but for green grass? Besides a few cattle fields, there is nothing except a waste prospect of heather and black peat moss. Prune and delve, will you?

But to Craigenputtock, "the wooded hill of the hawk," they went soon after they were married. And there they

for puddings or what not, and try her experiments.

"A LITTLE ESTATE OF PEAT BOG."

Yet she evidently had no overweening love for the place. She was as frank in speech as her husband himself, and as lucid and direct as he was obscure and



CARLYLE'S ATTIC STUDY IN THE CHEYNE ROW HOUSE, NOW CONVERTED INTO A MEMORIAL OF THE SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHER, AND FILLED WITH MEMENTOS OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.

dwelt among the moors and bogs, with their orange and purple colorings, their gleaming pools, their desolate reaches. With almost unbelievable skill, the builder had arranged so that the front of the house looked out upon nothing but a rising moorland, stretching away in a desert infinitude, while the back, although it commanded a distant view of the Galloway hills, had the customary farm yard obstructions to scenery—the barns and chicken houses and sties. The house, a square structure, is still standing as in the days when Jean, the unskilled, vowed that her husband should have the freedom to write as he would, and should not be coerced by money needs; that she would make what was given her "do"; and when, in pursuance of these resolves, she used to go into the kitchen, turn out the raw girl who helped with the work, and, locking the door upon interruptions, study the rules

involved. So that when she wrote to a friend: "I have gone to live with my husband in a little estate of peat bog," there is small doubt as to what her sentiments towards Craigenputtock were at the moment.

In the early part of their sojourn on the farm, Carlyle wrote:

Here is a drawingroom with Goethe's picture in it, and a piano, and the finest papering on the walls; and I write even now behind it, in my own little library, out of which truly I can see nothing but a barn roof, tree tops, and empty hay carts, and under it perhaps a stagnant midden, cock with hens overfed, or else dazed with wet and starvation; but within which I may see a clear fire (of peats and Sanguhar coals), with my desk and books and every accouterment I need, in fairest order. Shame befall me if I ought to complain, except it be of my own stupidity and pusillanimity!

After which tribute to Craigenputtock, he very shortly refers to it as "this devil's den."

Here they were not without being found out, far as they were from the

center of things. Here Emerson sought out Carlyle, and here began their long friendship. Here "Sartor Resartus" was written, and here Emerson undertook the management of its publication in this country—from which, by the way, financial returns were forthcoming sooner than from the English publishers. Here Jeffrey visited them, and enlivened the little parlor and study with his brilliant talk. Here the kind people at Scotsbrig sent over stores of butter and eggs, and here Carlyle, writing reviews as carefully as he would have written history, was making a name for himself in London where the reviews were printed, although the publication of "Sartor Resartus" made the conservative members of the craft of politics and philosophy view that name with some dread and misgivings.

It was in 1828 that Mrs. Carlyle had informed her friend of her residence in the peat bog, and that Carlyle had tried to pretend that he was happy with his fire and his desk and his implements in order. Years afterward, he wrote of the place sadly enough, saying, "We were not unhappy at Craigenputtock; perhaps those were our happiest days." But they did not appreciate them sufficiently to want to keep them, and after two or three experiments in living, they went to London in 1834, and moved into the house on Cheyne Row, in which they were destined to remain until their deaths.

#### CARLYLE'S START IN LONDON.

They had about two hundred pounds upon which to live. Carlyle had the plan of "The French Revolution" in mind. He had read extensively on the subject in Craigenputtock, and soon he began work upon it.

In London he was admired by some of the leaders, but he was more feared, and was

reckoned as a dangerous man. His unwillingness to assume the slight halter necessary to obtaining any sort of a salaried position kept him from the money making pursuits he had had in mind when he came up to London.

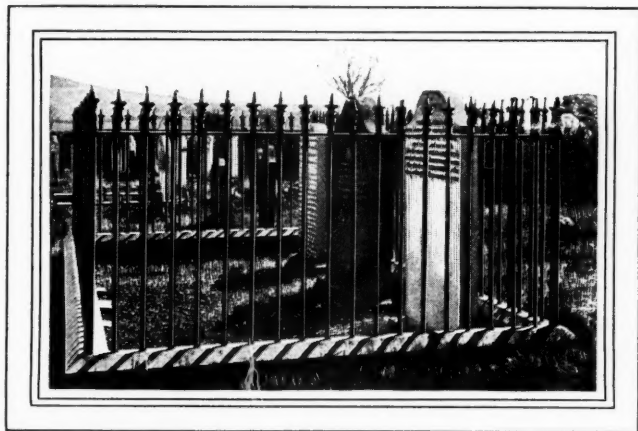
But his wife had true Scottish thrift, and he himself had all his life been accustomed to the barest and plainest sort of living. On the slender sum of which they were possessed, they courageously undertook to live until the "French Revolution" should be finished. And then happened one of those literary tragedies which seem almost unbearable at the time of their happening.

Among those who believed in Carlyle's promise, and who greatly admired him, was John Stuart Mill. Mill was, indeed, practically the dearest friend the newcomers had in London, and was deeply interested in the new undertaking. As fast as Carlyle wrote, he borrowed the sheets of manuscript to make notes and extracts. What happened is probably best told in Froude's "Life of Carlyle":

The first completed volume was in his [Mill's] hands for this purpose when one evening, the 6th of March, 1835, as Carlyle was sitting with his wife, after working all day like a nigger, a rap was heard at the door, a hurried step came up the stairs, and Mill entered, deadly pale, and at first unable to speak.

"Why, Mill," said Carlyle, "what ails ye, man? What is it?"

Staggering and supported by Carlyle's arm, Mill gasped out to Mrs. Carlyle to go down and speak



THOMAS CARLYLE'S GRAVE IN THE CHURCHYARD AT ECCLEFECHAN—IT IS THE CENTRAL ONE OF THE THREE WITHIN THE RAILING, THE NEARER HEADSTONE BEING THAT OF HIS BROTHER JAMES.

to some one who was in a carriage in the street. Both Carlyle and she feared that a thing which they had long feared must have actually happened, and that Mill had come to announce it and to take leave of them. So genuine was the alarm that the truth, when it came out, was a relief. Carlyle led his friend to a seat, "the very picture of desperation." He then learned in broken sentences that his manuscript, "left out in too careless a manner after it had been read," was, "except four or five bits of leaves, irrevocably annihilated."

The most amazing thing about this calamity is not that it was finally repaired, with the infinite nervous pain and labor with which Carlyle always wrote; or that it drew into tenderer relations the two tempestuous creatures

and that they could endeavor to keep from Mill the full knowledge of what the loss was to them, is something to sanctify the Chelsea house forever.

This was real tragedy. But Carlyle had a talent for turning so many things into tragedy that a record of the happenings in Cheyne Row, from his point of view, would read as lugubriously as a "book of martyrs." Now it was the "girls raging and scrubbing" through the place; now it was the masons building the "sound proof" study he had to have; now the "cheap and nasty system which has prevailed in re-



THE STATUE OF THOMAS CARLYLE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON.

who had already known so many differences and had made so many mountains out of their mole hills; but that all their noble thought was for their tortured, self accusing friend. Their first impulse was to be glad that it was not a personal wrong of his own he had come to tell them. Although Froude says no more on that score, it is probable that they feared the young man—Mill was twenty nine at the time—was about to elope with Mrs. Taylor, whom he married in 1851, but to whom he had been deeply attached ever since 1830. That they could rejoice to find this fear—if, indeed, this was their fear—groundless,

gard to paper and ink everywhere for twenty years past, which system may the devil confound!"

#### "GOODY" AND "GLORIANA."

There was the other real tragedy of Mrs. Carlyle's long and not altogether silent unhappiness over Lady Ashburton. Of all the women who sat at Carlyle's feet, Lady Ashburton was the first who seemed to the brilliant Jean Welsh to be worth an attack of jealousy. It was no common jealousy. Carlyle's utter uprightness and nobility, Lady Ashburton's pride of position as well as of womanhood, made any ordinary cause

for doubt out of the question. Besides, Carlyle loved his wife. But Lady Ashburton was "Gloriana," Jean was "Goody"; Lady Ashburton had beauty and brains and character to match Jean's own, and she had, besides, the glamour of the great dame, the leader. From the time when Carlyle met her, in 1842, until the time she died, in 1857, Mrs. Carlyle chafed against his friendship with her. She resented bitterly being forced into an acquaintance that she did not desire; she either received or imagined slights from the great lady; she grieved that the companionship which Carlyle had never had time to give her was given to another woman. Yet she admitted Lady Ashburton's grace, wit, and intellect; and even conceded her a kind heart.

As for poor Carlyle's harassment, that was almost as tragic as his Goody's. His description of her appearance at one of the parties at the Grange, Lord Ashburton's place in Hampshire, shows, however, that his pride and affection in her were not diminished by comparison with others. He wrote:

My little woman, in five minutes, her dress all adjusted, came stepping out round the corner of the house with such a look of lovely innocence, modesty, ingenuousness, powerfully suppressed humility, and radiances of native cleverness, intelligence, and dignity toward the great ladies and great gentlemen; it seems to me at this moment I have never seen a more beautiful expression of a human face. Oh, my dearest, my dearest, that cannot know how dear!

The lines were written after Mrs. Carlyle's death, after he had read her let-

ters and journals, and knew how the vast longing of her heart had never been satisfied.

The house in Cheyne Row was always delightful to its coterie. It was well furnished, with the air of quiet elegance which Mrs. Carlyle gave to all things she managed. Their income could seldom have been more than three hundred pounds a year, yet they traveled, visited, and were generous and hospitable; and Mrs. Carlyle was always well dressed. Carlyle himself used to patronize Scotsbrig tailors. He generally kept a horse. Towards the end of her life, when he was in easier circumstances, he gave his wife a brougham, the one in which she was found dead after she had rescued her pet dog from a street accident. That was in 1866, when Carlyle was away assuming the rectorship of Edinburgh University.

It was as the dearest tribute he could pay her that he left, by his will, her old estate at Craigenputtock, where they had had perhaps their happiest days, to Edinburgh University, to aid in the support of poor students under the name of "the John Welsh bursaries." John Welsh was her father.

Somehow, when all is said of the homes that Carlyle made famous, only one thought remains; not of the genius and the upright man and the thunderer, but of the two troubled, lifelong lovers, who managed to achieve so much misery when they might have had peace, and who were so lonely, so true at heart, so brave, and so unhappy.

#### MY CREED.

I THINK that many a soul has God within,  
 Yet knows no church nor creed, no word of prayer,  
 No law of life save that which seems most fair  
 And true and just, and helpful to its kin  
 And kind; and holds that act alone as sin  
 That lays upon another soul its share  
 Of human pain, of sorrow, or of care,  
 Or plants a doubt where faith has ever been.  
 The heart that seeks with zealous joy the best  
 In every other heart it meets, the way  
 Has found to make its own condition blessed.  
 To love God is to strive through life's short day  
 To comfort grief, to give the weary rest.  
 To hope and love—that, surely, is to pray.

*Alice Stead Binney.*

# The March of the Brass Band.

BY MARIAN WEST.

THE BAND HAS BEEN SEVEN CENTURIES IN DEVELOPING, BUT THE MODERN ORGANIZATION IS ONLY ABOUT SEVENTY FIVE YEARS OLD—SOME OF THE FAMOUS BANDS OF THE WORLD.

NEW YORK has been described as a rushing, tearing place where no one ever pauses, even for breath—until a horse falls down, when the whole street stops. But there is one other factor that can arrest its insane hurry even more quickly than the victim of bad driving or slippery asphalt, and that is a band.

With the first faint blare of distant brass, a change comes over the aspect of the crowd. The spirit of man rouses and rushes to the front, crowding back for the moment the insistent brain and body. On every side is at work the unexplained miracle of music—its power to give energy to the tired, courage to the dismayed, serenity to the harassed. It is an irresistible elixir of life, as it has always been since the days when David knew how to comfort Saul. If the band comes with a two step, the whole street breathes in time with it,

and passes on refreshed. If it is a funeral march, the crowds do not outwardly uncover, for Americans are not reverent nor intentionally picturesque, but the response is in their faces. A military march rouses the sort of valor that sets little boys strutting with their stomachs well in front of them—flashy, perhaps, but invigorating. And every wayfarer wakes for the moment to the knowledge that he is capable of bigger things.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE BAND.

It has taken seven centuries to evolve the modern brass band. Feudalism, romanticism, the Thirty Years' War, the struggle with the Turks, revolution and peace, have been as important to its development as the inventions and improvements that have fortified its instruments. When the troubadours wan-



THE MUSICIANS OF SCOTLAND'S SOLDIERY—PIPERS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.



dered over Europe with their songs, they were helping to found the great institution of outdoor music. Incidentally, it would seem that they were also founding "cranks' alley," for we are told that in 1318, when a minstrel known as Frauenlob died, his coffin was borne to the cathedral by ladies of rank whom he had charmed and served.

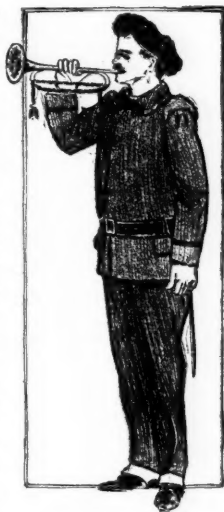
When the troubadours died out, their mantle fell on the shoulders of their trained followers and retainers, where it often lay with rather an ill grace, for the name of outdoor musician was fast becoming synonymous with that of rogue and rascal. Nevertheless, these roving bands, lawless and dissolute, made a national music possible, keeping the good uncorrupted and spreading the new. The edicts against them show how they were esteemed. For instance, in Gothland, the injurer or murderer of a minstrel was fined a yearling calf and a pair of leather gloves; and if the plaintiff, or his heir, wearing the gloves, well greased, could hold the calf by the tail, he could keep both as compensation. If the calf escaped, he got only the gloves. In Saxony, if a minstrel was beaten by a worthy citizen, his redress was the right to beat the worthy man's shadow. As a consequence, the better class of musicians naturally drew away from the rabble, and made guilds for mutual protection, thus giving musical organizations a recognized standing.

In England the medieval nobles had their own musicians and trumpeters, and the town its musicians for civil occasions. We even hear of philanthropic magistrates who hired bagpipes to cheer the laborers at their road making and ditch digging. But the town band, as such, began in Basel, whose burgomaster hired an organization of three pipers to play in the streets at fixed hours, purely for the public amusement.

Another element in the evolution of the band was found in the watch towers that guarded the towns of the Middle Ages. Horn signals were an important part of the watchmen's work, and in their leisure hours they taught small bands to play the instruments of the times—the zinke, the fife, the schwegel, and so on. In this way the watchmen grew to be the public band masters, and

no small rivalry sprang up between the individual bands.

For many years they were not allowed to use trumpets, which belonged exclusively to the nobility, the trumpeter being courier and herald, and a person of much distinction. But in 1426, to the great wrath of the nobility, this barrier was broken down by the Emperor Sigismund, who sold the privilege to the town of



A TRUMPETER OF THE ALPINE CHASSEURS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

Augsburg. The move was a blow to feudal dignity, but it was very good for the development of the band. The cornet has now very largely supplanted the trumpet, and so trumpeting, which was then carried very far, has degenerated as an art.

#### THE BAND IN WARFARE.

Before the seventeenth century, military music was a matter of drums and fifes, intended merely as a rhythmic noise to regulate marching. Oboes and bagpipes were added to increase the sound rather than the beauty of the performance. The Thirty Years' War, which created standing armies, left another legacy in the shape of the military march. Different airs began to be associated with different regiments, and the work of the drums and fifes acquired a new and sentimental value. Bands maintained at government expense were at first the privilege of a few regiments, but their value as a stimulus to martial ardor was soon recognized, and they became universal. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the usual regimental band was composed of two flutes, two oboes, two horns, one or two trumpets, two or three bassoons, and a base trombone. Now it carries from thirty to a hundred pieces.



A BUGLER OF THE FIRST  
REGIMENT OF CAVALRY  
OF THE GERMAN  
ARMY.

Bass drums, cymbals, and triangles came from the east. When the janissaries of the Turkish army went to battle with their foes, their bands squealed violently throughout the action to incite the men, much to the wonder of their western adversaries. At the end of the seventeenth century, the kings of Prussia and Poland each became possessed of a janissary band, presided over by a three tailed crescent, and

gradually some of their strange instruments crept into general use. The crescent is still carried before some of the Prussian military bands when on the march.

A hundred years ago the now famous Guards' band of England was still unimportant—eight musicians for each of the three regiments, who played only for guard mount at St. James' Palace. In 1783, when these musicians were requested to furnish music for a water excursion, they refused, and the officers appealed to their colonel in chief, the Duke of York. The result was an importation of twenty four German musicians, and the foundation of one of the world's greatest brass bands. But the first really modern brass band was that of the Prussian Dragoon Guards, which was reconstructed in 1828 by Wilhelm Wieprecht, a civilian who made himself and Prussia famous by the musical innovations that he introduced.

#### THE MOST FAMOUS MILITARY BANDS.

Today the best known military brass bands are those of the Household Brigade of Great Britain, the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regiment of Germany, the Guides of Belgium, the Garde Républi-

caine of France, the Imperial Guards of Austria, the Czar's Regiment of Guards of Russia, and the Ottoman Palace. The greatest of these, unless the band of the Garde Républicaine be excepted, is probably that of the Grenadier Guards, one of the infantry divisions of the Household Brigade.

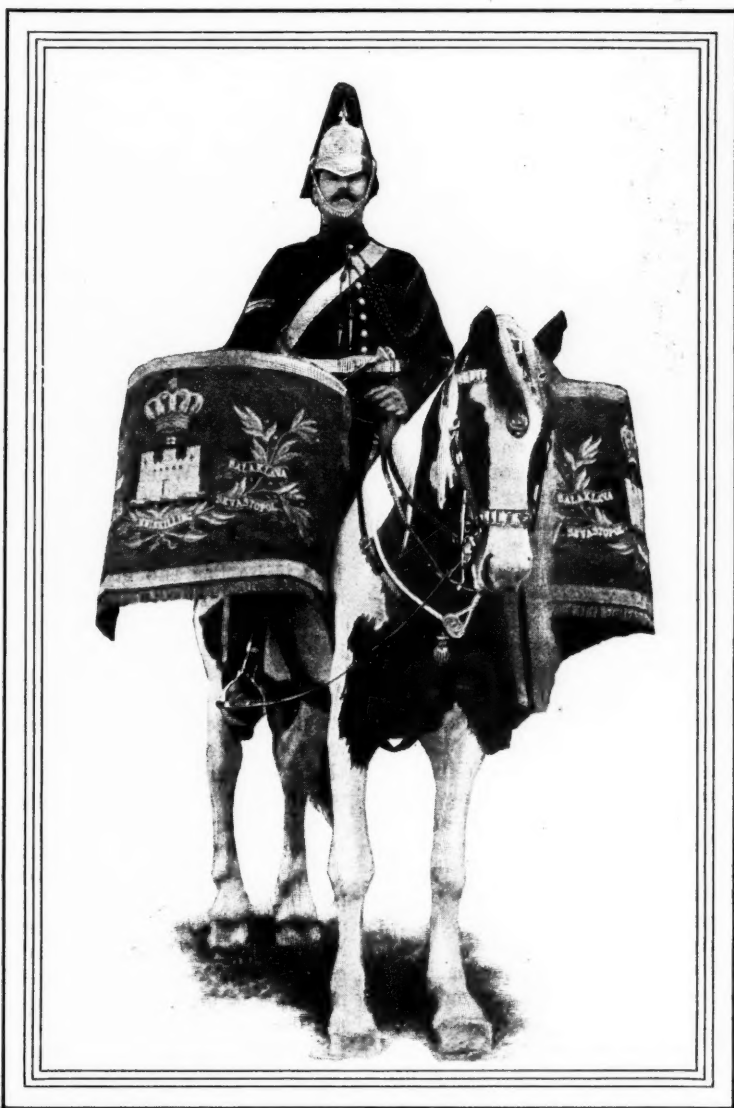
Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, who was appointed conductor of this British band in 1856, brought it to international fame by his great ability. When the great musical festival was held in Boston in 1872, Godfrey's band came over to take part—after a good deal of red tape, for it was the first time that the uniform of a British soldier had been seen in the United States since the unpleasantness of 1812—and a special act of Parliament was necessary to the move. The Grenadiers' band was unanimously voted supremacy over the rest, and the men in bearskin and scarlet and gold roused the American audiences to weeping enthusiasm by playing "The Star Spangled Banner"—the first of the international bowings and scrapings that have been so popular since.

Lieutenant Godfrey received the rank of a commissioned officer by the favor of Queen Victoria, who always took a personal interest in the music of her Household Brigade. All his family has been closely identified with military music. His father conducted the band of the Coldstream Guards for fifty one years, and each of his three sons conducted a Guards' band, their musical arrangements and compositions, and those of their sons, being played all over the world. To get into the Guards is the height of a bandsman's ambition, for then he may live out of barracks, wear civilian clothes when off duty, and earn money by taking outside engagements.

The expense of the British army bands is divided between the government and the officers, the government giving eighty pounds a year to each regiment, and all officers above the rank of subaltern contributing fixed sums on appointment and promotion, and twelve days' pay a year. The band has to provide its own reed and brass instruments, the government supplying only the infantry drums and fifes, and

the bugles and trumpets for cavalry and artillery. Only the pipes and drums go into action with a regiment, the

inets, three bassoons, four horns, three euphoniums, three basses, six cornets, four trombones, and two drums—twenty



A BRITISH MOUNTED DRUMMER, OF THE SIXTH (INNISKILLING) DRAGOONS. THESE MOUNTED MUSICIANS GUIDE THEIR HORSES WITH REINS ATTACHED TO THE STIRRUPS.

bandsmen being turned over to ambulance duty at such times. A Guards' band of today has about forty musicians. That of the Coldstreams is made up as follows: two flutes, one piccolo, one oboe, two E flat clarinets, thirteen B flat clar-

two reed, twenty brass, and two percussion instruments in all.

#### FAMOUS AMERICAN BAND MASTERS.

Of American bands, the glory that once was Gilmore's has now fallen on



THE LYRIST OF THE BAND  
OF THE "BRIGATA RE-  
GINA" OF THE ITAL-  
IAN ARMY.

Sousa. On Boston Common, nearly fifty years ago, Gilmore first introduced the American public to the delights of the band concert. His peace jubilees, after the Civil War, were on an unprecedented scale, involving two thousand pieces and twenty thousand voices.

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore may not have been a great musician, but he certainly was a genius, and he could produce more striking and dramatic results with a big

band than any other man this country has known. It was the theatrical element in his work upon which much of his great popular success rested. When President Cleveland was reviewing a procession at Madison Square, New York, just before his marriage, every other band played "Hail to the Chief," and similar airs, but when Gilmore's great band reached the reviewing stand, it burst forth in "For He's Going to Marry Yum Yum." For a few seconds the crowd wondered; then it gasped, and when the full significance of the thing burst upon it, a laughing uproar overwhelmed the President.

The funeral of General Sherman, next to that of General Grant the most impressive New York has ever known, offered Gilmore another opportunity. I think that nothing lingers more clearly in the memory of those who saw that funeral than the effect when his band played "Marching Through Georgia" as a dead march. It brought home more definitely than anything else could have done the fact that the great soldier had passed away.

When Gilmore died, his position as conductor of the Twenty Second Regiment of the New York National Guard

fell to D. W. Reeves, and then to Victor Herbert, now known as leader of the Pittsfield Orchestra and as a popular composer.

What John Philip Sousa is doing as composer and leader all the world knows. He gave up the leadership of the United States Marine Band, of Washington, to try the experiment of an independent organization, modeled somewhat on the lines of the band of the Garde Républicaine, but not depending in any way on government assistance. Sousa writes one march a year, which yields him twenty thousand dollars in royalties, and he has very strong ideas on the subject of subsidies, considering them antagonistic to artistic success.

"If a musician, a writer, or a painter has anything in him, he will dig it out himself if the state will only let him starve long enough," he has been quoted as saying. "When a bandmaster has nothing to pay his bandsmen with save what the public thinks he deserves, he must do good work or go to the wall. But if he has the government behind him, it is merely in human nature that he will quote the famous saying, 'The public be damned!'"

Mr. Sousa also considers that the modern French and German military bands are not perfectly adapted to the purposes for which they are used. "In Germany their instrumental composition is admirable for military work—that is, for parades, marches, and other purely professional duties of a regimental band. They are badly equipped for concert playing, as the nice shades of tone color are absolutely beyond their capabilities. In France, on the other hand, greater care is devoted to the composition of military bands for concert use, which naturally destroys to a certain extent their effectiveness for military work, owing to their delicate instrumentation. In addition, the French bands are not shown at their best, even when heard in concert, as they so frequently play in the open air without a sounding board to reinforce and concentrate the sound, and thus they lose many of the nuances that would be wonderfully effective under proper conditions."

The training of the European military musicians is carefully systematized. In

England, for example, there are several schools which are officially recognized as the nurseries of the army bands. One of them is the Duke of York's School, in Chelsea, an institution intended mainly for the benefit of orphan sons of soldiers. Here there is a band of about a hundred and twenty boys, exclusive of those who are only learning the rudiments. They wear uniforms, use a special set of small sized instruments, and are organized on the model of an army band, with drum major, sergeants, and corporals.

A still larger band school is that at Kneller Hall, near Twickenham, which every year turns out about eighty musicians, fully qualified to take their places in the regimental bands. It has been in operation for nearly half a century. There is another in Dublin, the Royal Hibernian School, in Phoenix Park, which, like the Duke of York's, is a semi charitable institution for the sons of the soldiers who fall in Britain's wars.

#### THE BAND'S WIDE SPREAD POPULARITY.

The brass band has probably done more to advance the musical taste of this country than any other agency. Many persons who care nothing for orchestral music are passionately fond of the band. There is scarcely a town of any size in America that has not its organization, and how the musically ignorant individuals are worked into a homogeneous entity is a story by itself. Even fairly good musicians find that they have nearly as much to learn as the novice. The players in a brass band have to be taught how to march. The peculiar swaying motion that is common to all military bands is a carefully cultivated gait. Experience has shown that it is best adapted to playing.

Some of the country bands reach a high degree of excellence, and the interest in the competitions, which are a star attraction at many county fairs, is prodigious. Fine musicians are often produced. As a rule, the players work during the day and look upon the band playing as a sort of recreation, though it often brings in considerable sums. Now and then one of these country bands comes to some large city, and its playing surprises even the sophisticated.

The development of boys' bands is

also remarkable. There are scores of them in the United States. The Catholic Protective band in New York ranks with the purely professional organizations. There are several boys' bands which make regular concert tours.

Those who are more familiar with stringed orchestras may be interested to know what instruments do the corresponding work in a brass band.

As a rule, the violin parts are played by cornets of different keys, trumpets, oboes, and clarinets; the bassoon supplants the cello, and the tuba the bass viol; flute parts are played by flutes and piccolos; and the accompaniment chords, such as are played by the left hand on the piano, are supplied by the vamping instruments—horns, tubas, saxophones, and brass.

Of course it has taken many improvements to bring the brass band to its present blend of power and subtlety. Perhaps the most important of these was the valve, by which the pitch of a horn may be lowered from one to five semitones by the pressure of the fingers on the keys. There was great opposition to this innovation at first, many musicians declaring that it injured the tone of the horn; but as the device was perfected, the opposition gradually died out, and now all brass instruments are regulated by the valve, except the "slide trombone."

The French government once issued an order abolishing its army bands, some zealous economist in the war office having decided that they were a useless expense. That this theory was a mistake was speedily proved by a marked decline in the popularity of the service and a distinct deterioration of discipline; and the bands were restored.



A NEGRO BANDSMAN—A CORNETTIST OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIA REGIMENT.



# Mutinies on American Ships.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

AUTHENTIC STORIES OF MURDER AND ROBBERY ON BOARD OF OUR MERCHANT VESSELS—A CHAPTER OF MARITIME HISTORY WHICH THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION HAS FINALLY CLOSED.

THE most remarkable mutiny in the annals of American commerce, when all the results as well as the incidents of the crime are considered, was that on the schooner *Plattsburg*, of Baltimore. The vessel was the property of Isaac McKim, in his day one of the best known merchants of the United States. She was named to commemorate the victory over the British forces, afloat and ashore, at Plattsburg, Lake Champlain, in the war of 1812.

On June 29, 1816, Mr. McKim began loading the *Plattsburg* for a voyage to Smyrna, where she was to take on a cargo of eastern goods, chiefly opium. For her outward voyage she carried eleven thousand pounds of coffee and forty two thousand dollars in coin. There was peril in sending coin afloat in those days, and the loading was done as secretly and as speedily as possible; but when Captain William Hackett, the master of the schooner, sought the sailors' resorts for a crew, within twenty four hours after the loading began, the fact that the craft was to carry coin was already known, and some desperadoes had conspired to ship as seamen with the intention of capturing the schooner and the money.

Of the conspiracy Captain Hackett learned nothing, and when John Williams, Francis Frederick, John P. Rog, Nils Peterson, John Smith, and three others, Stromer, Stacey, and Raineaux, whose first names are not recorded, offered themselves, they were accepted without question because they were manifestly able seamen.

Stromer was plainly a man of superior mental capacity; to find such a man sailing before the mast in those days was in itself suspicious, but Captain Hackett

gave the matter no serious thought. He even took Frederick as a passenger working his passage, the crew being already full without him.

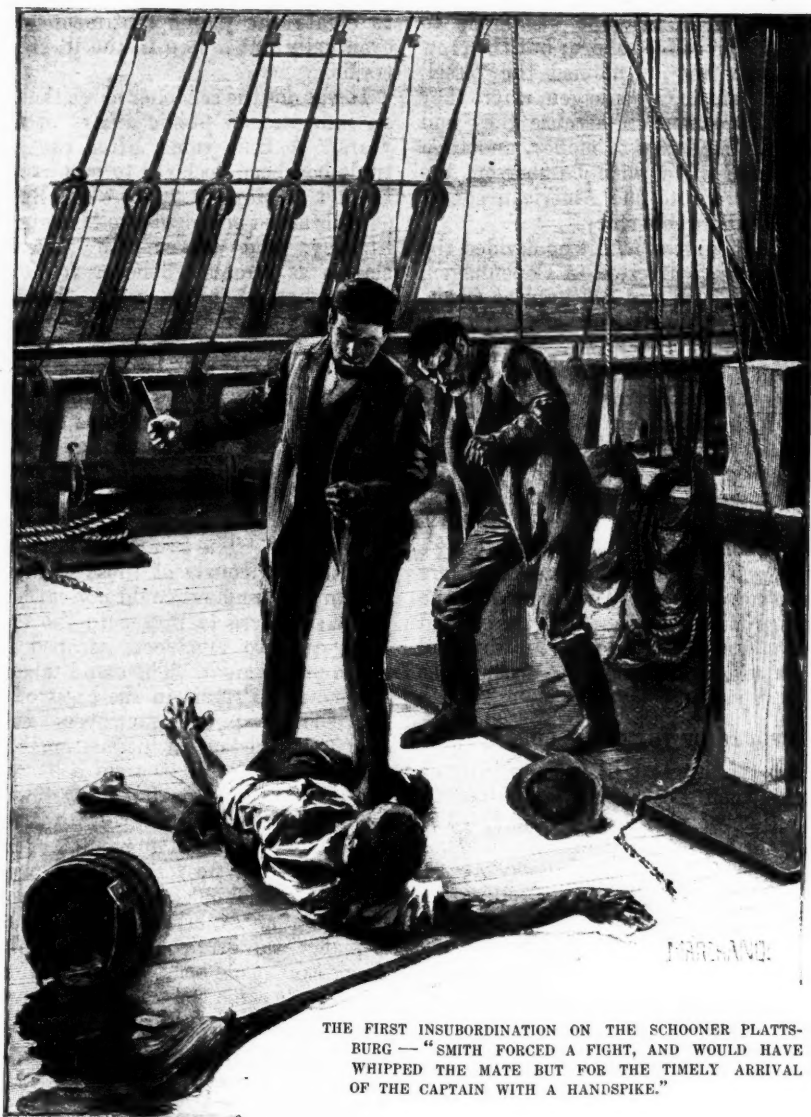
Leaving Baltimore on July 1, 1816, the *Plattsburg* dropped down to the capes and came to anchor. There the first mate, Frederick Inglehart Yeiser, ordered John Smith to sweep the deck. Smith worked in a slouching fashion, and the mate threatened to punish him. Smith forced a fight, and would have whipped the mate but for the timely arrival of the captain with a handspike.

The quarrel was precipitated to give the conspirators a commanding influence over the sailors not yet in their confidence, and in this they were successful. Their purpose of taking the ship was announced soon after the *Plattsburg* went to sea, and it was agreed that the officers should be poisoned as the vessel approached St. Mary's, in the Azores. Stromer had the drug and gave it to Williams, who put it into the coffee pot; but he used too large a dose, and the poisoned men recovered. They whipped Lamberson, the colored steward, for not keeping the coffee pot clean.

## THE OUTBREAK ON THE PLATTSBURG.

On the night of Saturday, July 21, after passing St. Mary's, Mate Yeiser had the deck from eight o'clock until midnight, when Second Mate Stephen B. Onion was called. The latter found the wind from the southward, and the air full of a misty rain. It was so dark that he could not see the length of the schooner, but as he walked forward he heard John Williams, who was on look out, cry "Sail ho!"

Greatly alarmed, Onion ran forward to the lee bow, where he was joined by



THE FIRST INSUBORDINATION ON THE SCHOONER PLATTSBURG — "SMITH FORCED A FIGHT, AND WOULD HAVE WHIPPED THE MATE BUT FOR THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE CAPTAIN WITH A HANDSPIKE."

Mate Yeiser. As the two officers peered into the night, trying to see the sail, three mutineers clubbed them with pump brakes and a capstan bar. Both were knocked down, and Yeiser was thrown overboard, but Onion scrambled up to windward, wrenched himself free of a mutineer who followed him, and fled to the cabin, where he hid himself in the bread locker.

The captain, hearing the cries of the

assaulted officers, came on deck, only to be knocked down and thrown over the rail. The supercargo was enticed from the cabin by a promise that his life should be spared, but when he came on deck he was also cast into the sea.

Onion was spared on his undertaking to help navigate the ship and take a share of the plunder. Then Stromer took command, and navigated the Plattsburg to an obscure port in Nor-

way, where an attempt was made to smuggle the coffee ashore; but the crew got drunk and abandoned the vessel. Several went to Copenhagen, where they fell under suspicion because they had such an abundance of money, and then the second mate, with Lamberson, the steward, went to the American consul and told the whole story.

Of the fourteen men who divided the coin, six were arrested in Copenhagen, while a seventh was captured at Christiansand. Thus twenty one thousand dollars should have been recovered, but the men had been on shore fourteen days before the first arrest was made, and they had but five thousand dollars. Of the seven men captured, four—Williams, Rog, Peterson, and Frederick—were convicted of murder and hanged at Boston Neck on February 18, 1819. "Their conduct in prison is said to have been exemplary, and they met their fate with firmness," says a periodical of the time. White was cleared on the ground that he was forced into the mutiny, and Onion and Lamberson were accepted as state witnesses.

#### THE SEQUEL OF THE PLATTSBURG MUTINY.

But the interest in the mutiny and the Plattsburg continued long after the execution of these four sailors. The schooner had acquired an evil name, had become known as an unlucky vessel, which resulted in her owner selling her at auction. Purchased by a Baltimore firm for use in the slave trade, she was sent to Santiago, Cuba, where, through perjury and bribery, she obtained papers as a Spanish vessel, and then went to Africa. There she was captured, in 1820, by the United States sloop of war Cyane, Captain Trenchard, the first American war ship sent to the coast for the suppression of the slave trade. Under the law, the old Plattsburg was libeled in the United States court. In the trial that followed, her owners, by their repeated perjury, made such an infamous exhibition of moral obliquity that the whole nation was shocked. The case was a type representing that of almost every slaver that followed her, and the knowledge of the character of the slave ship owners, which was then for the first time made public, did much

to create the public sentiment which eventually put a stop to the ill starred traffic.

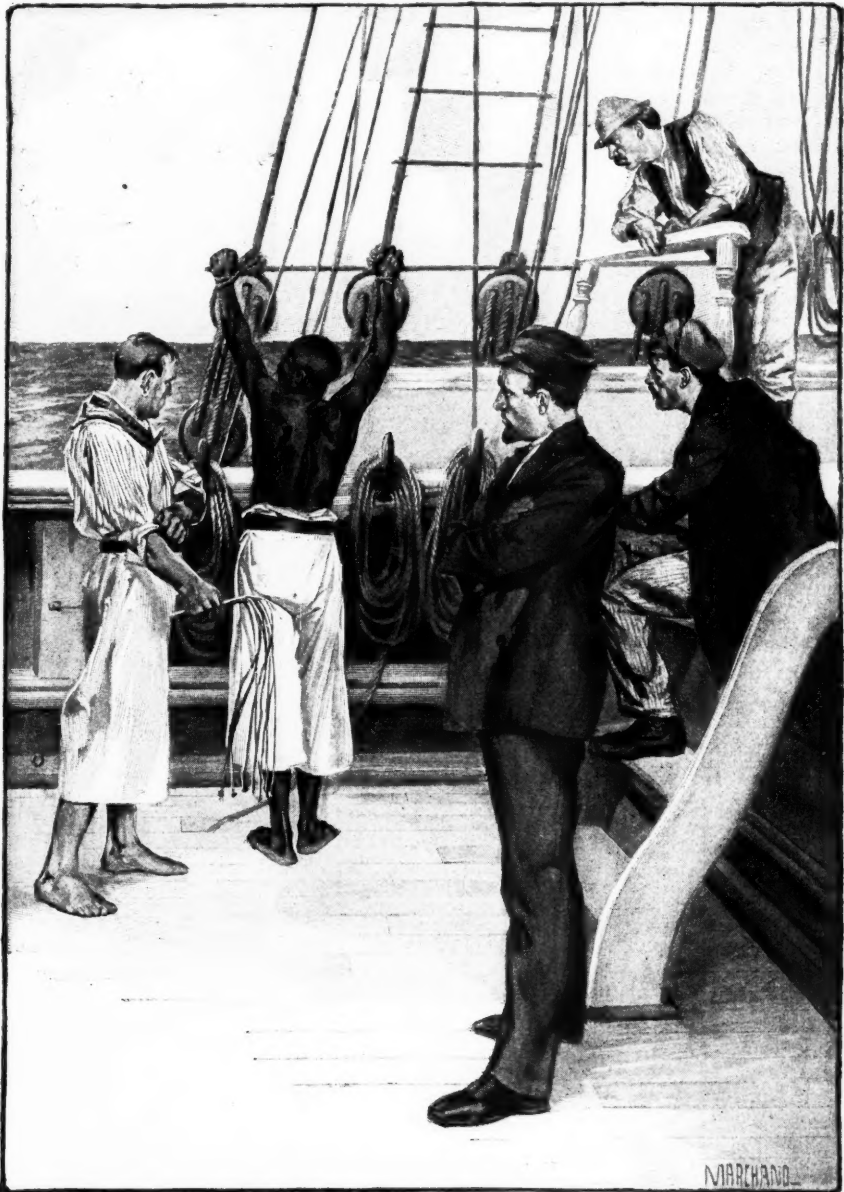
It was not the schooner alone that had an influence on public affairs in after years. A time came, after the slave trade had been declared to be piracy by the act of May 15, 1820, when British officials asked permission to take our law literally, and to capture American slavers as pirates whenever found actually engaged in the trade. Our government refused this. In the course of the correspondence, the case of two of the Plattsburg mutineers was quoted as establishing a precedent in international law. One of these was captured in Prussia, but the Prussian authorities refused to give him up for trial in this country. The other was arrested in France, and the French also refused to give him up. The two might have been tried in the courts of those countries, but our government could not carry the witnesses there to prosecute the cases. So those two mutineers escaped adequate punishment. The stand taken by France and Prussia in the cases of the Plattsburg's pirate mutineers established a precedent in international law, and, acting on this, the government of the United States declined to allow any foreign official to interfere with American slaver pirates. The result was most deplorable, for no foreign man of war dared do so much as look under the hatches of an American ship. As a consequence, the gridiron flag, of which all Americans made boast as the emblem of the free, became the sole legal cover for ships in the slave trade.

#### HOW CAPTAIN WHELAND SAVED HIS SHIP.

The mutiny on the schooner Eliza, Captain William Wheland, while on her way from Philadelphia to St. Thomas, created a stir in its day because one of the mutineers carried a commission as captain of a French privateer, and declared that his attempt to take the Eliza was an act of war, not a mutiny. Only seven men, all told, were on the vessel, three of them foreigners who said they were Frenchmen, though they signed the articles as Jacob Baker, Joseph Brous, and Peter Peterson.

At ten o'clock in the evening of Sep-

tember 12, 1799, when the *Eliza* was fourteen days out from the Delaware Capes, entered the cabin, and beat and stabbed the captain, inflicting serious wounds as



THE ATTEMPT TO POISON THE OFFICERS OF THE PLATTSBURG—"THEY WHIPPED LAMBERSON, THE COLORED STEWARD, FOR NOT KEEPING THE COFFEE POT CLEAN."

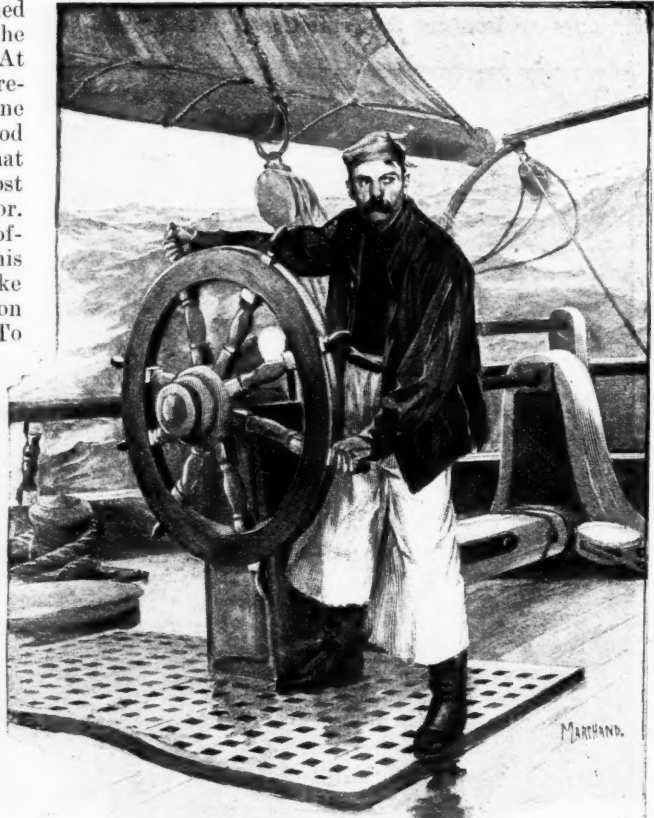
the three foreigners found the mate asleep on deck, and killed him with an ax. They threw his body overboard, en-

he lay in his bunk; but he drove them off with a pair of pistols. They killed the supercargo, the only American sailor on

board, and thus gained command of the schooner's deck. At this point, they remembered that not one of them understood navigation, and that they would be lost without a navigator. Accordingly, they offered the captain his life if he would take the ship to a port on the Spanish main. To this he agreed, knowing very well that they would kill him once land was sighted.

Nine days later, Captain Wheland saw two of the men go into the hold for a barrel of hams, while the third was at work on deck, unsuspecting of danger. The captain knocked down the man on deck and drew the cover over the hatchway, imprisoning the two in the hold. He tied the first man to a ring bolt. Then, single handed, he drove his schooner for thirteen days, the wind remaining fair, and finally reached port at St. Bartholomew's, a tiny spot of French territory in the Leeward Islands. Here he found the United States brig Eagle, Lieutenant A. Campbell commanding, and the latter relieved him of his three prisoners.

When brought to trial, the mutineers were defended on the plea that one of them held a privateer's commission, and that the mutiny was an act of war. The French privateers had been preying on American commerce for five years, with practically no retaliation on the part of the American government; but this method of making war was not recog-



HOW CAPTAIN WHELAND SAVED HIS SHIP, THE ELIZA—"SINGLE HANDED, HE DROVE HIS SCHOONER FOR THIRTEEN DAYS, THE WIND REMAINING FAIR, AND REACHED PORT AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S ISLAND."

nized by the court, and the three men were hanged.

#### THE MUTINY ON THE VINEYARD.

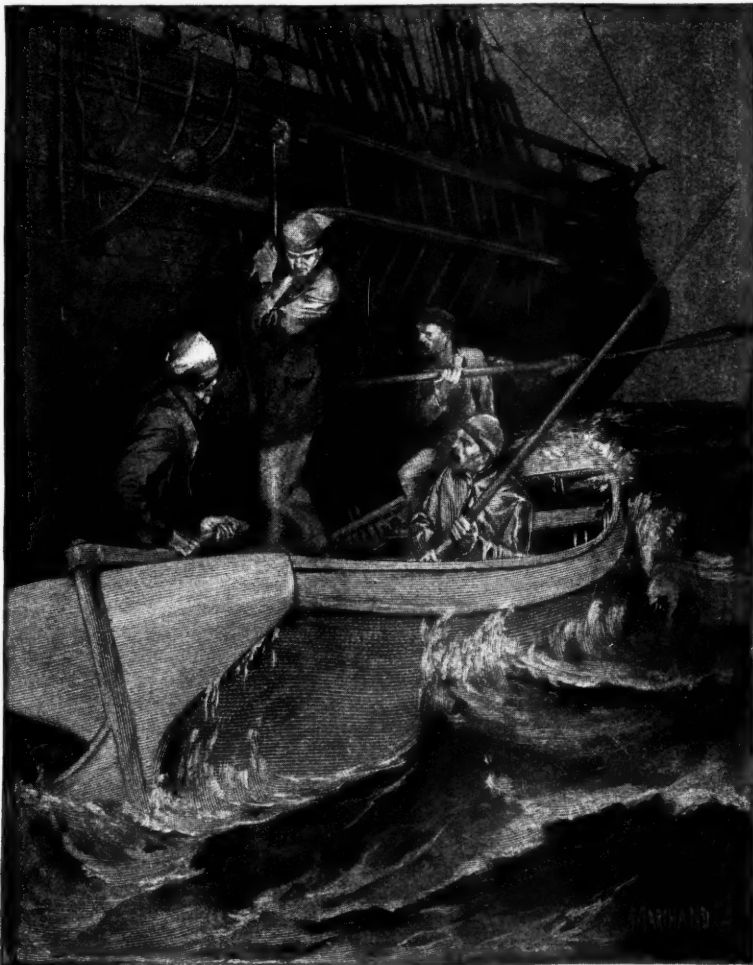
Among the more interesting items in a library of the sea is a printed report of the trial of J. Wansley and Charles Gibbs for mutiny on board the brig Vineyard, Captain Thornber, bound from New Orleans to Philadelphia with a valuable cargo, including fifty thousand dollars in coin for Stephen Girard, the famous Philadelphia merchant. The story is of interest chiefly because the crime was a direct outgrowth of the piracy that prevailed on the coast of Cuba from 1817 to 1825. Gibbs was a



native of Rhode Island, and served his country with honor during the War of 1812. After that war he took service among the Spanish American privateers, and, like several of the most noted American sailors who went into this questionable business, he soon degenerated into a pirate.

In 1819 he was found working with the Spanish pirates near Cape San Antonio, where, according to his own confession, he had taken part in robbing many vessels, the crews of which were all murdered, and where he had accumulated thirty thousand dollars. This for-

tune he squandered, and then, to get another one, shipped with an old piratical associate on the Vineyard. Just after midnight of November 23, 1830, when the Vineyard was off Cape Hatteras, the crew of seven, led by Gibbs, revolted. As the captain came on deck, Wansley, the cook, struck him over the head with a pump brake, knocking him down, and the mutineers hurled him overboard. They then pulled the mate from his berth, dragged him on deck, and threw him alive into the sea, where he swam after the brig for some time, begging for mercy.



THE MUTINEERS OF THE VINEYARD ABANDONING THEIR SHIP—"THEY FIRED AND SCUTTLED THE BRIG, AND PULLED FOR THE SHORE."

Gibbs took command, and navigated the brig until she was two or three miles off Coney Island, when all hands got into the long boat and the yawl, with their plunder, fired and scuttled the brig, and pulled for the shore, intending to enter Jamaica Bay by way of Jones Inlet. It was midnight when they left the ship, and they could not see how heavy the surf was on the bar. The yawl capsized, and the three men in it were drowned. Their share of the coin, amounting to twenty one thousand dollars, was lost in the sands.

The long boat, with four men in it, got through the surf, though they had to throw overboard a part of their coin to lighten the boat as they entered the breakers. On reaching land, they buried all their gold except what they could conveniently carry; after which they made their way to Flatbush, where a quarrel in a hotel barroom led to their detection. Gibbs and Wansley were hanged, the other two who landed in the long boat being accepted as witnesses for the State.

#### A LEGACY OF CUBAN PIRACY.

The story of the Vineyard is but one of many mutinies that grew out of the piracies which the Spanish authorities openly encouraged between the years 1817 and 1825. Later, on account of the activity of the British and American cruisers, and the appointment of a fairly honest captain general—Vives—at Havana, it became dangerous to fit out a regular pirate cruiser at any Cuban port, no matter how obscure. The buccaneers found their occupation well nigh gone, and so resorted to the plan of Gibbs as the next best thing. But they did not always ship as seamen; some of them found it more to their taste to go aboard a vessel as passengers. For instance, a number of Spaniards took passage on the American brigantine Crawford at Matanzas, bound for New York, on May 28, 1827, for the express purpose of capturing her. One of them had provided himself with a complete set of Spanish papers, issued by the Cuban authorities, by which he would have been able to take the Crawford to Hamburg, and there sell her and her cargo as Spanish property. The conspirators murdered

part of the crew and took possession of the craft. Lack of provisions compelled them to put in at Norfolk, where they were arrested. One killed himself, and the others were hanged.

In almost every case of this sort that came to trial, the mutineer leaders were proven to have been engaged in the piracies of the Cuban coast, or to have sailed as privateers under the flags of Spanish American insurgents. As time passed, and these nautical highwaymen were killed off, the piratical mutinies decreased in number, and finally ceased altogether. It is now many years since a crew on an American ship rose against the vessel's officers solely for the purpose of robbery.

#### MUTINIES AMONG THE PACIFIC ISLANDS.

Curious as it may seem, the joys of life among the wild people of the islands of the Pacific have led to many mutinies on American ships plying in those waters. The most notable affair was that on the whaler Globe, Captain Thomas Worth, a little ship of less than three hundred tons burden. She sailed from Nantucket on December 20, 1822, for the Pacific. On the night of January 25, 1824, Samuel B. Comstock, a boat steerer who had been picked up at one of the islands, with four other desperadoes, mutinied.

Comstock found the captain asleep in a hammock in the cabin, and split his head open with an ax. The mate was stabbed to death with a knife used in cutting-blubber. The second mate was attacked with a musket that had a bayonet fixed. He got the weapon into his own hands, and was about to bayonet Comstock, when the latter promised him his life if he would give up the musket. The officer foolishly surrendered the gun, and Comstock stabbed him to death. The third mate was shot in cold blood. He had begged for his life, but because he had once thrown Comstock in a wrestling match, the request only excited the mutineer to cruelty. At that the officer—his name was Nathaniel Fisher—said: "If there is no hope, I will at least die like a man." At Comstock's order, he faced about, and added firmly, "I am ready." Then Comstock shot him.



THE LANDING OF THE FOUR SURVIVORS OF THE MUTINY ON THE BRIG VINEYARD—"ON REACHING LAND, THEY BURIED ALL THEIR GOLD EXCEPT WHAT THEY COULD CONVENIENTLY CARRY."

The *Globe* was taken to the Mulgrave Islands, where Comstock intended to destroy her and live with the natives, but six of the crew slipped her cable when the ringleader and some of the others were ashore, and fled to Valparaiso.

The mutineers left on the island quarreled, and Comstock was murdered by an associate named Payne, who was himself killed by the natives for shameful aggressions. The natives also killed eight out of the ten men who remained. The two survivors, William Lay and Cyrus M. Hussey, were taken from the islands by the United States schooner *Dolphin*, Lieutenant Hiram Paulding commanding. On their return, they published a book describing their adventures, and copies of the original edition of this work are among the prizes in a nautical library.

The mutiny on the whaler *Junior* of New Bedford, in 1857, was incited by the same desire for a life among the savages, and it is likely that a search of the *Lloyds'* records would reveal half a hundred similar cases.

#### TREACHEROUS MALAY SAILORS.

While mutinies for plunder are no longer known, and those like that on the *Globe* have become more than dangerous through the civilization of the islands, murderous mutinies have occurred on our vessels even in recent years. The American ship *Frank N. Thayer*, Captain Robert K. Clarke, while at Manila, in 1885, shipped two sailors who were Malays from the island of Sulu, since acquired as American territory. They proved to be members of the fanatical pirate clan of that island, who, under the inspiration of the Mohammedan religion, think they will enjoy greater felicity in the world to come if they die killing infidels. When the watch was called at midnight, on January 2, 1886, and the two mates stood on the quarterdeck discussing the weather, the Malays approached and complained of illness; but no sooner were they within striking distance than they stabbed both mates to death. Then they turned on the affrighted crew and killed five of them, besides seriously wounding two others. When they entered the cabin, Captain Clarke was awake, and he drove

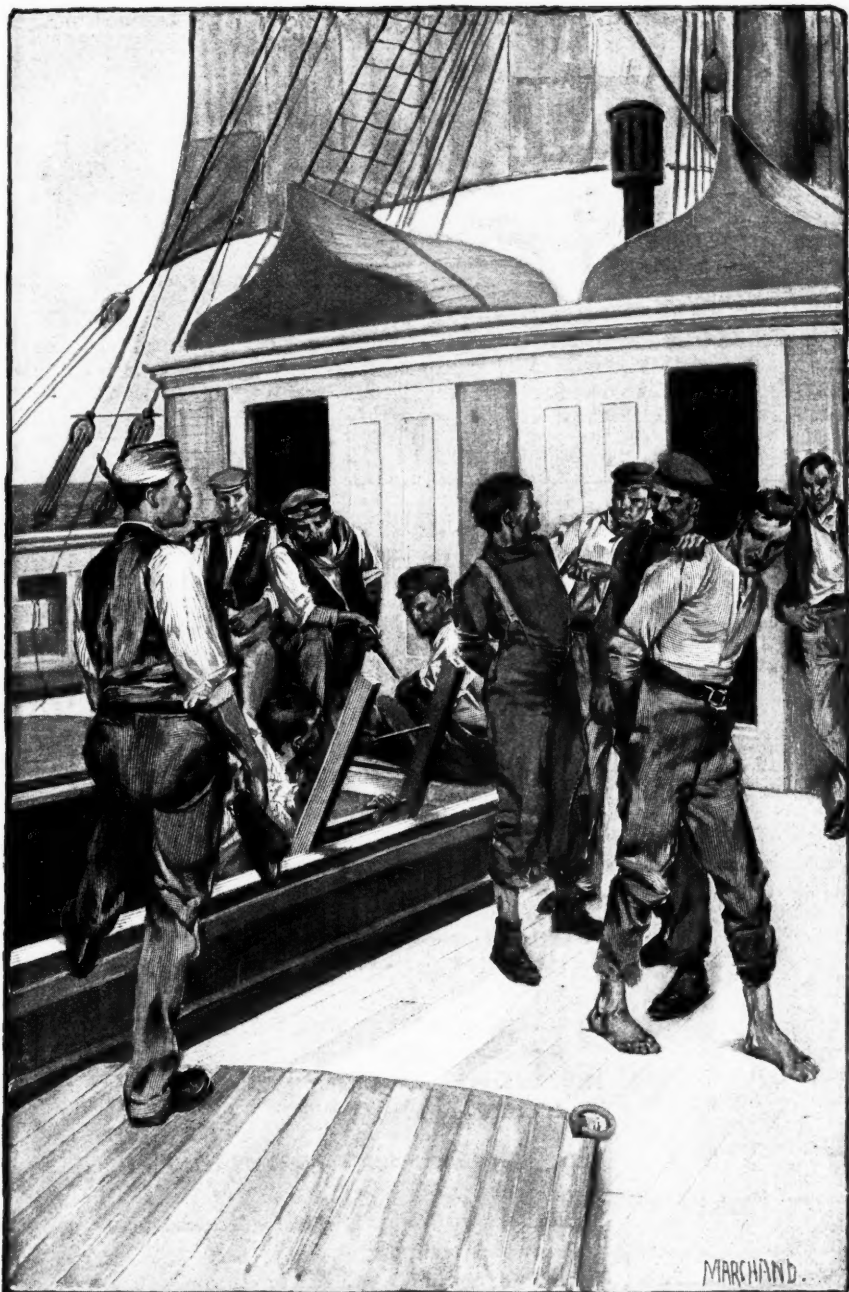
them out with his fists, though he was badly cut in the scuffle. Eventually both the Malays were killed, but before the last one died he fired the cargo, and the crew were obliged to take to the boats. Fortunately, they reached the island of St. Helena without further loss of life.

Another latter day mutiny was that of a part of the crew of the brigantine *Natal*, Captain Peter F. Enstrom. The story is remarkable because there was really no hope on the part of the mutineers that they could escape capture and punishment even if they succeeded in taking the ship. Moreover, there was nothing in the cargo like coin or other property easily converted into money. In short, no adequate reason for the mutiny was ever given.

#### THE FIERCE FIGHT ON THE NATAL.

The *Natal* was on her way to Brisbane, in 1889, when the carpenter, the steward, and two seamen, Toton and Johanssen, conspired to take the ship at the usual hour for such deeds, midnight. The second mate, a youth of nineteen, the son of the captain, had dipped up a bucket of water from the sea and was washing his face, when the carpenter came cautiously behind him, and split his head with an ax. The body was thrown overboard. The carpenter, the steward, Johanssen, and Toton entered the cabin, where they found Captain Enstrom asleep on the lounge. The carpenter struck at the captain with the ax, but the blow did not inflict a mortal wound, and Enstrom rose up to fight for life, while the steward, with a sheath knife, and Johanssen, with a capstan bar, joined in the attack.

Meanwhile Toton fired four shots at the mate, whom he found asleep in his bunk; and supposing that he had killed the officer, he started to help the other mutineers. He dropped his revolver as he turned, and the mate, who was not dangerously hurt, picked it up and went to the rescue of the captain. This unexpected reinforcement drove the mutineers from the cabin, and the two officers were able to lock themselves in and dress their wounds. Then, with a rifle and three revolvers, they sallied forth. The mutineers fled to the fore



THE PUNISHMENT OF THE MUTINEERS ON THE BRIGANTINE ANTRIM—"CAPTAIN ENSTROM LINED THEM UP ON DECK. HE SHOT THE LEADERS, THE CARPENTER AND TOTON, DEAD. THE OTHER TWO WERE SPARED."



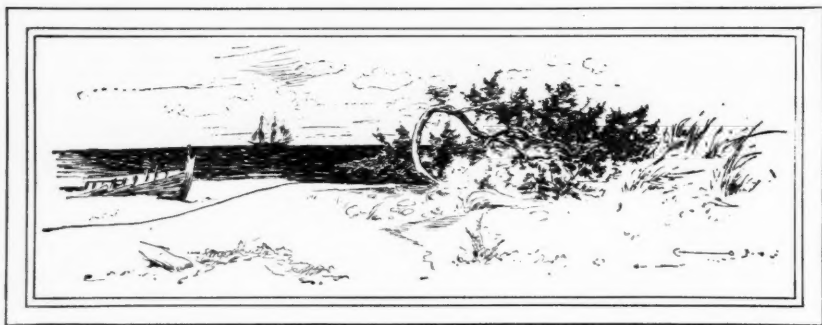
hold, where they were kept four days without food or water. Then they surrendered.

Captain Enstrom lined them up on deck. He shot the leaders, the carpenter and Toton, dead. The other two were spared.

Such tales as these, however, are rarely found in the sea annals of the last fifty years. The so called mutinies described in the newspapers are, as a rule, mere strikes. The sailors are starved, or in other ways barbarously treated, until even their cowed spirits can stand no more. Sea strikes are likely to increase in number rather than decrease, because of the influence of organizations of sea-

men for mutual protection; but the murderous and piratical mutinies that were once the terror of officers and passengers alike are gone forever. The packets plying between Europe and New York carry millions of dollars in gold every year. A single cargo is often valuable enough to make a score of rascals rich, and a score of determined rascals could capture such a ship and land her gold. But twenty men capable of such an enterprise will never be found banded together for the work.

Among the many steps made in the advance of civilization during the nineteenth century, not the least was that which left the piratical mutiny behind.



#### DEAD IN LUZON.

So far away, so far, our sons are sleeping  
 Their last long, quiet sleep;  
 The great white tropic stars are vigil keeping  
 Over their slumber deep.  
 All memory of the tumult and the fighting  
 For them doth cease;  
 No battles to be waged, no wrongs for righting,  
 In that deep peace.  
 Yet may they sometimes hear, as stirred to dreaming,  
 Their strenuous bugles cry,  
 And thrill to know their brave, bright flag is streaming  
 Above them as they lie;  
 Dream of the old, old days with shadowy yearning  
 And dim regret;  
 Then, to their deep repose again returning,  
 Sleep and forget.

*S. H. Kemper.*



LI HUNG CHANG LANDING AT TAKU, ON HIS WAY TO PEKING, WHEN SUMMONED TO CONDUCT NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE ALLIES.

*From a copyrighted phot graph by John C. Hemment.*

# The Passing of Li Hung Chang.

BY EDWIN WILDMAN,

FORMERLY UNITED STATES VICE CONSUL GENERAL AT HONG KONG.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE GRAND OLD MAN OF CHINA UPON THE POLITICAL STAGE ON WHICH HE HAS PLAYED SO EVENTFUL AND SO EXTRAORDINARY A PART.

IT is a far cry from Confucius to Li Hung Chang, yet in the twenty four intervening centuries China, with its four hundred millions of people, has hardly produced another great national figure.

When Li, now tottering on the verge of the grave, shall have passed away, there will remain no successor through whom the world can sway China's teeming millions. His name and fame stand out solitary and apart from the score of lesser lights who comprise China's provincial leaders.

If Li Hung Chang lives to see peace restored and ratified, his legacy to a

quarter of the human race will be an achievement unsurpassed in history. The Boxer outbreak thrust upon him the last and greatest responsibility of his career. Three times has he rescued his countrymen from the penalty of their ignorance, each time to be accused of bribery and disloyalty, each time to suffer at the hands of his sovereign, and each time to rise triumphant, the one man in all China whose diplomacy could preserve its identity.

Now again, after practical banishment from the countenance of power, has he been compelled to hobble out of retirement and devote the last effort of

his failing strength to the preservation of the empire. Few things in history are more pathetic than the contemplation of this old man, wrestling with the avarice of nations, striving with his dying breath to atone for the frightful errors of his people, and to restore order out of chaos. It is a task that would stagger the ablest diplomat in the prime of life.

As is well known, Li Hung Chang is the richest man in China, and of course his enormous wealth has been one of the chief sources of his power. Morally, he is neither worse nor better than his race; intellectually and diplomatically, he is a giant among pigmies.

#### LI HUNG CHANG'S RISE TO GREATNESS.

In 1822, at Seuchen, in the province of Nganhui, on the north side of the great river Yangtze Kiang, Li Hung Chang was born. His father was of the *literati*, but, though a man of some position in his town, was possessed of small means. The son inherited a studious disposition and early aspired to a literary degree. He was fully aware that learning is the first equipment of the young Chinese who desires to enter public life.

Wealth and position have tremendous influence in China, as elsewhere, but learning is the first primer of power. Through the colleges and examination halls, the government opens the path of advancement to the humblest citizen. The avenue to officialdom is free to all except priests, actors, and menial servants. In each of the chief cities there is an examination hall, consisting of a great open court around which are arranged thousands of little stalls, with windows opening out upon cross section avenues, along which the examiners pass. The pupil shuts himself up in the stone stall and must stay there two days and nights, without food, until the examinations are over.

The proportion of successful candidates is very small in comparison to the thousands who aspire to a degree. In examinations where seven thousand have presented themselves, only a hundred have succeeded. Three degrees are obtainable; the highest can only be secured at Peking. Li Hung Chang took

all three, graduating the highest in a class of fifteen hundred students; and in 1847 he entered the Hanlin, or College of Scholars, at Peking. He remained there for six years, earning a meager salary as a compiler in the imperial printing office.

#### LI HUNG CHANG AND GORDON.

The intrigues and mysteries of the court attracted his interest, and he became familiar with the ways and means by which wealth and power are to be won in China; but an opportunity to show his metal did not present itself until 1853, when the country was in the throes of the Taiping rebellion, and the southern capital, Nanking, succumbed to the destroyers. Li Hung Chang joined the imperial army, and in five years rose from a petty officer to be the proud possessor of the white button of the sixth grade, with the black feather, and the brevet rank of judicial commissioner. The imperial general Kwo-Fan, recognizing his great ability, made him a counselor, and gave him an important command. From this point Li's rise to fame and wealth was rapid. In 1862 he came in contact with Chinese Gordon, and formed an alliance with him against the remaining forces of the rebels. Gordon saw in the rising statesman a valuable ally, and tutored him in European methods. Li was more liberal in his views than his colleagues, and realized the value of foreign military aid; but despite Gordon's appeal for humanitarian warfare, he allowed the captured cities to be looted and chopped off the heads of all the enemies who fell into his power. Gordon was disgusted and shocked, and finally resigned his command, though Li offered him an enormous sum of money for his services.

English historians say that Li ignored Gordon's name in his despatches to the emperor, and accredited to his own prowess the annihilation of the sovereign's enemies. It is certain that at the end of the campaign Li published a eulogy in which he magnified his great successes, ignored his associate Ching, who died during the war, and made no mention of Gordon's part in saving the empire from the Taipings. Li was fêted

and honored in Peking, and was appointed junior guardian of the heir apparent and governor general of Nan-

of Li's loyalty, it having been whispered into the royal ear that the imperial commissioner had designs upon the throne.



LI HUNG CHANG, PERHAPS THE GREATEST NATIONAL FIGURE THAT CHINA HAS PRODUCED SINCE THE DAYS OF CONFUCIUS.

king. He also received the hereditary title of the third degree, the double eyed peacock feather, and the yellow jacket, highest of all Chinese decorations.

#### HOW LI REORGANIZED CHINA.

In 1866 he was made imperial commissioner for the suppression of another local rebellion. Profiting by his association with General Gordon, Li introduced European methods in his campaign, making elaborate preparations to move a large force into the disaffected district. The rebels, during his preparations, succeeded in breaking through the imperial lines, and the emperor became suspicious

He therefore issued a public edict proclaiming as follows:

We trusted Li Hung Chang with the high office of imperial commissioner for the suppression of the Neinfai rebellion. How has our confidence been rewarded? In spite of our commands that he should take immediate action against the body marching north, he has not attempted to hasten his subordinates in their operations, and has left our capital exposed. Let him be deprived of the peacock feather, the yellow jacket, and the hereditary ranks.

The emperor's suspicions were unfounded, for before the edict could be put into execution, Li had moved upon the rebellious chiefs, captured them, and put down the insurrection. His titles



THE SON OF LI HUNG CHANG, WHO IS DESCRIBED AS "A BRIGHT AND PROMISING YOUTH."

were returned, and he was made senior guardian to the heir apparent, and assistant grand secretary.

In 1870 he was appointed viceroy of the important province of Chili, in which Peking is situated. He had now run the gamut of titles and honors, and achieved the highest power possible in the Celestial empire. He had attracted the eyes of the European world, and had opened the door of China to foreign intercourse. Fame was in his grasp, and fortune lay at his feet. Out of the chaotic conglomeration of misgoverned millions a man had arisen at last, and China was solidified. Her morals were not improved under the Li Hung Chang régime, but her rebellious subjects were quieted, and the cumbersome machinery of government took form and became a tangible organization.

The emperor sent Li from one viceroyship to another, and everywhere he

accomplished all that was expected of him. He swept the spirit of rebellion out of China, and sucked up the available cash, faithfully dividing with his majesty the immense profits he had accumulated.

#### HOW HE GAINED VAST RICHES.

Under Li's command were thousands of soldiers, and at his disposal were vast funds collected from the people for war exigencies. Taking advantage of his limitless opportunities, he appropriated great amounts to himself, and invested them in rice properties and other estates. He compelled his soldiers to work his domains, apportioning to them an infinitesimal share of the proceeds over their meager government pay. The salt monopoly, too, challenged his interest. Only privileged merchants are permitted to engage in this trade, and its control is vested with the government, which fixes the price to the consumer, a share of the revenue going to the imperial treasury, another portion being paid to the inspector. The inspector and the government arrange the price according to

"public demands."

Great quantities of salt come from the Peiho River, opposite Tientsin, Li Hung Chang's home. There it is stored in great pits, and from thence, as the demand requires, it is shipped to all parts of the empire, up the rivers and through the canals, thousands of vessels and junks being employed in the traffic. The revenues from the monopoly of such a necessity of life are enormous.

Another source of great profit is in contracting for the Chinese army and navy. Li had charge of the reorganization of the imperial forces, and of the building of fortifications. Negotiating with local and foreign contractors for public works, he reserved, as is the custom in China, a stipulated percentage, nominally for the government—but how much of the money passed out of his own hands is problematical. From his great rice plantations, he supplied ra-

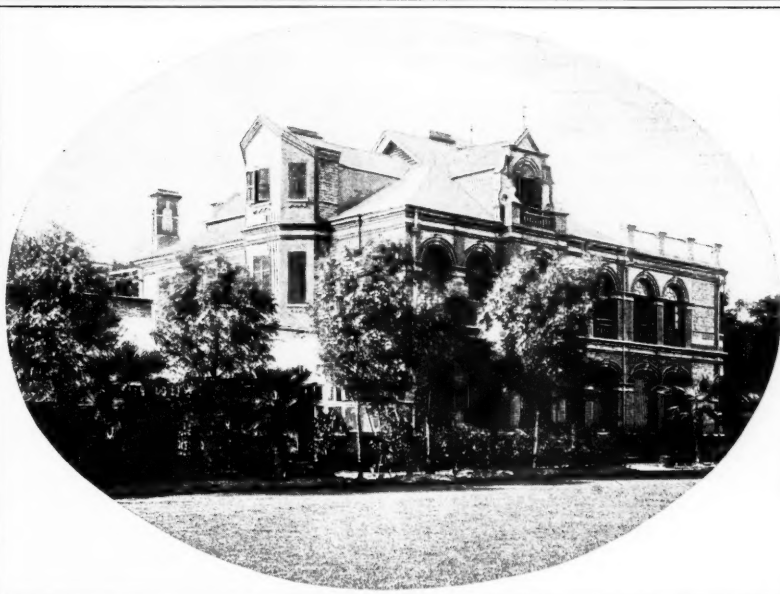


tions for the army and navy, and here again he took care that he did not lose by the transaction.

During famines that raged through China, or in times of flood, caused by the overflow of the Yellow River, Li's "charities" were extensive. Immense sums were collected from prosperous sections of the empire, to be distributed to the victims of flood and poverty. Li held

and, through his agents, selling them to the people at a figure so low that the duty paying merchant was unable to compete. Li nearly lost his position by this practice, but by means of his powerful position at court he was able to defeat his enemies and clear his skirts.

One of the steadiest of the streams of gold that have flowed into his coffers comes from pawnshop licenses. The



LI HUNG CHANG'S YAMEN, OR OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, AT SHANGHAI, THE COMMERCIAL HEAD-QUARTERS OF CHINA.

*From a copyrighted photograph by John C. Hemment.*

the contract for keeping in order and replacing the dykes of the Yellow River, and made frequent trips up that tempestuous stream, collecting a tax from the inhabitants and repairing the broken embankments. This, too, was a profitable contract.

Under the old régime the customs were another productive source of revenue for Li's strong box. For years he was supreme in control of the department, building ships to prevent smuggling, farming out contracts, and manipulating affairs with a high hand. Eventually he was charged with importing large quantities of goods free of duty,

pawnshop is one of the most powerful institutions in China. Its lofty building is as familiar an object in a Chinese landscape as a church steeple in America. In the large cities the shops are like great warehouses, and in the provinces they are to be found in every town and village. Li has found shares in them very profitable, and it is said that his capital is practically the controlling interest in the pawnshop system of China.

Furthermore, Li makes large loans to local and foreign industries and enterprises. At times he has advanced money to the government, though whether he

got it back or not is unrecorded. He is commissioner of trade for North China, and all franchises or options secured by foreign capitalists must have his official countenance. English, French, German, and American capitalists are required to pay roundly to secure any franchise or right in China. No foreigner ever thinks of undertaking a large enterprise without first making terms with Li and other officials who are running him a close second in amassing fortunes. Commissions paid to officials are not looked upon as corruption funds in China. They constitute the legitimate perquisites of office.

#### LI'S LATER VICISSITUDES.

The war with Japan, in 1894 and 1895, proved the greatest disaster of the aged viceroy's life. His forces were routed by land and sea, and he was thrown into an abyss of disgrace. The yellow jacket was torn from his back, and his titles were abolished. He managed, however, to hold on to his riches; and after the war he once more emerged from the smoke. The foreign ministers counseled China to make terms of peace before it was too late. The empire had produced but one man who, despite his failings, was able to grapple with the situation, and Li was sent to Japan. His titles and honors were restored, and the yellow jacket was dusted and returned to him.

While in Japan, he was received with great distinction, but a fanatic attempted to assassinate him, the bullet lodging in his cheek. The incident created great sympathy for the commissioner, then more than seventy-two years of age; but Japan's terms of peace were hard and unyielding. China was stripped of Formosa and mulcted in a heavy indemnity; and the aged diplomat returned to his native land to be charged by the empress dowager with selling out his country and committing it to impossible terms. He was again deprived of his evanescent titles and allowed to retire and reflect upon the vicissitudes of life, which he did in true Confucian style.

But Li's name and fame held him beyond the fleeting caprice of an empress. His disgrace was China's obliquity. He

was greater than the empire. When the young emperor was crowned, the occasion would have been flat and meaningless with Li, the incarnation of China's real power, absent. Once again were his titles and jacket returned to him, and new ones created to do him especial honor. Thus decorated and dignified, he was sent forth on a peace mission, to encompass the world and to promote good feeling with all nations.

#### THE DIFFICULTIES OF CHINA.

Threatened by Japan's ascendancy, Russia's aggression, France's concessions, Germany's leases, and England's commands, poor old China, struggling to preserve her identity, needed an ambassador who could appeal to the sympathy of the world. Li's mission aroused the interest of the peoples, and opened their eyes to his country's bid for the friendship and commerce of all nations. Thus the Talleyrand of Asia performed one of the crowning acts of his life. His personality seemed to be a guarantee that China desired to step from three thousand years of darkness into light, and to ask for the civilizing influence of the western powers.

On his return, Li was appointed senior grand secretary of state and high commissioner on commercial affairs. He was the first Chinese subject to hold these offices. But a new charge was now brought against him—that of selling his country to Russia, in pursuance of an alleged bargain made at the time of his visit to St. Petersburg. How much truth there was in the accusation it would be very difficult to say. "Li Hung Chang has been on Russia's salary list since the days of Lord Palmerston," one English official has declared. "He received ten million taels from Russia for consummating the Port Arthur treaty," says another. Sir Claude MacDonald openly accused him, before the Tsung-li-Yamen, of treacherous compliance with Russian demands.

Justly or unjustly, he was again removed from office, and once more the peacock feather and yellow jacket were put in camphor balls. The Emperor Kwang Su began to talk of moral reforms in China, and perhaps this may account for his temporary retirement.

Rumors of the young monarch's death followed, and it was understood that the dowager empress had reasserted her reactionary influence. In 1899, by special edict, she appointed Li Hung Chang

Great men seldom rise above the moral conditions of their race. More often they achieve greatness by outdistancing their competitors, by playing upon the weaknesses rather than the strength of



LI HUNG CHANG AND LORD SALISBURY IN THE LATTER'S GARDEN AT HATFIELD HOUSE, DURING THE CHINESE STATESMAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1896.

viceroi of the Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces, with headquarters at Canton.

Li still devotes his leisure hours to study and research, his desire for knowledge being as much of a passion as his ambition for wealth. His epigrams would fill a book. "If I have paid too much for my jewelry, I am content; if I have paid too little, I am glad," he remarked to an American interviewer. On the subject of journalism in China, he said to another, "Our method is to tell the papers what they must tell the people."

their people. Li is a notable example of this. He lives in an atmosphere of corruption, and if he has accumulated a fortune of four hundred million dollars in forty years, he must take rank as the world's most successful corruptionist. It would be unjust to blame him for the disasters that have befallen his country. The moral turpitude of the race itself, its ignorance and superstition, its decadent educational institutions and rotten throne, are the vitiating influences that have brought about China's terrible misfortunes.

# The Court of King Edward.

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE TWO THOUSAND DIGNITARIES AND OFFICIALS OF THE BRITISH COURT, AND THE DUTIES AND THE SALARIES OF THOSE WHO ACTUALLY FORM THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

SHAKSPERE puts into the mouth of *Touchstone* a fierce denunciation of ignorance concerning the court, describing those guilty of it as being in a "parlous state." The clownish philosopher's censure is a tolerably sweeping one; for while every one knows that monarchs have their courts, very few, on either side of the Atlantic, understand how courts are constituted and ordered, and for what purposes they are maintained. As there is no court where old time pomp and ceremonial are so picturesquely blended with modern usages and requirements as that of St. James', we cannot do better than to turn our attention to this particular establishment, the more so as it has recently been reorganized from top to bottom by England's new king, Edward VII.

The court, in the broadest sense of the word, comprises all the great officers of state, the cabinet ministers, the leading military and naval commanders, the great judicial functionaries, and all those through whom the monarch exercises his titular authority. The word, however, as used nowadays, applies more particularly to the household and personal entourage of the ruler.

In olden times there was little or no distinction between the officers of the government and the officers of the royal household. Indeed, the former were generally subordinate to the latter, and as late as in the reign of Edward I it was to the keeper of the king's wardrobe that all taxes and revenues of the crown were paid. By degrees, however, the offices of the government were separated from those of the household. The former became more and more the servants of the Parliament and of the nation, rather than of the sovereign, and if today

the lord high chancellor, the lord president of the council, and the other members of the cabinet are ranked as members of the court, it is in a figurative, rather than in an actual sense.

## A COURT'S INFLUENCE FOR GOOD.

There always has been a disposition, especially in republican countries, to scoff at royal courts, and to regard them as hotbeds of petty intrigue, of hypocrisy, of vanity, and of profligacy. To such an extent is this the case that the very word "courtier" has come to be looked upon as a term of reproach, implying a fawning, dishonorable, and contemptible disposition. As a matter of fact, this is a very prejudiced and unjust view. While there is much in the atmosphere of court life that tends to develop the vices mentioned, since the tenure of court offices usually depends upon a royal favor that is sometimes capricious and unstable, on the other hand the existence of a court undoubtedly does much to maintain a certain standard of morality, of honor, and of manners.

In medieval times all that was most brilliant, enlightened, and intellectual centered about the royal and imperial courts, and their influence contributed to civilize the classes as well as the masses. When Charles V made his triumphal entry into Douai, the local authorities, in deference to the sentiments of delicacy on the part of his court, actually went to the length of putting a clean shirt upon the rotting body of a malefactor, which was hanging in chains at the city gate as a warning to evil doers. To this day the knowledge that connection with any serious scandal entails exclusion from court is sufficient to constitute a very salutary restraint upon



EDWARD VII, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AND EMPEROR OF INDIA.

*From his latest photograph by Desney. London.*



the behavior of society in monarchical countries.

#### THE BRITISH ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

The English court may be roughly divided into two parts. The one consists



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, MASTER OF THE HORSE TO KING EDWARD.

*From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*

of officials who only figure on ceremonial occasions and at state functions; the others have duties of a less decorative and more arduous nature to fulfil. Thus, the Duke of St. Albans, as hereditary grand falconer; the Marquis of Exeter, who is hereditary grand almoner; the poet laureate, the gold stick, the silver stick, and the black rod, while they figure in all state and ceremonial functions, are not indispensable members of the royal household, as are the queen's ladies in waiting and the gentlemen in attendance upon the king.

It is with these gentlemen and ladies in waiting, who constitute not the occasional but the permanent entourage of the king and queen, that I propose more especially to deal. It is they who really constitute the court and the circle that environs the person of the sovereign.

The royal household is composed of four separate departments, with several subdivisions. There is, first of all, what may be described as the king's personal staff, which is very small. Then there are the lord steward's department, the lord chamberlain's department, and the department of the master of the horse. Queen Alexandra, again, has a household of her own, the men being under the orders of her lord chamberlain, old Lord Colville of Culross, while the feminine portion is under the direction of the mistress of the robes.

With the advent of the present reign, this last office ceased to possess a ministerial character. When Queen Victoria was on the throne, it was considered to be endowed with so much influence as to necessitate its occupation changing with the administration; and each time a new cabinet came into office, the queen had to select a new mistress of the robes from among the duchesses belonging to the political party in power. This was due to the fact that Victoria was a queen regnant, whereas Alexandra is merely a queen consort, and the consequence is that the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry is likely to hold her post of mistress of the robes for the remainder of her days, providing she does not cease to please the queen.

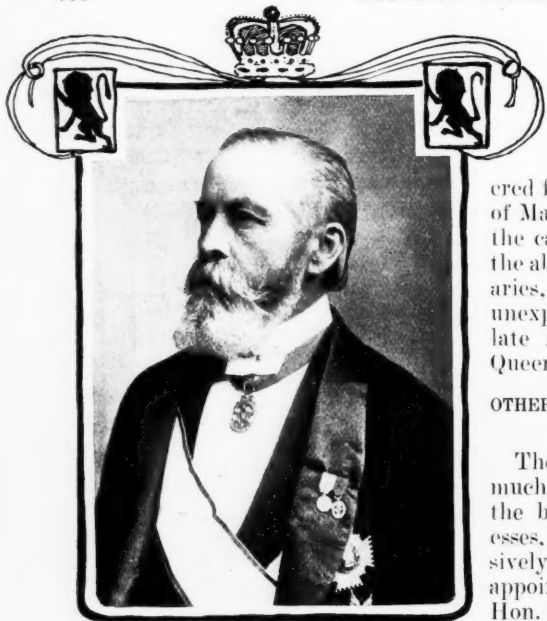
#### THE LADIES OF THE BEDCHAMBER.

Next in rank to the duchess, who is only to be seen by the side of her majesty on ceremonial occasions, are the four ladies of the bedchamber, who must be peeresses of the realm. They are at present the Countesses of Antrim and of Gosford, the widowed Countess of Lytton, and Lady Suffolk. The last is a member of the house of Baring, and an old friend and neighbor of the queen at Sandringham. Lady Lytton is a sister of the Earl of Clarendon, and widow of the poet peer who wrote so brilliantly under the name of "Owen Meredith," and who died as ambassador at Paris after serving a term as viceroy of India.



ALEXANDRA, QUEEN AND EMPRESS CONSORT OF EDWARD VII.

*From her latest photograph by Liberty, London.*



LORD SUFFIELD, LORD IN WAITING TO KING EDWARD, WHO WILL PROBABLY REMAIN IN OFFICE WITHOUT REGARD TO POLITICAL CHANGES.

*From a photograph by Russell, London.*

Lady Gosford is a daughter of the Duchess of Devonshire, a sister of the late Duke of Manchester, and therefore an aunt of the present duke, while Lady Antrim is a sister of the Countess of Minto, wife of the Governor General of Canada, and, like her, a daughter of that gallant and courtly old General Grey who accompanied King Edward on his memorable visit to the United States, some forty years ago.

Each of these four ladies of the bedchamber is expected to spend three months out of the twelve in personal attendance upon the queen, at whatever palace her majesty may happen to be. They receive the queen's visitors before admitting them to her presence, entertain her guests, attend her when driving or at entertainments, and, in fact, relieve her of all unnecessary trouble and annoyance. Jane, Lady Churchill, lady of the bedchamber to Queen Victoria, was that sovereign's most intimate confidante and associate during the last twenty years of her reign; and there is no doubt that the sudden death of Lady Churchill, who was found dead in her

bed last Christmas Day at Osborne, helped to precipitate the demise of her royal mistress. In emergencies, the duties of a lady of the bedchamber are likely to be more varied, as may be gathered from the fact that the old Countess of Macclesfield was called upon to act in the capacity of physician and nurse, in the absence of these important functionaries, on the occasion of the somewhat unexpected arrival in the world of the late Duke of Clarence, eldest son of Queen Alexandra.

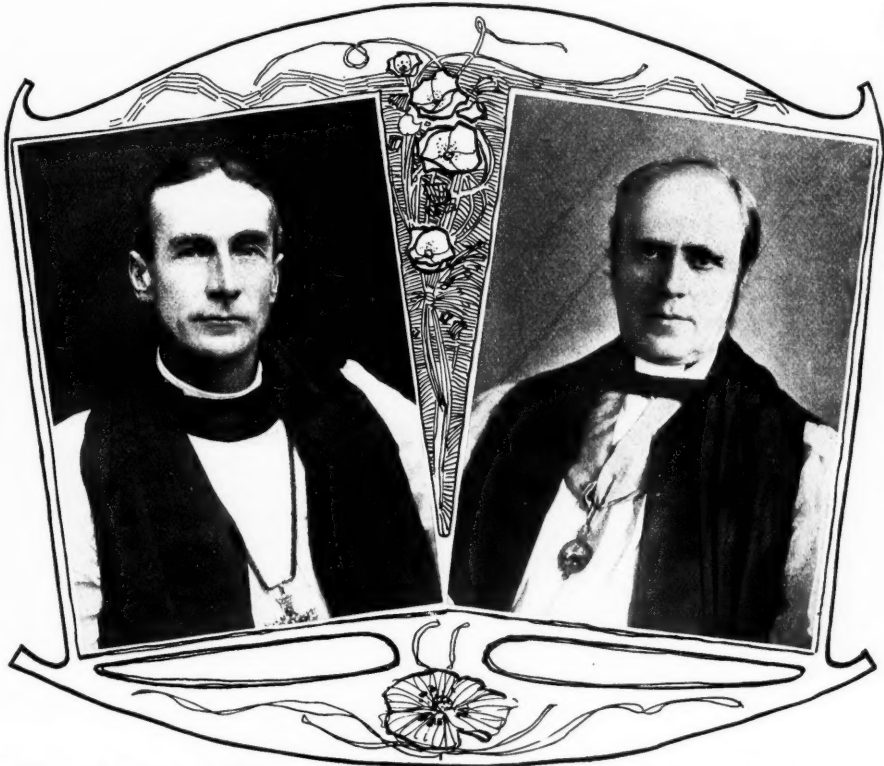
#### OTHER MEMBERS OF THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

The women of the bedchamber fulfil much the same duties as the ladies of the bedchamber. They are not peeresses, though they are recruited exclusively from the aristocracy. Those just appointed by Queen Alexandra are the Hon. Mrs. Charles Hardinge, Lady Emily Kingscote, Lady Alice Stanley, who is a sister of Lady Gosford and of the late Duke of Manchester, and the Hon. Charlotte Knollys. The last occupies the same position in the intimacy and confidence of the present queen as Lady Churchill filled in the case of her late majesty; in fact, she has never left her royal mistress' side since she first joined her household five and thirty years ago. Of the ladies of the queen's household, she alone has no set term of duty.

At the time of writing this, Queen Alexandra has appointed only four maids of honor, two of whom are the lovely twin daughters of the late Lord Vivian, who died as British ambassador at Rome. The regular number of maids of honor is eight, and two are always in waiting. They carry the queen's gloves, fan, and flowers, attend her when driving, play the piano or read to her—in short, they perform those duties that would fall to a well born *demoiselle de compagnie*, or by a young girl for a mother to whom she was devoted. The ladies and women of the bedchamber have a salary of six hundred pounds a year; the maids of honor receive four hundred, scarcely enough to pay for their dresses. When a maid of honor marries, the queen gives her a thousand pounds to purchase her trousseau.

The masculine part of her majesty's household includes Lord Colville of Culross, who has been Queen Alexandra's chamberlain since her marriage; a vice chamberlain, the Earl of Gosford; a treasurer, the Earl of Grey, who is the only son and heir of the Marquis of Ripon, and who may be remembered at Washington as the secretary of his fa-

retary. Sir Dighton and Sir Francis reside permanently with the king, to whose household they have belonged for nearly forty years, and have no fixed terms of duty. They enjoy the monarch's confidence to a degree of which no other member of his household can boast, and it is said of them that they have never made a mistake. They are of about the



THE RIGHT REV. A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM, BISHOP OF LONDON, AND DEAN OF THE CHAPELS ROYAL.

*From a photograph by Hester, London.*

THE RIGHT REV. RANDALL DAVIDSON, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, CLERK OF THE CLOSET TO KING EDWARD.

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*

ther's special embassy there; an equerry, Colonel John Fielden Brocklehurst, of the Royal Horse Guards; and a private secretary, the Hon. Sydney Greville, younger brother of the Earl of Warwick.

#### TWO OLD RETAINERS OF THE KING.

The king's personal staff consists of the keeper of his privy purse, General Sir Dighton Probyn, one of the Victoria Cross heroes of the Indian mutiny, and Sir Francis Knollys, the private sec-

same age as the king, Sir Dighton being a little older and Sir Francis a few years younger. The general has the control and management of the king's private fortune and business affairs, while Sir Francis has charge of his majesty's correspondence, all written communications, no matter what their source or origin, reaching the sovereign through him. It naturally follows that the king can have no secrets from his secretary. For his invaluable services, Sir Francis

receives a salary of two thousand pounds a year, a furnished residence for himself and family wherever the king happens to be, and all sorts of valuable perquisites in the way of the use of royal servants, royal carriages, and so forth.



GENERAL SIR DIGHTON PROBYN, V.C., KEEPER OF THE KING'S PRIVY PURSE.

*From a photograph by Dooney, London.*

Sir Dighton has the same prerogatives and a salary of twenty five hundred pounds.

#### THE LORD STEWARD'S DEPARTMENT.

The three great dignitaries of the court are the lord steward of the household, the lord chamberlain of the household, and the master of the horse. The authority of the lord steward extends virtually over the entire court. In former times he exercised the sole right of administering justice in the case of all offenses committed within the precincts of any of the royal palaces, and had the power of sentencing to death those who

had been guilty of crimes meriting capital punishment. He still nominally possesses this prerogative, but his rights are delegated to any magistrate or judge whom he may select.

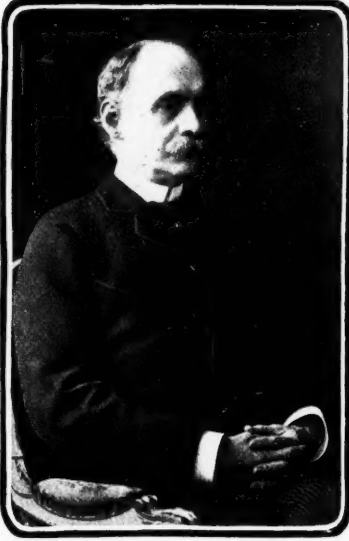
The lord steward is appointed by the sovereign, but changes with the cabinet, and, by virtue of his office, takes precedence of all dukes who are not of blood royal. The present lord steward of the household is the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, one of the tallest and best looking members of the House of Lords. His emblem of office is a long white wand, which he carries himself when in the sovereign's presence; on other occasions it is borne before him by a bare headed footman. His salary is two thousand pounds a year.

He has under his more immediate orders that part of the royal household not in the departments of the lord chamberlain and the master of the horse. The lord steward rules over a treasurer, who is now Victor Cavendish, M. P., heir to the dukedom of Devonshire; a comptroller, Viscount Valentia, an Irish peer occupying a seat in the House of Commons; and a master of the household, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, brother of the late Duke of Newcastle. This last official directs the purely domestic affairs of the royal household—all the servants below stairs, cooks, footmen, and so forth, are in the lord steward's department—and he lives under the same roof as the sovereign. In the absence of the lord steward, he presides at the table of the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household, and issues in his own name the royal "commands" to all those whose presence the king desires at dinners, or as guests at Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral. The invitations to state banquets, state balls, and state concerts are always issued in the name of the lord steward by command of the king.

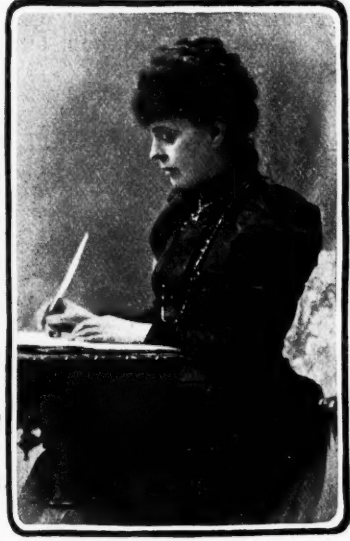
#### THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS DUTIES.

The lord chamberlain of the household, now the Earl of Clarendon, draws the same salary as the lord steward, and, like him, changes with the administration and bears a long white wand when in attendance on the sovereign. He has under his direction the lords and grooms in waiting, the gentlemen of the privy





SIR FRANCIS KNOLLYS, FOR NEARLY FORTY YEARS PRIVATE SECRETARY TO KING EDWARD.



THE HON. CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS, WOMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

chamber, the master and marshals of ceremonies, the poet laureate—now Alfred Austin, who receives eighty pounds a year for furnishing mediocre odes on the occasion of births, deaths, and marriages in the royal family; the painter in ordinary, James Sant, of the Royal Academy; the marine painter to the king, Edward de Martino, well known in the United States; the royal barge master, the keeper of the royal swans, and the royal string band, which has been in existence for more than three hundred years, and consists of sixty performers.

The constable of Windsor Castle, who is the Duke of Argyll, brother in law of the king; the keeper of the crown jewels at the Tower of London, who is General Sir Hugh Gough, and the royal physicians, surgeons, oculists, and dentists, numbering about forty all told, are likewise subject to the direction of the lord chamberlain. To the latter is also intrusted the licensing of all public dramatic entertainments, and upon him rests the responsibility of acting as censor of the drama, heavy pains and pen-

alties being reserved for those theatrical managers who venture to put on the stage pieces that have not received the seal of his approval.

It is he, too, who determines the qualifications of those who apply for admission to court. Presentations cannot be made without his sanction, which is given only when he has satisfied himself that there is nothing in the antecedents and character of the candidates for presentation to debar them from the honor. Lord Clarendon is exceptionally strict and exclusive, and the receipt from him of the familiar cards entitling one to presentation either at Buckingham Palace or St. James', at a drawingroom or levee, is a kind of certificate of position, character, and antecedents.

Although a layman, the lord chamberlain has also subject to his authority the prelates and clergy of the chapels royal. The chief of these is the dean of the chapels royal, who is invariably the Bishop of London, and who acknowledges no spiritual superior but the sovereign. The more immediate spiritual adviser of the king bears the quaint

title of clerk of the closet, the office being now held by the Bishop of Winchester, who, it may be remembered, furnished the last ministrations of the church to Queen Victoria. Before the Reformation, the clerk of the closet was the father confessor of the monarch. But since the establishment of the Protestant creed as the state church of Eng-

land, from the lord chamberlain. The choristers of the royal chapels are known as the "gentlemen of the chapel royal." They wear a queer, old fashioned scarlet and gold dress instead of a surplice, and receive salaries of sixty pounds a year. It may be remembered that the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, as a boy, was a gentleman of the chapel royal.



THE EARL OF CLARENDON, LORD CHAMBERLAIN  
TO KING EDWARD.

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE, LORD STEWARD TO  
KING EDWARD.

*From a photograph by Bassano, London.*

land, his duty has been, nominally, at least, "to attend at the right hand of the sovereign in the royal closet or pew during divine service, to resolve such doubts as may arise concerning spiritual matters." I am sorry to say that during several reigns the British rulers took so little interest in religious matters that the principal task of the clerk of the closet was to wake up their majesties at the close of the sermon.

The remainder of the ecclesiastical establishment consists of forty eight chaplains to the king, their duty being restricted to preaching before him once a year. They receive their appointments

The lord high almoner, who must not be confounded with the hereditary lord almoner of the crown, is the Bishop of Ely. His duties are nowadays little more than nominal. In former times he was expected to assist the sovereign in washing the feet of twelve poor men on Maundy Thursday, but now he has nothing to do but to distribute the royal bounty on that day—Thursday in Holy Week—and at Christmas, to a number of poor people selected for the purpose. I should add that, besides the forty eight chaplains in ordinary, the king has resident chaplains at Windsor, Balmoral, and Osborne, whose duty it is to

perform divine service daily, morning and evening, in the private chapels.

#### THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S SUBORDINATES.

With regard to the grooms in waiting, it must be understood that they are all men of rank and of birth, and that, in spite of their title of groom, their duties have nothing whatever to do with horses. They are, in fact, the gentlemen of the privy chamber. A groom in waiting and a lord in waiting are always in attendance upon the sovereign, standing behind him on all state occasions, remaining in his antechamber when he is receiving people in private audience, representing him at the obsequies of distinguished subjects.

The best known of the lords in waiting of King Edward is Lord Suffield. It is understood that he alone, of all the lords in waiting, will not change with the cabinet, but will hold his office permanently, as did Lord Bridport during the reign of Queen Victoria. Lord Suffield is an old friend and neighbor of the king, and has been with him almost since his marriage. He is married to one of the Barings. The lords in waiting receive a salary of eight hundred pounds a year, and, as may be supposed, are invariably peers of the realm.

The gentlemen ushers of the privy chamber, the gentlemen ushers daily waiters, the grooms of the privy chamber, the gentlemen ushers quarterly waiters, the grooms of the great chamber, and the sergeants at arms—all subject to the lord chamberlain—are only in attendance at state functions, when they have places assigned to them in the various antechambers. These offices are conferred upon distinguished people whom it is desired to attach in a more or less honorary capacity to the court. The sergeants at arms formerly constituted a sort of bodyguard to the sovereign, and subsequently they were employed to arrest any of the king's subjects whom he wished to place in custody, the maces of office constituting their warrant in such cases. Today, however, their duties are almost wholly of an honorary character.

The master of the ceremonies is the functionary more particularly intrusted with the task of looking after the for-

eign diplomatic corps. At the present moment the office is filled by Colonel the Hon. Sir William Colville, and he has three assistants, who arrange all questions of precedence among the foreign diplomats, and attend to their presentation. The master of the ceremonies wears a gold chain and medal as the badge of his office. Drawingrooms at court are invariably opened by the master taking by the hand the peeress selected to present the ladies of the diplomatic corps, and leading her to the throne, where both the master and the peeress make a profound reverence to the sovereign before taking their places on either side of the dais. The permanent chief of the lord chamberlain's department, which, as may be seen, is a very large one, is the dignitary who bears the title of comptroller of accounts, General Sir Arthur Ellis. His office must not be confounded with that of the comptroller of the household, now Lord Valentia, who belongs to the lord steward's department. The comptroller of accounts is a permanent official, and does not, like his chief and the lords in waiting, change with the administration.

Two other dignitaries of this department, who, however, go out and come in with the cabinet, are the captains commanding his majesty's bodyguard of gentlemen at arms, and his majesty's bodyguard of yeomen of the guard. The captains commanding are in each instance peers of the realm, and each receives a salary of three hundred pounds a year. The bodyguard of the gentlemen at arms is a permanent institution, composed exclusively of distinguished half pay officers of the army, possessed of the rank of either major or colonel, while the yeomen of the guard are equally distinguished former non commissioned officers of the army. The yeomen of the guard and the gentlemen at arms have been in existence for centuries, being the oldest regiments on the roster of the British army. They do duty only on state occasions.

#### THE MASTER OF THE HORSE.

The third great dignitary of the court is the master of the horse to the king, the Duke of Portland, whose office, like those of the lord chamberlain and the

lord steward, is a ministerial post, the holder changing with the cabinet. He possesses more privileges than either of the two dignitaries mentioned, and receives a larger salary, his pay amounting to nearly three thousand pounds a year. He has charge of all matters relating to the sovereign's stables, horse breeding establishments, and so forth. He has under his orders all the equerries in waiting and the pages of honor, while among the minor dignitaries of his department are the master of the royal hunt, who is Lord Chesham, and the grand falconer, who is the Duke of St. Albans, a lineal descendant of Nell Gwyn and Charles II. The grand falconership is an hereditary post, to which merely nominal pay is attached, but which carries with it the odd prerogative of sharing with the sovereign the exclusive right of driving along that famous ride in Hyde Park known as Rotten Row, to which only saddle horses are admitted, and from which all vehicular traffic is rigorously barred. The master of the royal hunt is a ministerial official, changing with the cabinet. He has an annual salary of three hundred pounds, and has control of the Ascot race course.

The pages of honor are lads of good family, from twelve to sixteen years old, who attend only on state occasions, when they carry the trains of the ladies of the royal family or of the sovereign, receiving a salary of three hundred pounds a year. In former times, when commissions in the army were still obtained by purchase, they were entitled

to become officers in the guards after completing their service as page; but this privilege has been abolished.

The equerries of the king are all military and naval men, a preference being conceded to the army. Whenever the sovereign drives out in any kind of state, one or two of them ride on horseback at each carriage wheel, sometimes in frock coat and high hat, at other times in uniform. They likewise fulfil many of the duties of gentlemen in waiting, the present king preferring to be accompanied, when out of doors, by the equerry on duty rather than by either the lord or groom in waiting. The equerries receive six hundred pounds a year, do about three months' duty in the twelve, and comprise among their number General Sir Stanley Clarke, Colonel the Hon. William Carington, who has an American wife, and Captain Frederick Ponsonby.

The master of the horse, alone of all the dignitaries of the household, has the privilege of making use of the horses, carriages, pages, and footmen belonging to the royal stables. He alone can drive, if he likes, a carriage and four with postilions and outriders in royal livery. In state cavalcades and processions—as, for instance, the funeral of Queen Victoria,—he rides next behind the sovereign, and before all the other members of the royal family.

This constitutes but a brief sketch of the officials and dignitaries of the British court, who probably number, all told, about two thousand persons of both sexes.

#### A SEA SONG.

WHEN life is young and hearts are gay—  
Sing heigh ho, the merry sea!—  
The world is wide and sweet beside,  
And the waves sing soft to you and me.

When life is ripe and hearts are strong—  
Sing heigh ho, the boundless sea!—  
Ships that blend with the far earth end  
Will be treasure full for you and me.

When life is old and love is dead—  
Sing heigh ho, the cruel sea!—  
The paling light of a summer night  
Will come in dreams to you and me.

*Elizabeth Alden Curtis.*

# COUNT HANNIBAL.\*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

ON the road from Paris to Angers, a party numbering nearly a score of men and several women is traveling on horseback, under the leadership of Count Hannibal de Tavannes, a Catholic nobleman of the court of Charles IX. One of the ladies is the count's recently wedded wife, who is a Huguenot, and who married him solely to save her own life and the lives of M. de Tignonville, her former betrothed, and the servants of her household, all Protestants, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, which occurred just before their departure from the capital. Other members of the party are Mme. St. Lo, Tavannes' cousin, who has reason to know that Tignonville is not the true hearted and steadfast lover Mme. de Tavannes has thought him; and La Tribe, a Huguenot minister, who believes that the packet which Count Hannibal is bearing from the king to Angers contains orders for the massacre of the Protestants there, and who has resolved to secure and destroy the letters. For this purpose, he enlists the sympathy of Mme. de Tavannes, but at the last moment her heart fails her and she cannot betray her husband's trust. La Tribe makes an ineffectual attempt to destroy the packet himself, and then escapes. After this episode, Tavannes leaves his wife alone for a while, at her own request, and seeks the company of Mme. St. Lo, who torments him by intimating that she has reason to believe that Tignonville is following the party and is not far distant. Meanwhile, Mme. de Tavannes is in no happy frame of mind.

## XXII (Continued).

BEFORE, and while the choice was hers, the betrayal of her husband had loomed large; now she saw that to treat him as she had treated him was the true betrayal, and that even for his own sake, and to save him from a fearful sin, it had behooved her to destroy the letters.

Now it was no longer her duty to him which loomed large; but her duty to the innocent, to the victims of the massacre which she might have stayed, to the people of her faith whom she had abandoned, to the women and children whose death warrant she had preserved!

She writhed in agony, thinking of it. What had she done? She could hear afar off the sounds of the camp: an occasional outcry, a snatch of laughter. And the cry and the laughter rang in her ears, a bitter mockery. This summer camp, to what was it the prelude? This forbearance on her husband's part, in what would it end? Were not the one and the other cruel make-believes? Two days, and the men who laughed beside the water would slay and torture with equal zest! A little, and the husband who now chose to be generous would show himself in his true colors. And it was for the sake of such as these

that she had played the coward! That she had laid up for herself endless remorse! That henceforth the cries of the innocent would haunt her dreams!

Racked by these thoughts, the girl did not hear his step, and it was his shadow, falling across her feet, which first warned her of his presence. She looked up, saw him, and involuntarily recoiled, uttering a low cry. Then,

"Oh, monsieur," she stammered, her hand pressed to her side, "your pardon! You frightened me!"

"So it seems," he answered coldly; and stood over her, regarding her drily.

"I am not quite myself yet," she murmured; for his look told her that her start had betrayed her.

The plan of taking a woman by force has this drawback, that he must be a sanguine husband who deems her heart his, and a husband without jealousy whose suspicions are not aroused by the faintest flush or the lightest word. He knows that she is his unwillingly, a victim, not a mistress; and behind every bush and behind every mask he espies a rival.

Moreover, where women are in question, who is strong? Who can say how long he will pursue this plan or that? A man of sternest resolve, Count Hannibal had set out on a path of conduct de-

\* Copyright, 1900, by Stanley J. Weyman.—This story began in the January number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*.



liberately chosen; knowing—and he still knew—that if he abandoned it he had little to hope, if the less to fear. But the proof of fidelity which the countess had given him had blown to a white heat the smoldering flame in his heart; and Mme. St. Lo's gibes, which should have fallen as cold water alike on his hopes and his passion, had but fed the desire to know the best.

For all that, he might not have spoken now, if he had not caught that look of affright. Unreasonably, that which of all things should have silenced him and warned him that the time was not yet stung him out of patience. Suddenly the man in him carried him away.

"You still fear me, then?" he said, in a voice deep with feeling. "Is it for what I do or for what I leave undone that you hate me, madame? Tell me, I beg, for—"

"For neither!" she cried, trembling—for his eyes, hot and passionate, were on her, and the blood had mounted to his brow. "For neither! I do not hate you, monsieur!"

"You fear me, then? I was right there."

"I fear—that which you carry with you," she stammered, speaking on impulse, and scarcely knowing what she said.

He started; his expression changed. "So?" he exclaimed. "So? You know what I carry, do you? And from whom? From whom?" he replied in a tone of menace. "From whom, if you please, do you get that knowledge?"

"From M. La Tribe," she muttered. She had not meant to tell him. Why had she told him? Oh, why?

He nodded. "I might have known it," he said. "I more than half suspected it. And so—I should be the more beholden to you for saving the letters. But"—he paused and laughed harshly—"it was out of no love for me you saved them!"

She did not answer or protest; and when he had waited a moment in vain, a cruel look crept into his eyes. "Madame," he said slowly, "do you never reflect that you may push the part you play too far? That the patience, even of the worst of men, does not endure for ever?"

"I have your word," she answered.

"And you do not fear?"

"I have your word," she repeated. And now she looked him bravely in the face, her eyes full of the courage of her race.

The lines of his mouth hardened as he met her look. "And what have I of yours?" he said in a low voice. "What have I of yours, madame?"

Her face began to burn at that, her eyes fell, and she faltered. "My gratitude," she murmured, with an upward look that cried for pity. "God knows, monsieur, you have that!"

"God knows I do not want it!" he answered. And he laughed derisively. "Your gratitude!" And he mocked her tone rudely and coarsely. "Your gratitude!" Then for a minute he was silent. At last, "A fig for your gratitude," he said. "I want your love! I suppose, cold as you are, and a Huguenot—you can love like other women!"

It was the first time he had ever used the word to her; the first; and though it fell from his lips like a threat, though he used it as a man presents a pistol, she flushed anew from throat to brow. "It is not mine to give," she said in a low voice.

"It is his?" he cried.

"Yes, monsieur," she answered, wondering at her own courage, at her audacity, her madness.

"And it cannot be mine—at any time?"

She shook her head, trembling.

"Never? Never?" And suddenly reaching forward, he gripped her wrist in an iron grasp. There was suppressed fury in his tone.

Whether it was that that set her on another track, or pure despair, or the cry in her ears of little children and of helpless women—as she believed in after days—something at that moment inspired her; flashed in her eyes and altered her voice. She raised her head and looked him in the face.

"What," she said, "do you mean by love?"

"You!" he answered brutally.

"Then—it may be, monsieur," she said. "There—there is a way—if you will."

"A way!"

"If you will!" And as she spoke she rose slowly to her feet; for in his surprise he had released her hand. He rose with her; they stood confronting each other on the strip of grass between the river and the poplars.

"If I will?" His form seemed to dilate, as his eyes devoured her. "If I will?"

"Yes. If you will give me the letters that are in your belt, the packet which I saved today—that I may destroy them—I will be yours freely and willingly."

He drew a deep breath, still devouring her with his eyes. "You mean it?" he said at last.

"I do." But she looked him in the face as she spoke, and her cheeks were white, not red. "Only—the letters! Give me the letters!" And she held out her hands, her face, drawn and eager, bright with a strange light. A close observer might have thought her distraught; still haunted by the struggle in the boat, and barely mistress of herself.

But the man whom she tempted, the man who held her price at his belt, after one searching look at her turned from her; perhaps because he could not trust himself to look at her. He walked a dozen paces from her and returned, and again a dozen paces and returned; and again a third time, with something fierce and passionate in his gait. At last he stopped before her.

"You have nothing to offer," he said, in a cold, hard tone. "Nothing that is not mine already, nothing that is not my right, nothing that I cannot take. My word?" he continued, seeing her about to interrupt him. "True, madame, you have it, you had it. But why need I keep my word to you, who would fain tempt me to break my word to the king?"

She made a weak gesture with her hands. Her head had fallen on her breast; she seemed dazed by the shock, dazed by this reception of her offer.

"You saved the letters," he continued, interpreting her action. "True, but the letters are mine, and that which you offer for them—yourself—is mine also. You have nothing to offer. For the rest, madame," he went on, eying her brutally and cynically, "you sur-

prise me! You whose modesty and virtue are so great would corrupt your husband, would sell yourself!" And he laughed derisively. "Aye," he continued, "and after showing at how low a price you hold yourself, you still look, I doubt not, to me to respect you—and, my word, madame,"—in a terrible voice—"do not play with fire! You saved my letters, it is true! And for that, for this time, you shall go free—if God will help me to let you go! But tempt me not! Tempt me not!" he repeated, turning from her and turning back again with a strange gesture, a gesture almost of despair, as if he mistrusted the strength of the restraint which he put upon himself. "I am no more than other men! Perhaps I am less. And you—you who prate of love, and know not what love is—could love—could love!"

He stopped there as if his words choked him—stopped, struggling with his passion. At last, with a half stifled oath, he flung away from her, halted and hung a moment, then, with a swing of rage, went off again violently. His feet as he strode along the bank trampled the flowers, and slew the pale water forgetmenots that grew among the grasses.

### XXIII.

LA TRIBE tore through the thicket, imagining Carlat and Count Hannibal hot on his heels. He dared not pause even to listen. The underwood tripped him, the lissom branches of the alders whipped his face and blinded him; once he fell headlong over a moss grown stone, and picked himself up groaning. But the hare hard pushed takes no account of the briars, nor does the fox heed the mud through which it draws itself into covert. And for the time he was naught but a hunted beast. With elbows pinned to his sides, or with hands extended to ward off the boughs, with bursting lungs and crimson face, he plunged through the tangle, now slipping downward, now leaping upward, now all but prostrate, now breasting a mass of thorns.

On and on he ran, until he came to the verge of the wood, saw before him an open meadow devoid of shelter or hiding place, and with a groan of despair

cast himself flat. He listened. How far were they behind him?

He heard nothing. Nothing, save the common noises of the wood, the angry chatter of a disturbed blackbird as it flew low into hiding, or the harsh notes of a flock of starlings as they rose from the meadow. The hum of bees filled the air, and the August flies buzzed about his sweating brow, for he had lost his cap. But behind him—nothing. Already the stillness of the wood had closed upon his track.

He was not the less panic stricken. He argued that Tavannes' people were getting to horse. If they surrounded and beat the wood, which was not of such a size that it could not be searched, he must be taken. And at the thought, though he had barely got his breath, he rose, and, keeping within the coppice, crawled down the slope towards the river. Gently, when he reached it, he slipped into the water, and, stooping below the level of the bank, his head and shoulders hidden by a screen of leaves, he waded down stream until he had put another hundred and fifty yards between himself and pursuit.

Then he paused and listened. Still he heard nothing, and he waded on again, until the water began to grow deep. Now he marked a little below him a clump of trees on the farther side; and reflecting that that side—if he could reach it unseen—would be less suspect, he swam across, aiming for a thorn bush which grew down to the water. Under its shelter he crawled out, and, worming himself like a snake across the few yards of grass which intervened, he stood at length within the shadow of the trees. A moment he stood to shake himself, and then, remembering that he was still within a mile of the camp, he set off, now walking and now running, in the direction of the hills which they had crossed that morning.

For a time he glanced warily to right and left, but when he had covered a mile or two there began to mingle with his thankfulness a something bitter—a something which grew more bitter with each moment. Why had he fled and left the work undone? Why had he given way to unworthy fear when the letters were within his grasp? True, if he had

lingered a few seconds longer, he would have failed to make good his escape; but what of that, if in those seconds he had destroyed the letters, he had saved Angers, he had saved his brethren? Alas, he had played the coward. The terror of Tavannes' voice had unmanned him. He had saved himself and left the flock to perish; he, whom God had set apart by many and great signs for this work!

He had commonly courage enough. He could have died at the stake for his convictions. But he had not the presence of mind which is proof against a shock, nor the cool judgment which, in the face of death, sees to the end of two roads. He was no coward, but now he deemed himself one, and in an agony of remorse he flung himself on his face in the long grass. He had known trials and temptations, but hitherto he had held himself erect; now, like Peter, he had betrayed his Lord.

He lay an hour groaning in the misery of his heart, and then he fell on the text "Thou art Peter, and on this rock—" and he sat up. Peter had betrayed his trust through cowardice—as he had. But Peter had not been held unworthy. Might it not be so with him? He rose to his feet, a new light in his eyes. He would return. He would return, and at all costs, even at the cost of surrendering himself, he would obtain access to the letters. And then—not the fear of Count Hannibal, not the fear of instant death, should turn him again from his duty.

He had cast himself down in a woodland glade which lay near the path along which he had ridden that morning. But the mental conflict from which he rose had shaken him so violently that he could not recall the side on which he had entered the clearing, and he turned himself about, endeavoring to remember. At that moment the light jingle of a bridle struck his ear; he caught through the green bushes the flash and sparkle of harness. They had tracked him, then—they were here! So had he clear proof that this second chance was to be his. In a happy fervor he stood forward where the pursuers could not fail to see him.

Or so he thought. Yet the first horseman, riding carelessly with his face

averted and his feet dangling, would have gone by and seen nothing if his horse, more watchful, had not stopped. The man turned then; and for a moment the two stared at each other between the pricked ears of the horse. At last, "M. de Tignonville!" the minister cried.

"La Tribe!"

"It is truly you?"

"Well—I think so," the young man answered.

The minister lifted up his eyes and seemed to call the trees and the clouds and the birds to witness. "Now," he cried, "I know that I am chosen! And that we are instruments to do this thing from the day when the hen saved us in the hay cart in Paris! Now I know that all is forgiven and all is ordained! And that the faithful of Angers shall tomorrow live and not die!" And with a face radiant, yet solemn, he walked to the young man's stirrup.

An instant Tignonville looked sharply before him. "How far ahead are they?" he asked. His tone, hard and matter of fact, was little in harmony with the other's enthusiasm.

"They are resting a league before you, at the ferry. You are in pursuit of them?"

"Yes."

"Not alone?"

"No," the young man answered with a grim look. "I have five behind me; of your kidney, M. La Tribe. They are from the arsenal. They have lost one his wife, and one his son. The three others——"

"Yes?"

"Sweethearts," Tignonville answered. And he cast a singular downward look at the minister.

But La Tribe's mind was so full of one matter, he could think only of that. "How did you hear of the letters?" he cried.

"The letters?"

"Yes."

"I don't know what you mean."

La Tribe stared. "Then why are you following him?" he asked.

"Why?" Tignonville cried, a look of hate darkening his face. "Do you ask why we follow——" But on the name he seemed to choke and was silent.

His men, however, had come up by this time, and one answered for him. "Why are we following Hannibal de Tavannes?" he said sternly. "To do to him as he has done to us! To rob him as he has robbed us—of more than gold! To kill him as he has killed ours, foully and by surprise! In his bed, if we can! In the arms of his wife, if God wills it!"

The speaker's face was haggard from brooding and want of sleep, but his eyes glowed and burned, as his fellows growled assent.

"'Tis simple why we follow," put in a second. "Is there a man of our faith who will not, when he hears the tale, rise up and stab the nearest of this black brood—though it be his brother? If so, God's curse on him!"

"Amen! Amen!"

"So, and so only," cried the first, "shall there be faith in our land, and our children, our little maids, shall lie safe in their beds."

"Amen! Amen!"

The speaker's chin sank on his breast, and with his last word the light died out of his eyes. La Tribe looked at him curiously, then at the others; last of all at Tignonville, on whose face he fancied that he surprised a faint smile. Yet Tignonville's tone, when he spoke, was grave enough. "You have heard," he said. "Do you blame us?"

"I cannot," the minister answered, shivering. "I cannot." He had been for a while beyond the range of these feelings; and in the greenwood, under God's heaven, with the sunshine about him, they jarred on him. Yet he could not blame men who had suffered as these had suffered; who were maddened, as these were maddened, by the gravest wrongs which it is possible for one man to inflict on another. "I dare not," he continued sorrowfully. "But in God's name I offer you a higher and a nobler errand."

"We need none," Tignonville muttered impatiently.

"Yet may others need you," La Tribe answered in a tone of rebuke. "You are not aware, then, that the man you follow bears a packet from the king for the hands of the magistrates of Angers?"

"Ha!"

"Bidding them do at Angers as his majesty has done in Paris!"

The men broke into cries of execration. "But he shall not see Angers!" they swore. "The blood that he has shed shall choke him by the way! And as he would do to others it shall be done to him."

La Tribe shuddered as he listened, as he looked. Try as he would, the thirst of these men for vengeance appalled him. "How?" he said. "He has a score and more with him; and you are only six."

"Seven now," Tignonville answered with a smile.

"True, but——"

"And he lies tonight at La Flèche? That is so?"

"It was his intention this morning."

"At the old King's Inn, at the meeting of the great roads?"

"It was mentioned," La Tribe admitted with a reluctance he did not comprehend. "But if the night be fair he is as like as not to lie in the fields."

One of the men pointed to the sky. A dark bank of cloud fresh risen from the ocean, and big with tempest, hung low in the west. "See! God will deliver him into our hands!" he cried.

Tignonville nodded; and then to one of his followers, as he dismounted, "Do you ride on," he said, "and stand guard that we be not surprised. And do you, Perrot, tell monsieur. Perrot here, as God wills it," he added with a faint smile which did not escape the minister's eye, "married his wife from the great inn at La Flèche, and he knows the place."

"None better," the man growled. He was a sullen, brooding knave, whose eyes when he looked up surprised by their savage fire.

La Tribe shook his head. "I know it, too," he said. "Tis strong as a fortress, with a walled court, and all the windows look inward. The gates are closed an hour after sunset, no matter who is without. If you think, M. de Tignonville, to take him there——"

"Patience, monsieur, you have not heard me," Perrot interposed. "I know it after another fashion. Do you remember a rill of water which runs through the great yard and the stables?"

La Tribe nodded.

"Grated with iron at either end, and no passage for so much as a dog? You do? Well, monsieur, I have hunted rats there, for where the water passes under the wall is a culvert, a man's height in length. And I know a stone, one of those which frame the grating at the entrance, which a strong man can remove—and the man is in!"

"Aye, in! But where?" La Tribe asked, his eyebrows drawn together.

"Well said, monsieur, where?" Perrot rejoined in a tone of triumph. "There lies the point. In the stables, where will be sleeping men, and a snorer on every truss? No, but in a fairway between two stables, where the water at its entrance runs clear in a stone channel; a channel deepened in one place that they may draw for the chambers above with a rope and a bucket. The rooms above are the best in the house, four in a row, opening all on the gallery; which was uncovered, in the common fashion, until Queen Mother Jezebel, passing that way to Nantes two years gone, found the chambers drafty; and that end of the gallery was closed in against her return. Now, monsieur, he and his madame will lie there; and he will feel safe, for there is but one way to those four rooms—through the door which shuts off the covered gallery from the open part. But"—he glanced up an instant, and La Tribe caught the smoldering fire in his eyes—"we shall not go in by the door."

"The bucket rises through a trap?"

"In that gallery! To be sure, monsieur. In the corner beyond the fourth door. There shall he fall into the pit which he dug for others, and the evil that he planned rebound on his own head!"

La Tribe was silent. "What think you of it?" Tignonville asked.

"That it is cleverly planned," the minister answered.

"No more than that?"

"No more until I have eaten."

"Get him something!" Tignonville said in a surly tone. "And we may as well eat, ourselves. Lead the horses into the wood. And do you, Perrot, call Tuez les Moines, who is forward. Two hours' riding should bring us to La



Flêche. We need not leave here until the sun is low. To dinner! To dinner!"

Probably he did not feel the indifference he affected, for his face as he ate grew darker, and from time to time he shot a glance, barbed with suspicion, at the minister. La Tribe, on his side, remained silent, although the men ate apart. He was in doubt, indeed, as to his own feelings. His instinct and his reason were at odds; only, through all, a single purpose, the rescue of Angers, held good. Gradually other things fell into their places, and when the meal was at an end, and Tignonville challenged him, he was ready.

"Your enthusiasm seems to have waned," the younger man said with a sneer, "since we met, monsieur! May I ask now if you find any fault with the plan?"

"With the plan, none."

"If it was Providence brought us together, was it not Providence furnished me with Perrot, who knows La Flêche? If it was Providence brought the danger of the faithful in Angers to your knowledge, was it not Providence set us on the road—without whom you had been powerless?"

"I believe it!"

"Then, in His name, what is the matter?" Tignonville cried, with a passion of which the other's manner seemed an inadequate cause. "What will you? What is it?"

"I would take your place," La Tribe answered quietly.

"My place?"

"Yes."

"What, are we too many?"

"We are enough without you, M. Tignonville," the minister answered. "These men, who have wrongs to avenge, God will justify them."

Tignonville's eyes sparkled with anger. "And have I no wrongs to avenge?" he cried. "Is it nothing to lose my mistress, to be robbed of my wife, to see the woman I love dragged off to be a slave and a toy? Are these no wrongs?"

"He spared your life, if he did not save it," the minister said solemnly.

"And hers. And her servants."

"To suit himself."

La Tribe spread out his hands.

"And for that you wish him to go free?" Tignonville cried in a voice half choked with rage. "Do you know that this man, and this man alone, stood forth in the great hall of the Louvre, and when even the king flinched, justified the murder of our people? After that is he to go free?"

"At your hands," La Tribe answered quietly. "You alone of our people must not pursue him." And he would have added more, but Tignonville would not listen.

Brooding on his wrongs behind the wall of the Arsenal, he had let hatred eat away his more generous instincts. Vain before all things, he fancied that the world laughed at the poor figure he had cut; and the wound in his vanity had festered until naught would serve but to see the downfall of his enemy. Instant pursuit, instant vengeance—naught but these could restore him in his fellows' eyes.

In his heart he knew what would become him better. But vanity is a potent motive; and his conscience, even when supported by La Tribe, struggled but weakly. From neither would he hear more. "You have traveled with him until you side with him!" he cried violently. "Have a care, monsieur, lest we think you papist!" And, walking over to the men, he bade them saddle; adding a sour word which turned their eyes, in no friendly gaze, on the minister.

After that La Tribe said no more.

But as darkness came on and cloaked the little troop, and the storm which the men had foreseen began to rumble in the west, his distaste for the business before them waxed stronger. The summer lightning which presently began to play across the sky revealed not only the broad gleaming stream, between which and a wooded hill their road lay, but the faces of his companions; these in their turn shed a grisly light on the bloody enterprise towards which they were set. Nervous and ill at ease, the minister's mind dwelt unpleasantly on the stages of that enterprise: the stealthy entrance through the waterway, the ascent through the trap, the surprise, the slaughter in the sleeping chamber. And either because he had lived for days

in the victim's company, or was swayed by the arguments he had addressed to another, the prospect shook his soul.

In vain he told himself that this was the oppressor; he saw only the man, fresh roused from sleep, with the horror of impending dissolution in his eyes. And when the rider behind whom he sat pointed to a faint spark of light at no great distance before them, and whispered that it was St. Agnes' Chapel, hard by the inn, he could have cried with the best Catholic of them all, "*In-ter pon-tem et fontem, Domine!*" Nay, some such words did pass his lips.

For the man before him turned half way in his saddle. "What?" he asked.

But the Huguenot did not explain.

#### XXIV.

THE countess sat up in the darkness of the chamber and listened. She had writhed since noon under the stings of remorse; she could bear them no longer. The slow declension of the day, as they rode, the evening light, the signs of coming tempest which had driven her company to the shelter of the inn at the crossroads, all had racked her by reminding her that the hours were flying, and that soon the fault she had committed would be irreparable. One impulsive attempt to redeem it she had made, we know; but she had failed, and, by rendering herself suspect, had made reparation more difficult. Still, by daylight it had seemed possible to rest content with the attempt made; not so now, when night had fallen, and the cries of little children and the haggard eyes of mothers peopled the darkness of her chamber. She sat up, and listened with throbbing temples.

To shut out the lightning which played at intervals across the heavens, Mme. St. Lo, who shared the room, had covered the window with a cloak; and the place was perfectly dark. To exclude the dull roll of the thunder was less easy, for the night was oppressively hot, and behind the cloak the casement was open. Gradually, too, another sound, the hissing fall of heavy rain, began to make itself heard, and to mingle with the regular breathing which proved that Mme. St. Lo slept.

Assured of this fact, the countess presently heaved a sigh, and slipped from the bed. She groped a while in the darkness for her cloak, found it, and put it on over her night gear. Then, taking her bearings by her bed, which stood with its head to the window and its foot to the entrance, she felt her way across the floor to the door, and after fumbling about it, and passing her hands a dozen times, as it seemed to her, over every part of it, she found the latch, and raised it. The door creaked as she pulled it open, and she stood arrested; but the sound went no farther, for the roofed gallery outside, which looked by two windows on the courtyard, was full of the outdoor noises, the rushing of rain and the running of spouts and eaves.

One of the windows stood wide, admitting the rain and wind, and as she paused, holding the door open, the draft blew the cloak from her. She stepped out quickly and shut the door behind her. On her left was the blind end of the passage; she turned to the right. She took one step into the darkness and stood motionless. Beside her, within a few feet of her, some one had moved, with a dull sound as of a boot on wood, a sound so near her that she held her breath, and pressed herself against the wall.

She listened. Perhaps some of the servants—it was a common usage—had made their beds on the floor of the passage. Perhaps one of the women had stirred in the room against the wall of which she crouched. Perhaps—but, even while she reassured herself, the sound rose again at her feet.

Fortunately, at the same instant the glare of the lightning flooded all, and showed the passage, and showed it empty. It lit up the row of doors on her right and the small windows on her left, and, facing her, the door which shut off the rest of the house. She could have thanked—nay, she did thank—God for that light. If the sound she had heard recurred she did not hear it; for, as the thunder, which followed hard on the flash, crashed overhead and rolled heavily eastward, she felt her way boldly along the passage, touching first one door, and then a second, and then a third.

She groped for the latch of this last, and found it, but, with her hand on it, paused. She strove to summon up her courage, strove to hear again the cries of misery and to see again the haggard eyes which had driven her hither. And if she did not wholly succeed, other reflections came to her aid. This storm, which covered all smaller noises, and opened, now and again, God's lantern for her use, did it not prove that He was on her side, and that she might count on His protection?

The thought at least was timely, and with a better heart she gathered her wits. Waiting until the thunder broke over her head, she opened the door boldly, slid within it, and closed it. She would fain have left it ajar, that she might escape the more easily in case of need; but the wind, which beat into the passage through the open window, rendered the precaution too perilous.

She went forward two paces into the room, and as the roll of the thunder died away she stooped forward and listened with painful intensity for the sound of Count Hannibal's breathing. But the window was open, and the hiss of the rain persisted. She could hear nothing through it, and fearfully she took another step forward. The window should be before her; the bed in the corner to the left of it. But nothing of either could be made out. She must wait for the lightning.

It came, and for a second or more the room shone. The window, the low truckle bed, the sleeper, she saw all with dazzling clearness, and before the flash had well passed she was crouching low, with the hood of her cloak dragged about her face. For the glare had revealed Count Hannibal; but not asleep! He lay on his side, his face towards her; lay with open eyes, staring at her.

Or had the light tricked her? The light must have tricked her, for in the interval between the flash and the thunder, while she crouched quaking, he did not move or call. The light must have deceived her. She felt so certain of it that she found courage to remain where she was until another flash came and showed him sleeping with closed eyes.

She drew a breath of relief, and rose slowly to her feet. But she dared not go

forward until a third flash had confirmed the second. Then, while the thunder burst overhead and rolled away, she crept on until she stood beside the pillow, and, stooping, could hear the sleeper's even breathing.

Alas, the worst was still to be done. The packet, she was sure of it, lay under his pillow. How was she to find it, how remove it, without rousing him? A touch might awake him. And yet, if she would not return empty handed, if she would not go back to the harrowing thoughts which had tortured her through the day, it must be done, and done now.

She knew that, yet she hung irresolute a moment, blenching before the manual act, listening to the persistent rush and downpour of the rain. Then a second time she drew courage from the storm. How timely had it broken! How signally had it aided her! How slight had been her chance without it! And so at last, resolutely but with a deft touch, she slid her fingers between the pillow and the bed, slightly pressing down the latter with her other hand.

For an instant she fancied that the sleeper's breathing stopped; and her heart gave a great bound. But the breathing went on the next instant—if it had stopped—and, dreading the return of the lightning, shrinking from being revealed so near him and in that act—for which the darkness seemed more fitting—she groped farther, and touched something. And then, as her fingers closed upon it and grasped it, and his breath rose hot to her burning cheek, she knew that the real danger lay in the withdrawal.

At the first attempt he uttered a kind of grunt and moved, throwing out his hands. She thought that he was going to awake, and had hard work to keep herself where she was; but he did not awake, and she began again, with so infinite a precaution that the perspiration ran down her face, and her hair within the hood hung dank on her neck. Slowly, slowly, she drew back the hand, and with it the packet; so slowly and yet so resolutely, being put to it, that when the dreaded flash surprised her, and she saw his harsh, swarthy face, steeped in the mysterious aloofness of sleep, within a

hand's breadth of hers, not a muscle of her arm moved, nor did her hand quiver.

And it was done—at last! With a burst of gratitude, of triumph, of exultation, she stood erect. She realized that it was done, and that here in her hand she held the packet. One deep gasp of relief and of thankfulness, and then she glided towards the door.

She groped for the latch, and in the act fancied his breathing had altered. She paused and bent her head to listen. But the patter of the rain, drowning all sounds save those of the nearest origin, persuaded her that she was mistaken; and, finding the latch, she raised it softly, slipped like a shadow into the passage, and closed the door behind her.

That done, she stood arrested, all the blood in her body running to her heart. She must be dreaming! The passage in which she stood, the passage which she had left in black darkness, was alight; was so far lighted, at least, that to eyes fresh from the night, the figures of three men, grouped at the farther end, stood out against the glow of the lantern which they appeared to be trimming, for the two nearest were stooping over it. These two had their backs to her, the third his face; and it was the sight of this third man which had driven her blood to her heart. For he ended at the waist!

It was only after a few seconds, it was only when she had gazed at him a while in speechless horror, that he rose another foot from the floor, and she saw that he had paused in the act of coming up through a trap door. What the scene meant, who these men were, or what their entrance portended, with these questions her brain refused at the moment to grapple. It was much that—still remembering who might hear her, and what she held—she did not shriek aloud.

Instead, she stood in the gloom at her end of the passage, gazing with all her eyes until she had seen the third man step clear of the trap. She could see him; but the light intervened and blurred his view of her. He stooped almost as soon as he had cleared himself, to help up a fourth man, who rose with a naked knife between his teeth. She saw then that they all were armed, and

something stealthy in their bearing, something cruel in their eyes as the light of the lantern fell now on one dark face and now on another, went to her heart and chilled it. Who were they, and why were they here? What was their purpose?

As her reason awoke, as she asked herself these questions, the fourth man stooped in his turn, and gave his hand to a fifth. And on that she lost her self control and cried out. For the last man to ascend was La Tribe! La Tribe, from whom she had parted that morning!

The sound which broke from her was low, but it reached the men's ears, and the two who had their backs towards her turned as if they had been pricked. He who held the lantern raised it, and the five glared at her and she at them. Then a second cry, louder and more full of astonishment, burst from her lips; for the nearest man, he who held the lantern high that he might view her, was Tignonville, her lover!

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "What is it?"

Then, not until then, did he know her. The light of the lantern had revealed only a cloaked and cowed figure, a gloomy phantom which shook the heart of more than one of the men with superstitious terror. But they knew her now—two of them; and slowly Tignonville came forward, as in a dream.

The mind has its moments of crisis, in which it acts upon instinct rather than upon reason. The girl never knew why she acted as she did; why she asked no questions, why she uttered no exclamations, no remonstrances; why, with a finger to her lips and her eyes on his, she put the packet into his hands.

He took it from her, took it as mechanically as she had given it—with the hand which held his bare blade. That done, silent as she, with his eyes set hard, he would have gone by her. The sight of her *there*, guarding the door of him who had stolen her from him, exasperated his worst passions.

But she moved to hinder him, and still barred the way. And with her hand raised she pointed to the trap door. "Go now," she whispered, her tone stern and low; "you have what you want! Go, sir!"

"No—no!" he stammered, and, still meeting her eyes with his, tried feebly to pass her.

"Go!" she repeated in the same tone. "You have what you need, sir." And still she held her hand extended; still without faltering she faced the five men, while the thunder, growing more distant, rolled sullenly eastward, and the midnight rain, pouring from every spout and dripping eave about the house, wrapped the passage in its sibilant hush. Gradually her eyes dominated his, her nobler nature and nobler aim subdued his weaker parts. For she understood now; and he saw that she did, and had he been alone would have slunk away, and said no word in his defense.

But one of the men, savage, out of patience, thrust himself between them. "Where is he?" he muttered. "Where is he?" And his bloodshot eyes—it was Tuez les Moines—questioned the doors, while his hand, trembling and shaking on the haft of his knife, betold his eagerness. "Where is he? Where is he, woman? Quick, or——"

"I shall not tell you," she answered.

"You lie," he cried, grinning like a dog. "You will tell us! Or—— Where is he? Where is he?"

"I shall not tell you," she replied, standing in the fearlessness of scorn before him. "Another step and I rouse the house! M. de Tignonville, to you who know me, I swear that if this man does not retire——"

"He is in one of these rooms! In which? In which?"

"Search them!" she answered, her voice low, but biting in its contempt. "Try them. Rouse my women, alarm the house! And when you have his people at your throats—five as they will be to one of you—thank your own mad folly!"

Tuez les Moines' eyes glistened. "You will not tell us?" he cried.

"No!"

"Then——"

But as the fanatic sprang on her, La Tribe flung his arms round him and dragged him back. "It would be madness!" he cried. "Are you mad, fool? Have done!" he panted, struggling with him. "If madame gives the alarm—and he may be in any one of these four

rooms, you cannot be sure which—we are undone." And he looked for support to Tignonville, whose movement to protect the girl he had anticipated, and who had since listened sullenly. "We have obtained what we need. Will you requite madame, who has gained it for us at her own risk——"

"It is monsieur I would requite," Tignonville muttered grimly.

"By using violence to her?" the minister retorted passionately. He and Tuez were still gripping one another. "I tell you, to go on is to risk what we have got! And I for one——"

"Am chicken hearted!" the young man sneered. "Madame"—he seemed to choke on the word—"will you swear that he is not here?"

"I swear that if you do not go I will raise the alarm!" she hissed—all their words were sunk to that stealthy note. "Go—if you have not stayed too long already. Go! Or see!" And she pointed to the trap door, from which the face and arms of a sixth man had at that moment risen—the face dark with perturbation, so that her woman's wit told her that something was amiss. "See what has come of your delay already!"

"The water is rising," the man muttered earnestly. "In God's name, come, whether you have done it or not, or we cannot pass out again. It is within a foot of the crown of the culvert now, and it is rising."

"Curses on the water!" Tuez les Moines answered in a frenzied whisper. "And on this Jezebel. Let us kill her and him! And afterwards——" And he tried to shake off La Tribe's grasp.

But the minister held him desperately. "Are you mad? Are you mad?" he answered. "What can we do against thirty? Let us be gone while we can. Let us be gone! Come!"

"Aye, come," Perrot cried, assenting reluctantly. He had taken no side hitherto. "The luck is against us! 'Tis no use tonight, man!" And he turned. Letting his legs drop through the trap, he followed the bearer of the tidings out of sight. Another made up his mind to go, and went. Then only Tignonville, holding the lantern, and La Tribe, who feared to release Tuez les Moines, remained with the fanatic.



The countess' eyes met her old lover's; and whether old memories overcame her or, now that the danger was nearly past, she began to give way, she swayed a little on her feet. But he did not notice it. He was sunk in black, sullen rage: rage against her, rage against himself. "Take the light," she muttered unsteadily. "And—and he must follow!"

"And you?"

But she could bear it no longer. "Oh, go!" she wailed. "Oh, go! Will you never go? If you love me, if you ever loved me, I implore you to go."

He had betrayed little enough of a lover's feeling. But he could not resist that appeal, and he turned silently. Seizing Tuez les Moines by the other arm, he drew him by force to the trap. "Quiet, fool," he muttered savagely when the man would have resisted, "and go down! If we stay to kill him, we shall have no way of escape, and his life will be dearly bought. Down, man, down!" And between them, in a struggling silence, with now and then an audible rap, or a ring of metal, the two forced the desperado to descend through the trap door.

La Tribe followed hastily. Tignonville was the last to go. In the act of disappearing he raised his lantern for a last glimpse of the countess. To his astonishment, the passage was empty; she was gone. Hard by him a door stood

an inch or two ajar, and he guessed that it was hers, and swore under his breath, hating her at that moment. But he did not guess how nicely she had calculated her strength; how nearly exhaustion had overcome her; or that even while he paused—a fatal pause had he known it—eyeing the dark opening of the door, she lay as one dead, on the bed within. She had fallen in a swoon, from which she did not recover until the sun had risen and marched across one quarter of the heavens.

Nor did he see one other thing, or he might have hastened his steps. Before the yellow light of his lanthorn faded from the ceiling of the passage, the door of the room farthest from him opened, and a man, whose eyes, until darkness swallowed him, shone strangely in a face extraordinarily softened, came out on tip toe. This man stood a while, listening. At last, hearing a cry of alarm which seemed to rise from below, he awoke to sudden and fierce activity. He opened with a turn of the key the door which stood at his elbow, the door which led to the other part of the house. He vanished through it.

A second later a sharp whistle pierced the darkness of the courtyard and brought a dozen sleepers to their senses and their feet. A moment, and the courtyard hummed with voices, above which one voice rang clear and insistent. With a startled cry the inn awoke.

*(To be continued.)*

#### ERE TIME BEGAN.

Ere time began, we two in some great space  
Between the worlds smiled in each other's face;  
In the first sunshine, when the world was new,  
Lithe limbed we paced the mighty forests through,  
Strong man and woman of the primal race.

Not ours the little love of day or place;  
Through all earth's centuries have we been true;  
The ancient mystic lore of love we knew  
Ere time began.

As one remembers music, I can trace  
Your dear remembered ways—the haunting grace  
Of that swift smile of yours, your very tears;  
Have I not known and loved them through the years  
Since first you laughed above my close embrace  
Ere time began?

*Theodosia Pickering Garrison.*

# The Evolution of the Camera.

BY W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

EARLY EXPERIMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY—THE CAMERA OBSCURA, THE SILHOUETTE, THE DAGUERRETYPE, AND THE WONDERFULLY SIMPLE AND EFFICIENT APPARATUS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

PHOTOGRAPHY is a child of the nineteenth century, but the camera may be said to trace its origin back to the middle ages. It began with an Italian philosopher, Baptista Porta, during the last half of the sixteenth century, and was called the camera obscura. It was simply a darkened room, to which light was admitted only through a single small hole in the window shutter. In such a room, when the sun shone brightly, a faint inverted image of the landscape outside of the window could be seen on the whitened surface of the wall opposite.

Porta's discovery was hailed with delight. "We can discover nature's greatest secrets!" he is said to have exclaimed in his enthusiasm. Later he improved this primitive camera by placing a double convex glass lens in the aperture of the shutter, and a mirror outside of the window, to receive the light and reflect it through the lens. This made the image clearer and brighter, even on dull days, and projected it on the screen or wall in a natural, or upright, position. Crowds of delighted sightseers flocked to Porta's house in Naples, to observe these wonderful pictures, painted by the light, as it were, and glowing with all the life and color of nature itself.

Soon other improvements were made on the camera obscura, and it became a frequent adjunct to the country villas of the rich. Some were erected in the form of a circular building, located, if possible, on a hill. The lens was placed in the apex of the conical roof, with a reflecting mirror above it, so as to throw the light from the surrounding landscape down through the lens, forming a series of pictures, or a panorama, on the whitened surface of a table placed in the middle

of the room. Practically this is the camera obscura of our present time, which may still be seen at popular summer resorts. It frequently makes interesting revelations of the doings of unsuspecting outsiders, who are in blissful ignorance of the fact that their actions are vividly pictured for the amusement of those within the camera.

The first camera, then, revealed its pictures only to those who could stand within its darkened walls, and the operator, or original photographer, made his pictures from within his camera. Contrast with this the modern "pocket" camera, scarcely more than an inch in all dimensions, which makes instantaneous "snap shots" by the simple pressure of a button.

## THE BEGINNINGS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

But the first beginnings of photography go further back even than Porta's camera obscura. A lens was necessary to perfect that apparatus, and this is a device of very ancient origin. One that was found in the ruins of Nineveh is now on exhibition in the British Museum. During the middle ages the manufacture and properties of simple lenses were well understood in Europe. There is, moreover, an ancient Chinese tradition which credits the sun with producing pictures of the neighboring objects upon the ice covered surfaces of lakes and rivers. A similar idea must have possessed the mind of Fénelon when, in 1690, he wrote his fable called "*Une Voyage Supposé*," descriptive of the journeys of an imaginary personage, in which is the following passage:

There was no painter in that country; but if anybody wished to have the portrait of a friend, of a picture, a beautiful landscape, or of any other object, water was placed in great basins of gold or silver, and the object desired to be painted was

placed in front of that water. After a while the water froze and became a glass mirror on which an ineffaceable image remained.

Ice, apparently, was nature's first lens, as water was her first mirror, and the darkened room of Porta the first camera. It was reserved for Tiphaigne de la Roche to make a still nearer guess as to the manner in which "nature printed" pictures would one day be produced. In 1760 he wrote a book entitled "Giphantie"—the title is an anagram of his own name—containing a series of wild imaginings, one of which must have appeared especially improbable to his contemporaries, although it has since been literally fulfilled. The hero of "Giphantie" is carried by a hurricane to a strange land, where the method by which the native genii produce pictures is explained to him.

"You know," said the guide, "that rays of light reflected from different bodies form pictures, paint the image reflected on all polished surfaces—for example, on the retina of the eye, on water, and on glass. The spirits have sought to fix these fleeting images; they have made a subtle matter by means of which a picture is formed in the twinkling of an eye. They coat a piece of canvas with this matter, and place it in front of the object to be taken. The first effect of this cloth is similar to that of a mirror; but by means of its viscous nature the prepared canvas, unlike the mirror, retains a facsimile of the image. The mirror represents images faithfully, but retains none; our canvas reflects them no less faithfully, but retains them all. This impression of the image is instantaneous. The canvas is then removed and deposited in a dark place. An hour later the impression is dry, and you have a picture the more precious in that no art can imitate its truthfulness."

After reading this very remarkable prophecy, one can hardly help thinking that De la Roche must have conceived the idea after viewing the pictures shown with Porta's "dark chamber," a contrivance which, as we know, was already in vogue.

While the first pictures made by light were remarkable, both in color and form, they were in reality little more than fleeting reflections, and not photographs

at all. They were produced by the visual and not the chemical action of sunlight, while real photographs are produced by the chemical action of the sun's rays.

#### THE FIRST CHEMICAL PROCESSES.

The power of the sun's rays to darken certain substances was known from the earliest times, and the old alchemists, in their eager search for the philosopher's stone, early discovered that horn silver, or *luna cornea*, as it was then called, quickly turned black when exposed to sunlight. J. H. Schultz, a German, who has been called "the Columbus of photography," actually obtained what may be called photographic copies of writing as early as 1727, by placing the written characters upon a level surface previously prepared with a mixture of chalk and silver nitrate. The rays of light passing through the translucent paper blackened the silver compound beneath, except where it was protected by the opaque ink forming the letters themselves, and thus a white copy upon a black ground was obtained.

Charles William Scheele, a distinguished Swedish investigator of the eighteenth century, made the first careful record of the behavior of silver chloride under the influence of light. A few years later Professor Charles, inventor of the hydrogen gas balloon, made the first use of the dark room for producing rudimentary photographs. By means of strong sunlight, he projected the shadow of the head of one of his pupils on a sheet of white paper, which had previously been rendered sensitive by being soaked in a solution of chloride of silver. Under the influence of the chemical action of the sun's rays, the exposed parts of the paper soon became blackened, while that part of the sheet which had been shaded by the student's profile remained white, thus giving a faithful silhouette of his head in white on a black ground. Professor Charles, however, had no way of "fixing" this fleeting image upon the sensitive paper and thus preserving it for future examination. His photographic profiles were the first silhouettes, or "shadowgraphs," as they were later called.

The making of mechanical silhouettes was very popular during the early half

of the last century. A sitter was placed between strong sun or lamp light and a white wall or a sheet, and the outline of the shadow cast by the profile was drawn on the piece of paper placed to receive it. These shadowgraphs were large or small according to the sitter's distance from the wall, and the making of them still forms a pleasant amusement for young people. At one time, also, miniature silhouettes cut out of black paper by experts with the scissors were very much in vogue. These are the only authentic portraits we have of some prominent people of an earlier time.

The camera did not develop very much from Porta's darkened room until about the time of Daguerre's wonderful discovery, for practically all the intervening pictures made by means of light were optical and chemical, and did not require any special apparatus.

#### NIEPCE AND DAGUERRE.

The first man to obtain a permanent photograph, in the modern sense of the word, was Nicéphore Niepce, a Frenchman, who died in 1833. He left little written description of his methods, except in his letters to his brother Claude. In one of these letters Niepce tells us that his first camera was fashioned out of a cigar box, while his lenses were "the lenses of the solar microscope which, as you know, belonged to our grandfather, Barrault."

In a letter written to his brother in 1816, Niepce describes how he secured what was probably the first picture ever taken with the camera:

My object glass being broken, and being no longer able to use my camera, I made an artificial eye with Isidore's ring box, a little thing from sixteen to eighteen lines square. I placed this little apparatus in my workroom, facing the open window looking on to the pigeon house. I made the experiment in the way you are acquainted with, and I saw

on the white paper the whole of the pigeon house seen from the window. One could distinguish the effects of the solar rays in the picture from the pigeon house up to the window sash. The possibility of painting by this means appears almost clear to me. I do not hide from myself that there are great difficulties, especially as regards fixing the colors, but with work and patience one can accomplish much.

About the same time Daguerre was experimenting along independent lines. Daguerre was a scene painter, and in order to add realism to his stage views he invented an apparatus known as the diorama, which he opened to the public in Paris in 1822. He painted the pictures on both sides of the canvas, and produced some peculiar effects by showing the picture first by reflected and then by transmitted light. In his preliminary sketches from nature, as studies for his immense pictures, he frequently employed the camera obscura, and it was the beauty and perfection of its images that led him to seek a means by which they could be permanently retained. Learning



LOUIS JACQUES MANDÉ DAGUERRE.

*Drawn from a daguerreotype portrait made by  
I. E. Mayall in 1840.*

of the experiments of Niepce, Daguerre formed a partnership with him.

The discovery of the Daguerre process itself, in 1839, was an accident. Daguerre records that he had been toiling year after year to realize his ideal, neglecting his regular duties, and shutting himself up for hours at a time in his laboratory. His wife sought medical advice as to his sanity, and was not greatly reassured, we may believe, when the physicians said that in their opinion the object of her husband's researches was "not absolutely impossible"! The happy accident which finally led to his discovery is thus described by W. Jerome Harrison, in his "History of Photography":

It appears that one day Daguerre removed from his camera a plate which, either from the short-



ONE OF THE LIGHT, SMALL, MODERN CAMERAS WHICH HAVE MADE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF AMUSEMENTS.

ness of the exposure or the dullness of the light, showed no sign of an image. He placed this blank plate in a store cupboard, intending to clean the surface and use it again. But what must have been our photographer's surprise when, on taking out this plate the next morning, he found upon its surface a distinct and perfect picture! Another prepared plate was quickly exposed for an equally short time within the camera, and again a sojourn of twenty four hours within the magic cupboard sufficed to bring out a picture. The next step was to ascertain to which of the numerous chemicals kept within the cupboard this marvelous effect was due. By a process of elimination, it was at last traced to a dish full of mercury.

Delighted by this fortunate discovery, Daguerre at once proceeded to place the exposed plates over a dish of warm mercury, when the vapor proceeding from the liquid metal was found to settle upon the iodized silver in exact proportion to the intensity of the light by which each part of the plate had been affected. This was, in fact, a process of "development," an invisible or "latent" image being strengthened and thereby made visible. Some such methods of developing the originally feeble impressions produced upon sensitive plates by a short exposure to light have been found necessary in every photographic process.

#### THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

The discovery was not given to the world, however, until 1839, five years after the death of Niepce. The French government settled a pension on Da-

guerre and also on the heir of his partner, and then generously gave the process to the public. The daguerreotype was much improved after it became common property, and was extremely popular for portraiture, especially in America, where the first attempts at picturing faces appear to have been made. Especially notable were the experiments made by Professor Draper and by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph.

In its perfected form, the daguerreotype is a beautiful production, unfortunately but too rarely seen at the present time. It is absolutely permanent, and possesses also a certain charm of color, due to the metals which compose its image. It has serious drawbacks, however, the chief one being that only one picture can be made at a time, and for every portrait required the subject has to give a separate sitting. It cannot be duplicated from a negative, as in the case of the modern photograph. Moreover, it



THE OLD FASHIONED WET PLATE OUTFIT, WHICH, CUMBERSOME AS IT WAS, FIRST MADE OUT-DOOR WORK POSSIBLE FOR THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.



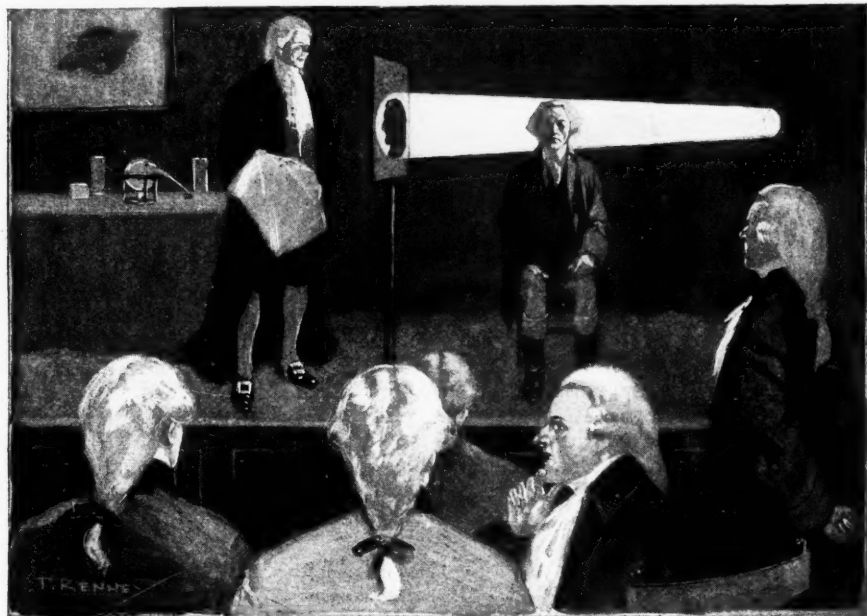
cannot be retouched, and is therefore too truthful a representation of the original to suit some people.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was impressed with this latter fact in regard to the daguerreotype, and made striking use of it in his "House of the Seven Gables." *Holgrave*, the daguerreotypist, while showing a portrait of his respected

The unflattering quality of so many daguerreotypes suggests the debt that the modern sitter frequently owes to the retoucher who smooths down the hard lines of an over faithful negative.

#### THE MODERN RAPID CAMERAS.

The introduction of the collodion or "wet plate" process, as it was called,



PROFESSOR CHARLES' EXPERIMENT—BY MEANS OF STRONG SUNSHINE HE PROJECTED THE SHADOW OF A MAN'S HEAD UPON A SHEET OF PAPER SENSITIZED WITH CHLORIDE OF SILVER, MAKING A WHITE SILHOUETTE, WHICH, HOWEVER, HE WAS UNABLE TO "FIX."

kinsman, *Judge Pyncheon*, to *Phoebe*, the heroine of the story, says:

There is a wonderful insight in heaven's broad and simple sunshine. While we give it credit only for depicting the merest surface, it actually brings out the secret character with a truth that no painter would ever venture upon, even could he detect it. There is at least no flattery in my humble line of art. Now, there is a likeness which I have taken over and over again, and still with no better results. The remarkable point is that the original wears to the world's eye—and, for aught I know, to his most intimate friends—an exceedingly pleasant countenance, indicative of benevolence, openness of heart, sunny good humor, and other praiseworthy qualities of that cast. The sun, as you see, tells quite another story, and it will not be coaxed out of it, after half a dozen patient attempts on my part. Here we have the man, sly, subtle, hard, imperious, and withal cold as ice. Look at the eye! Would you like to be at its mercy? At that mouth! Could it ever smile? And yet, if you could only see the benign smile of the original!

was a great advance, as it made possible the duplication of photographs from one original, or negative. It also made possible landscape photography on a larger scale, though few amateurs cared to carry about the cumbersome apparatus necessary to work it. Minor mechanical modifications of the camera followed the introduction of the daguerreotype process, but it did not become greatly changed until the gelatine or dry plate was introduced. This was a still greater advance than was the discovery of the collodion process. Now, for the first time, the clumsy apparatus required to develop the negative, while still wet, in the field, could be dispensed with, and only a simple camera was necessary for making photographs out of doors.



THE FIRST CAMERA—THE CAMERA OBSCURA, INVENTED BY BAPTISTA PORTA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. A SMALL HOLE ADMITTING THE SUNLIGHT, AN INVERTED IMAGE OF THE LANDSCAPE IS PROJECTED ON THE OPPOSITE WALL.

My father, the late W. Irving Adams, designed and commercially introduced the first real amateur camera. It was a simple tripod apparatus, without any of the modern improvements; but, being cheap in price, the complete outfit costing only ten dollars, and easily carried about, it placed the art within the reach of thousands, and gave amateur photography its first great impulse in America.

As lenses were improved, and dry plates became more sensitive, instantaneous photography was made possible, and this led to the manufacture of the "detective" or hand camera. Magnesium, as an artificial source of light for photography, made it possible to take pictures at night and in dark places where the sun's rays never penetrate. The types and forms of photographic apparatus were rapidly multiplied. The hand camera was developed into the folding camera by Henry Clay Price, and his design became the model for most of the present hand cameras of this class.

The hand camera for strictly snap shot work has been made in more forms than any other general type, the first object being, in many cases, to conceal the fact that it is a camera at all. Thus were made the "book" camera, in imitation of a package of books, and the "vest" and "hat" cameras. The "pocketbook" and "opera glass" cameras were also popular with amateurs at one time; and there were also the "gun"

camera and the "pistol" camera, not to mention various types of kodaks and film cameras which were later introduced.

The manufacture of a flexible transparent film in continuous rolls was the next great advance in photography. It is my opinion that to the late Rev. Hannibal Goodwin is due the credit for making and exhibiting the first successful transparent flexible film suitable for photographic purposes; and it was W. J. Stillman who first designed an effective roll holder. The practical genius of George Eastman made a commercial success of both the roll holder and the film, the combination of which may be said to have introduced a new system of photography.

We all know what the kodak, by simplifying the process, had done to popularize photography in this country and in Europe. Of late years there has been a natural reaction from "button pressing." Amateurs want to "do the rest" themselves, and this has made a demand for the modern folding type of camera which can be closed up in the most compact form or extended, when desired, for long distance work, and which uses either films or plates. Such a camera, with its various attachments, rear and front swings, reversing adjustment, and portable holders, is a natural descendant of the darkened room or camera obscura of Porta. In its best form it is an almost perfect instrument.

# The Expansion of Our Great Universities.

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.,

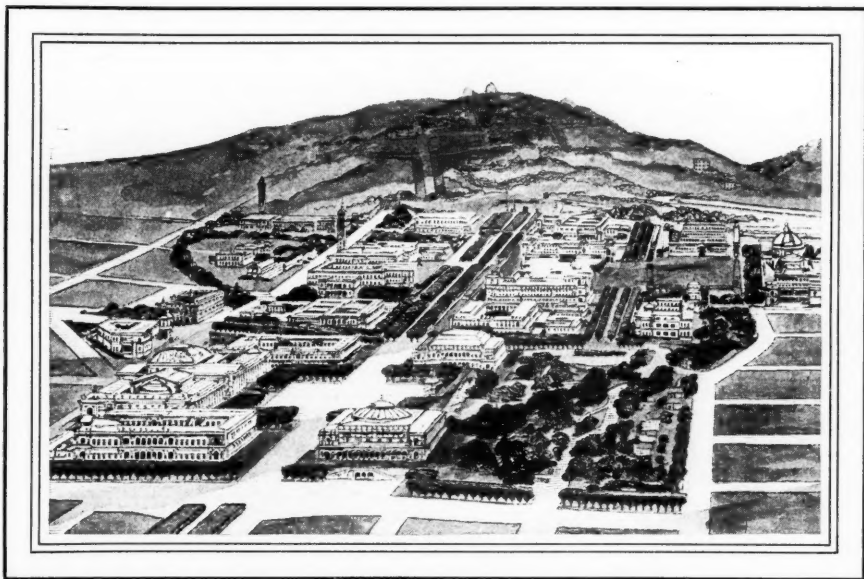
PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

THE ORIGINAL PURPOSES OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN AMERICA, THE LINES ON WHICH OUR SYSTEM HAS GROWN, AND ITS MARVELOUS EXTENSION IN RECENT YEARS—A SPLENDID DEVELOPMENT THAT IS NOT WITHOUT ITS PROBLEMS AND ITS WEAKNESSES.

NO phase of social progress is more characteristic of the development of the United States in the nineteenth century than the growth of our universities. Indeed, the whole field of education has been so fertile in ideas and undertakings that European critics, and especially English critics, have declared that America is "education mad." The fact is that the growth of democracy demanded a leveling principle, and the growth of wealth made this a leveling up and not a leveling down, as it rendered it possible for the poor boy to work his way to an education, and the educated man to become a leader in political and—which is true of America almost alone—in social life.

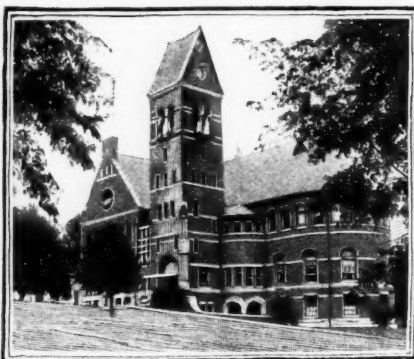
One of the most marked features of our educational growth has been its spontaneity. It has sprung from the people, from local needs and, even more, from local aspirations. On this account it has lacked unity and system; but it has gained something far better than either unity or system—vitality. It has been a part of the social life of the people, and the divergence in the social life of Massachusetts and of Georgia, of Pennsylvania and of California, has been no less than the difference in the school and college growth of those States.

As the educational institutions were the outgrowth of local needs, they were nearly always adapted to the field in



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDING PLAN ADOPTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, AT BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—THE PLAN WAS DESIGNED BY E. BÉNARD, OF PARIS, AND WON THE PRIZE OFFERED FOR COMPETITION TO THE ARCHITECTS OF THE WORLD.

which they sprang up; as they were not less the progeny of local aspirations, they were often vastly ambitious in plan and name. Fortunately those ambitions were allowed to slumber in the charter



CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, NEW YORK—THE UPPER ENGRAVING SHOWS BARNES HALL, THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING; IN THE CENTER IS THE ARMORY, AND BELOW A GENERAL VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY AND CAYUGA LAKE. THE PORTRAIT IS THAT OF THE PRESIDENT, JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.

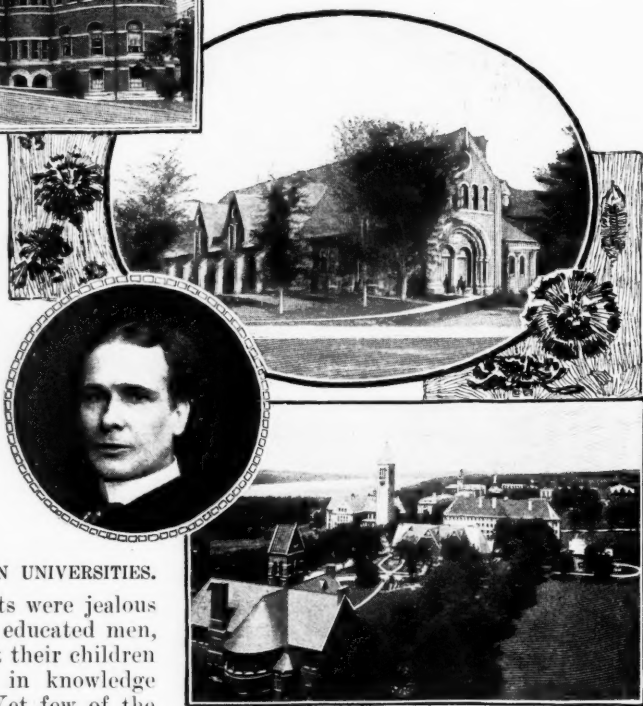
till the time was ripe for their prophecy to be fulfilled in fact.

#### THE FIRST AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

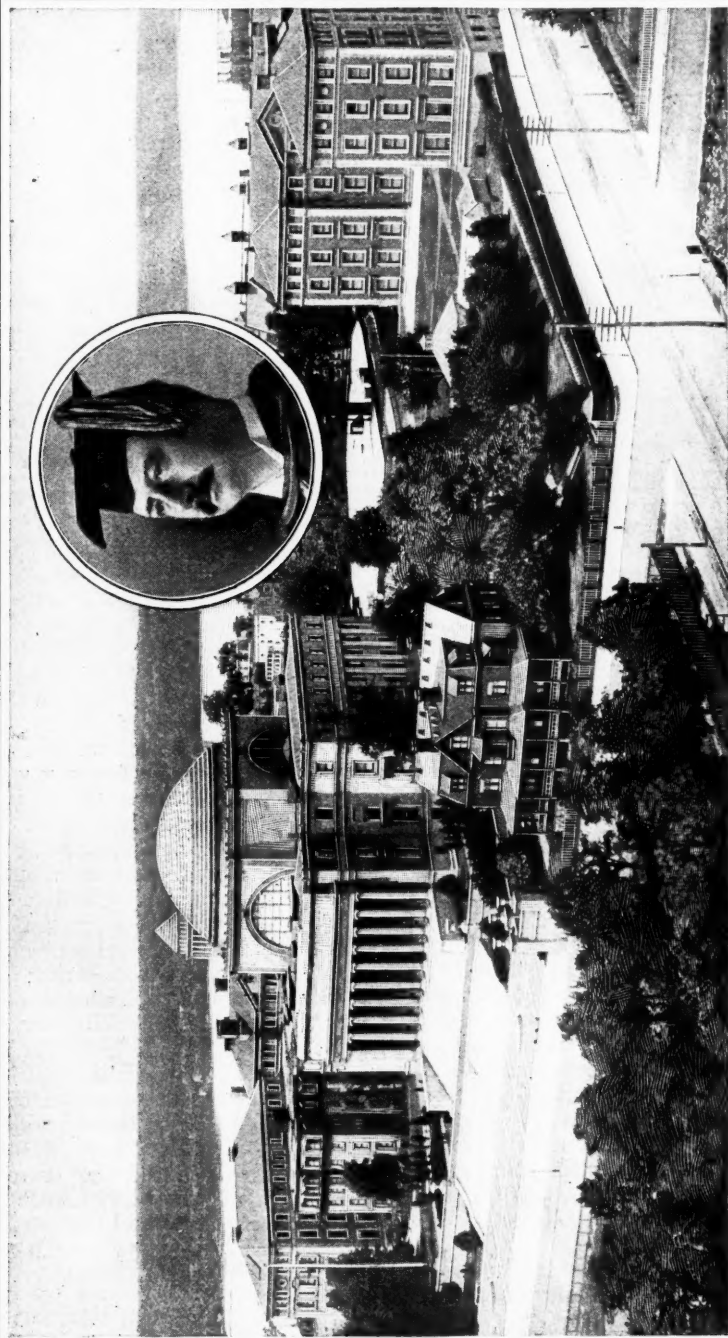
The early colonists were jealous of their position as educated men, and determined that their children should not decline in knowledge and intelligence. Yet few of the colonies made permanent foundation of schools upon such a liberal basis as insured a proportionate growth with the colony. The notable exceptions are Harvard, founded in 1636; Yale, in 1701, and William and Mary, in 1693. Among the colonial institutions still in existence, nearly all have had a more or less broken continuity. They are Bowdoin (Maine), Brown University (Rhode Island), Kings, now Columbia (New York), Dartmouth (New Hampshire), Prince-

ton and Rutgers (New Jersey), the University of Pennsylvania, and Washington, now Washington and Lee (Virginia). Of these, Harvard and Yale, of the earlier group, have grown with each generation and are typical American universities, and the same is true of Columbia, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania in the second group.

Immediately after the Revolution there was a movement for the founding of academies and colleges, a movement which spread rapidly into the new West. There, in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio,

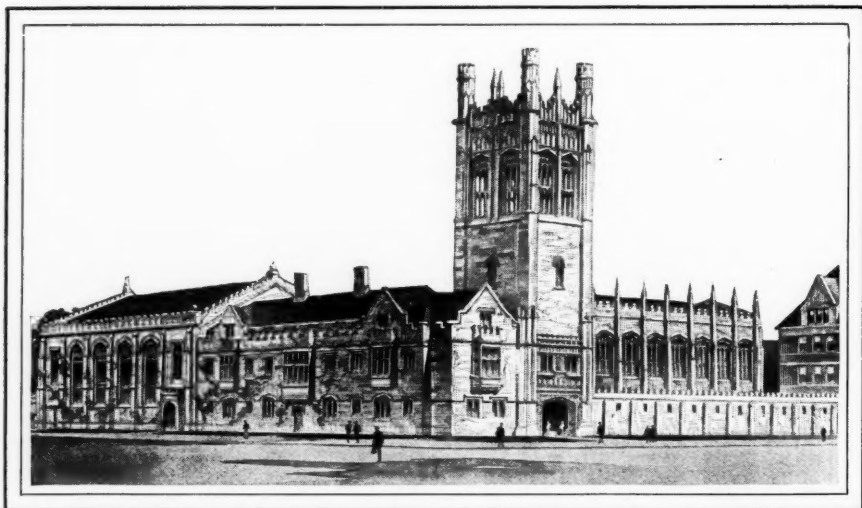


it gave birth to academies which somewhat prematurely set up the curriculum of colleges, and in the largeness of expectation which has ever characterized the West—whether trans-Appalachian, trans-Mississippi, or transcontinental, first flung out the banner of the “university.” Thus Transylvania University burst its chrysalis on January 1, 1799, while Harvard and Yale, long after they had become universities in fact, clung to the time honored name of college.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, WITH THE LIBRARY IN THE CENTER—THE PORTRAIT IS THAT OF THE PRESIDENT, SETH LOW.  
*From a copyrighted photograph by Sidman, New York—The portrait of President Low from a photograph by Rockwood, New York.*





PART OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO—ON THE LEFT IS MANDEL HALL; IN THE CENTER, A STUDENTS' CLUBHOUSE; TO THE RIGHT, BEYOND THE TOWER, THE COMMONS, OR DINING HALL.

The early type was based upon the colleges of the English universities, especially Cambridge, in which the American clergy had largely had their academic training. The instruction was relatively upon a low standard, and tended to gravitate rather to the type of the so-called English colleges, or public schools, of Eton and Winchester. The chief subjects of instruction long remained elementary mathematics, Latin, and Greek. The impulse in the founding of the earlier schools having been given very largely by the clergy, there was always some instruction in mental and moral philosophy, and generally in history, which was really treated more as applied philosophy than as pure history. The practical demands of the pulpit and the controversial atmosphere of the times put a high value on what now appear to have been very dry and formal courses in rhetoric and logic. The sciences were in their infancy, but the claims of chemistry, physics, and astronomy were not wholly neglected. Indeed, the fact that they early found a place in the American curriculum shows the relative liberality of our colleges as compared with most European schools of the same grade and purpose.

It was unfortunate for the American people that, while they were struggling

with high ambitions and keen practical vision for some basis for their educational system, they had so little to aid them in the mother country. The English universities had fallen into a sleepy old age in the eighteenth century, from which they have even yet but half aroused themselves. Jefferson saw this, and invoked the French influence in his foundation of the University of Virginia, in 1825, setting an example which affected many Southern institutions.

About 1840 England turned to Germany for more vital methods; the leaders of thought in New England took the same course at a somewhat earlier time. Gradually German influence brought about radical changes. The new suggestions fell upon a rich field. The time was fully come for American educational growth. Many ideas of native origin were stirring, such as those associated with the personality and work of Horace Mann, which embraced the thorough organization of the public schools, a normal school system, and the coördination of the education of women with that of men.

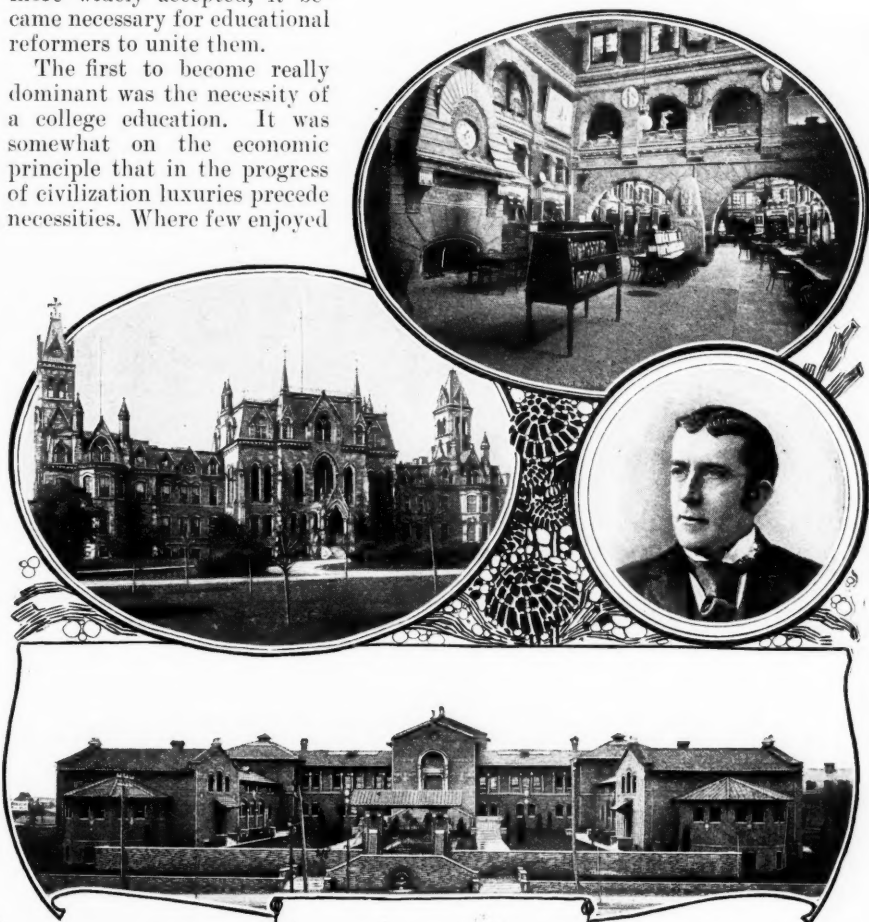
#### THREE GREAT FACTORS IN OUR UNIVERSITY DEVELOPMENT.

Two or three definite ideas became clearly marked in American education

in the first half of the nineteenth century. They were not always properly connected, but as they were more and more widely accepted, it became necessary for educational reformers to unite them.

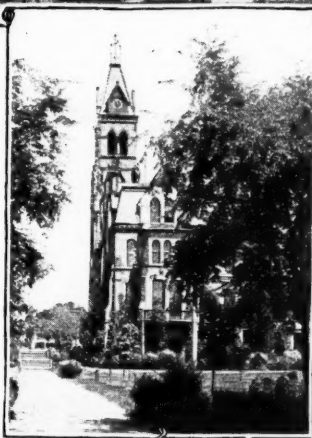
The first to become really dominant was the necessity of a college education. It was somewhat on the economic principle that in the progress of civilization luxuries precede necessities. Where few enjoyed

most unusual knowledge acquired was the most highly valued. Hence, instead of the colleges being degraded to the



THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA—THE UPPER ENGRAVING SHOWS THE INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY; BELOW, ON THE LEFT, IS COLLEGE HALL; NEXT IS THE BUILDING—

this distinction, it was highly valued. The energies of an entire family were devoted to the proud purpose of giving the most promising son the privilege of "going to college." As the privilege was rare, the



—PRESENTED TO THE SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT BY GEORGE W. DAWSON; BELOW, THE NORTH END OF COLLEGE HALL. THE PORTRAIT IS THAT OF THE PROVOST, CHARLES C. HARRISON.

practical requirements of a new country, they were stimulated to maintain an honorable eminence as intellectual leaders in communities that were rapidly advancing in wealth and material progress.

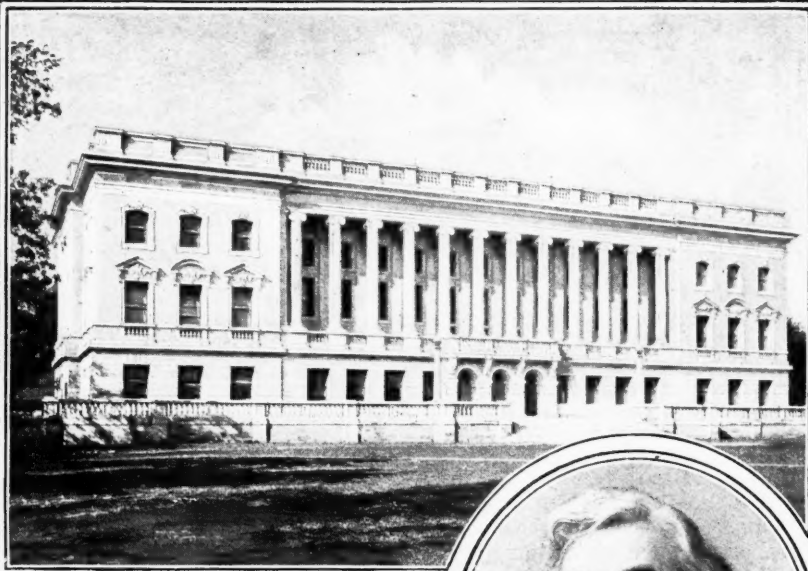


YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT—THE  
WHITE AND BERKELEY DORMITORIES.



YALE UNIVERSITY—VANDERBILT HALL, THE FINEST COLLEGE DORMITORY BUILDING IN AMERICA. ABOVE  
IS A PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF YALE, ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY.

*From photographs by Pach, New York, and Randall, New Haven.*

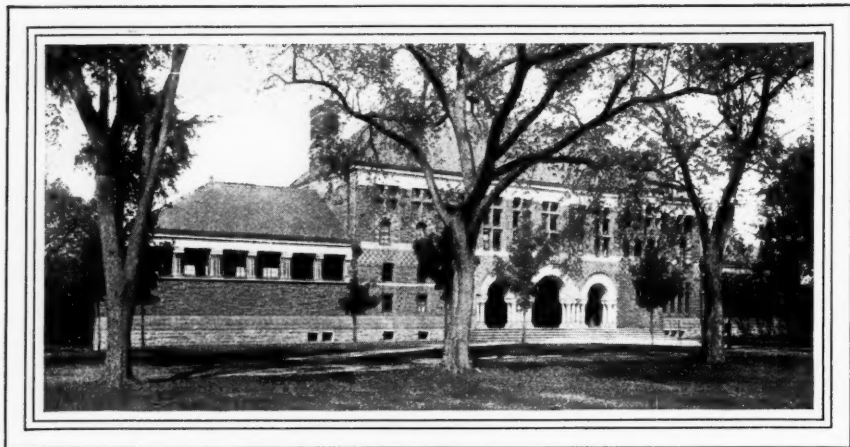


THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, WISCONSIN  
—THE LIBRARY BUILDING.



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—THE AGRICULTURE AND DAIRY BUILDINGS, WITH THE POWER HOUSE.  
ABOVE IS A PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY, CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

*The portrait of President Adams from a photograph by Curtiss, Madison.*



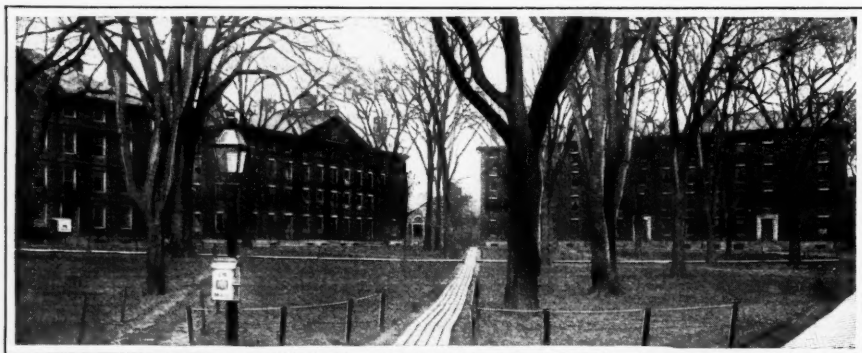
HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—THE LAW SCHOOL.

The second was the growth of professional schools, often independent of college connection, sometimes connected with colleges. The early training in the professions was obtained by the sending of young men to study under preceptors. The clergy first departed from this method, to establish theological professorships, which grew into separate seminaries. Always the leaders in intellectual movements, they first insisted on a thorough college preparation before the commencement of the studies embraced in the theological course. Gradually independent schools were affiliated or absorbed, and the American colleges began to be universities—at least, so far as mere groups of faculties can constitute such institutions.

The third of these ideas was that of

the public obligation to provide free schools—an idea of vast possibilities, many of which have been realized, and the end is not yet. It flourished first in New England. Gradually it carried the free school over the Northern States and made steady conquests in the South. From primary it advanced to secondary education, then to normal training. From time to time it showed its power in this State and that by leading to the State taking up collegiate work; then, in the Act of 1862, it invaded national legislation, and gave birth to the great system of land grant colleges, originally planned for education in agriculture and the mechanical arts, but which have assumed many and various forms and proportions undreamed by their founders.

These three ideas may be said to have

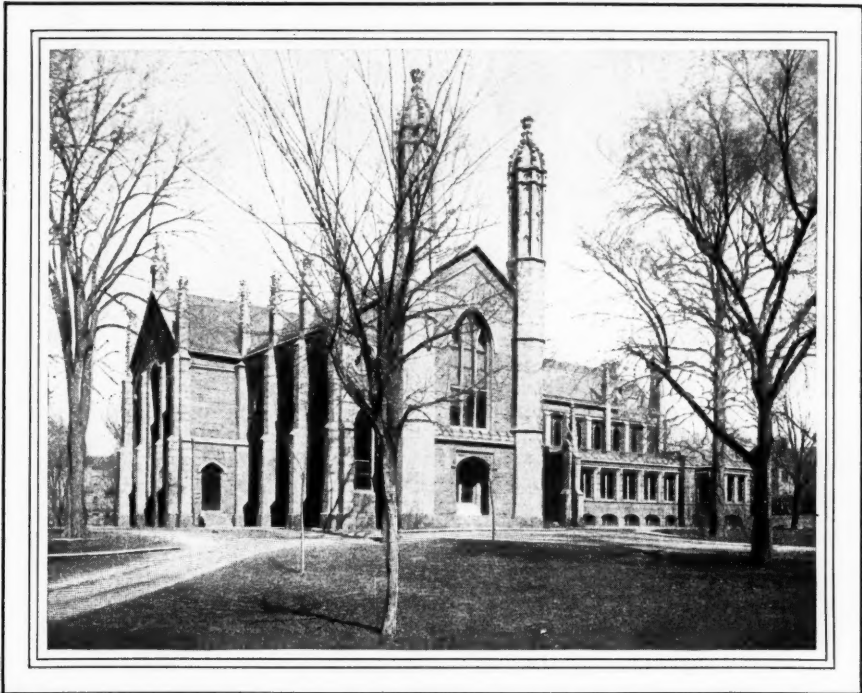


HARVARD UNIVERSITY—THE COLLEGE YARD AND TWO OF THE OLDER BUILDINGS, STOUGHTON AND HOLWORTHY HALLS.



been the great shaping influences that have given form to American university development. They have been combined in endless variety; they have been reinforced by many other influences; yet these have been fundamental. In general, we may say that university growth has been due to a wide spread popular estimate of the value of a college educa-

higher education which has faculties of arts, law, medicine, and theology. This is a poor definition, setting form above substance, and the body above the spirit; yet it has had a great influence in university growth. Thus Harvard, chartered in 1636, maintained its faculty of arts alone till 1783, when it first added a medical faculty. The law department



HARVARD UNIVERSITY—THE LIBRARY, WHICH IS THE BEST COLLEGE LIBRARY IN AMERICA, CONTAINING MORE THAN HALF A MILLION VOLUMES.

tion, to the bringing together into a single system of independent schools, and to a great public system of free education, which has prepared students for collegiate and professional courses, and has set up rivals for the older institutions in a great number of State colleges and universities.

#### WHAT CONSTITUTES A UNIVERSITY ?

But university expansion in America has had some very unique features, which need to be especially noted. Those under the influence of the more formal type of German thought are wont to define a university as an institution of

dates from 1817, and the divinity school from 1819. The sister university in Connecticut, in many ways a contrast to Harvard, developed in this direction more slowly, and always with great conservative loyalty to the arts course as the center of Yale life. Yet Yale entered, by affiliation, into the medical field in 1814, into law in 1843, and divinity in 1867.

It is interesting to note that Columbia, situated in the metropolis, while following a similar course with the opportunity of affiliation almost thrust upon it, did not incorporate departments of law and medicine till so late as 1858

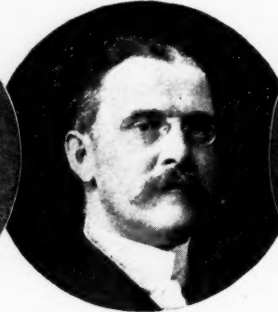
and 1891, and has now only very slender ties with the nominally affiliated theological faculties. The University of Pennsylvania only recently provided a

progress of science and invention, and the material wealth which has come forth from it since the middle of the century. Before it began to be felt, the



WILLIAM R. HARPER, PRESIDENT  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
CHICAGO.

*From a photograph by Gibson,  
Chicago.*



BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA.

*From a photograph by Wilcox,  
Berkeley.*



CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD  
UNIVERSITY.

*From a photograph by Notman,  
Boston.*

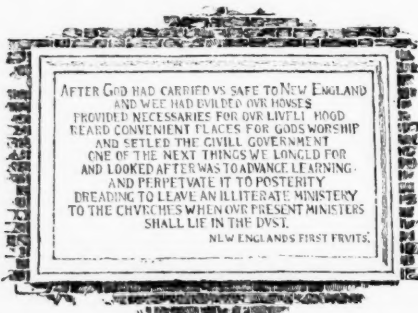
law school, and is still without any sort of theological faculty. It is yet more striking to observe that, of the three great American colleges, Princeton has steadily resisted the temptation to add professional faculties, and has advanced to the university rank and name by virtue of its claim to do university work in intention rather than in extension, in spirit rather than in form.

#### THE ASCENDANCY OF SCIENCE.

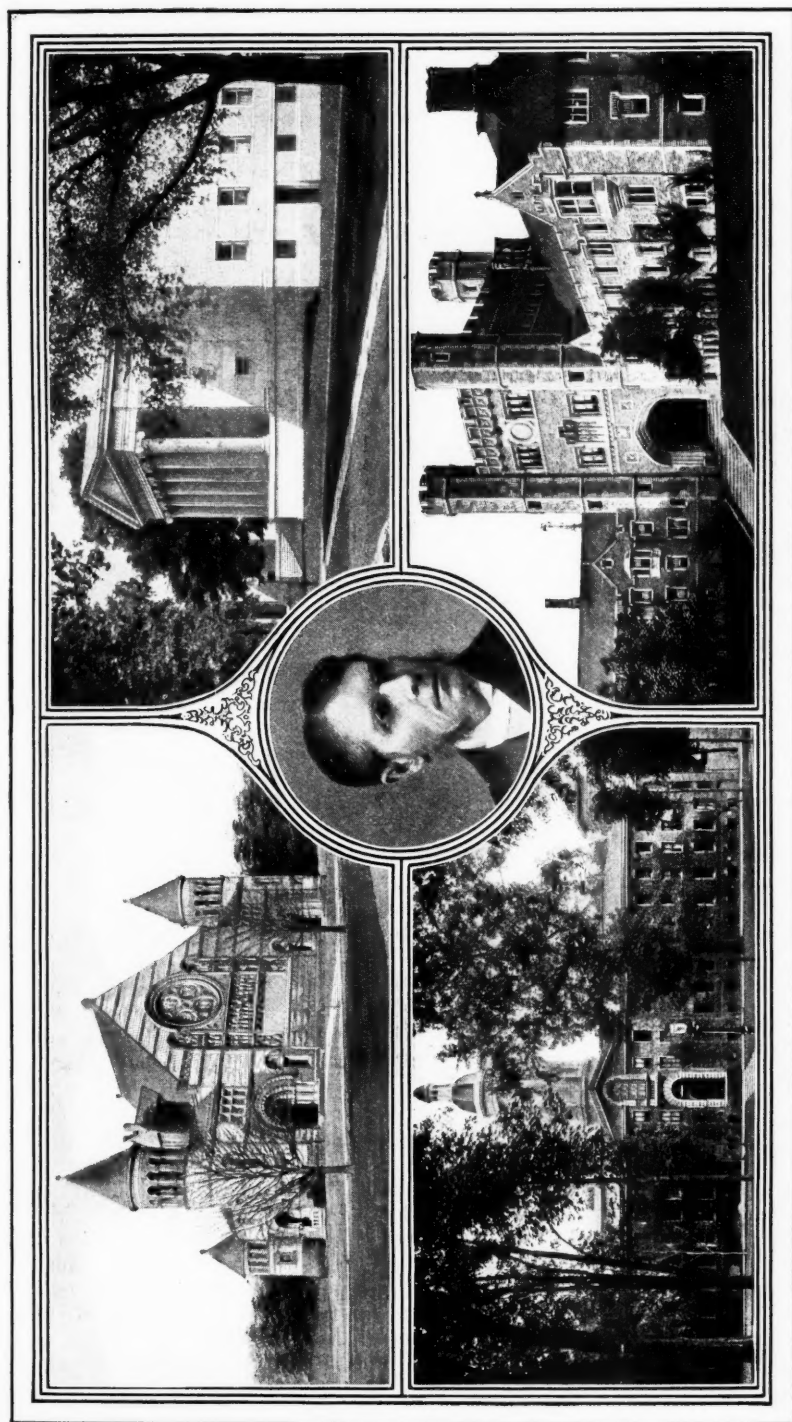
Perhaps the most potent influence in that university expansion which appeals to the eye, and which has found expression in the magnificent buildings that adorn so many of the college grounds, has yet to be mentioned. This is the

colleges were largely classical and philosophical. The branches of science taught were dealt with in the most elementary way; the instruction was from text books, there were few experiments and no laboratory work. As science began to advance, provision was gradually made for its teaching. A few feeble polytechnic schools came into existence to meet the practical demand for civil engineers. Men of practical taste and adequate wealth, finding an illiberal spirit in the college faculties of instruction, offered to endow coördinate faculties for scientific teaching. Thus the Lawrence School was established at Harvard by a gift of a hundred thousand dollars in 1847, and a similar school, afterwards the Sheffield School of Science, at Yale, the same year. In due time, as the various forms of engineering and applied science grew in importance, these schools began to take on the distinctly polytechnic type, and similar schools were added in many places, as the John C. Green School, at Princeton (1873); the School of Mines, at Columbia (1864); and the Pardee School, at Lafayette (1866).

This marked the adoption, in the fullest sense, of scientific thought and purpose into the academic field. As yet it was as a separate faculty, and, from the European point of view, one out of place



THE INSCRIPTION ON HARVARD HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, RECORDING THE ORIGINAL AIM OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN NEW ENGLAND.

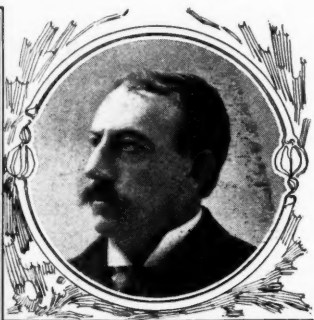
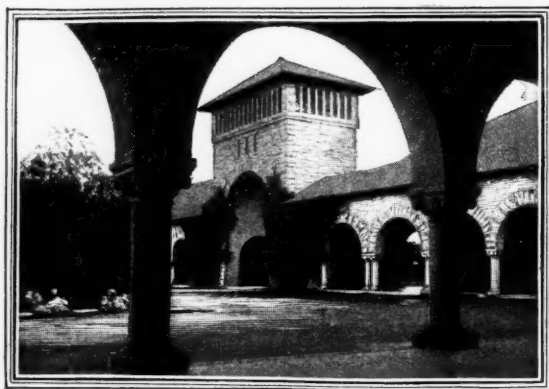


PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, AND ITS PRESIDENT, FRANCIS LANDEY PATTON—ABOVE, ON THE LEFT, IS ALEXANDER HALL; ON THE RIGHT, CLIO HALL, THE BUILDING OF A LITERARY SECRET SOCIETY. BELOW, ON THE LEFT, IS NASSAU HALL ("OLD NORTH"); ON THE RIGHT, BLAIR HALL, AND THE MAIN GATEWAY LEADING TO THE COLLEGE GROUNDS FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

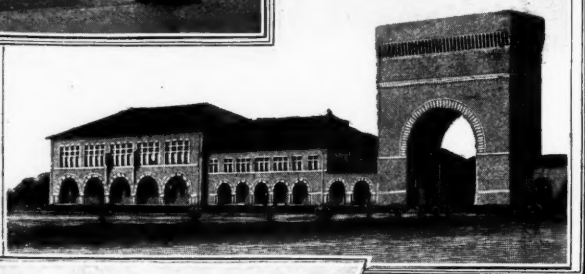
*The portrait of President Patton from a photograph by Rose, New York.*

in a university. Indeed, the complete assimilation of the departments of applied science is far from adjusted now. Yet the claims of these practical callings of engineering and chemistry, supported

who seeks classical and historical training may find it there, vital and in touch with contemporary scholarship, but the college knows nothing of the culture and the force to be gained from the



LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY, PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA—THE CENTRAL ENGRAVING SHOWS THE LIBRARY, ASSEMBLY HALL, AND MEMORIAL ARCH; ABOVE AND BELOW ARE VIEWS OF THE INNER QUADRANGLE. THE PORTRAIT IS THAT OF THE PRESIDENT, DAVID STARR JORDAN.



as they were by the wealth that they had brought to their votaries, accompanied by gifts for laboratories and endowments for professorships, took precedence over the pure sciences in receiving university recognition.

The American mind is at once practical and liberal. The English are less open minded. Conservatism, to them, is not a means to an end; it is, as often as not, an end in itself. So Oxford has failed to identify itself with the greater England of today, and is content to influence that part of English thought which it molded in the seventeenth century. The college of which I was a member in my student days has now the same buildings and the same plan of instruction it had when William Penn obtained his grant of Pennsylvania. He



natural and the physical sciences. It is proud of the careers of such sons as Sydenham and Wren, but has established no school of chemistry and

biology in memory of the one, or of architecture in honor of the other.

As soon as graduates of American colleges realized that they had failed to get what they needed for their work in the dear old college days, they set about securing for others what they had missed. It was not long before there was a response from the professors of pure science, and, in due time, chairs were established and equipments purchased.

#### THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM.

Then a new and difficult question presented itself. The old college course

was a well tested and closely articulated curriculum. Every part was nicely adjusted to every other part. The great staple was the historic humanities—the classical languages, with their literatures, embracing philological, philosophical, and historical teaching. The modern languages, some little physical science in a more or less narrow place, mathematics, enjoying considerable favor as far as the elements of calculus, and very humble applications in simple mechanics and surveying, completed the curriculum. The course was planned for boys, and was well adapted to develop them into strong men. It was not fitted to make scholars, and the new ideas demanded more knowledge as well as a wider curriculum.

An intense struggle began and is still going on. President Eliot, of Harvard, became the leader of the party which demanded the admission of the sciences on an equal footing with the old subjects. The practical method by which this was to be secured was the so called elective system, which allowed the student to choose from large groups what courses he would pursue. At first this choice was confined to the last year of the college course. Then time was gained by raising the entrance requirements, and the choice was extended into the junior year. From year to year the program of this school of educators became more and more radical, until it has finally taken up a position which practically asserts that all branches have an equal educative value if pursued for equal periods with equal earnestness. The result has been that Harvard practically asks nothing of its students in the college department, when once admitted, except a fairly definite purpose in the choice of studies made from its various and highly diversified courses. This tendency was met elsewhere by a more moderate use of the elective system, and by the arrangement of a number of parallel courses, definite in conception and leading to different degrees.

Two things have grown out of the elective system everywhere. The newer sciences have come into the colleges with a growing demand for more teachers, more time, more equipment, and the amount of study given to each subject

has greatly increased. This has reacted on all the teaching in all the departments, creating a demand for more Greek and more Latin, and better teachers of both.

#### SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL CULTURE.

In the older days a single professor taught Greek and Latin, and often some other subject, such as philosophy. In the department of science, the natural and physical sciences were sometimes all in a single teacher's charge. While the teaching was often admirable, most of the sciences were but half developed, and all the instruction was elementary. But when the whole field of learning was being worked with marvelous results, specialists were naturally produced, and even humble students, who had no room in a busy life for research, were kept alert and active in merely following the researches of others. The teacher became a living worker, and longed to impart what he was daily learning. In consequence, the colleges gave themselves heartily to the movement for higher entrance requirements, and more extensive courses in every branch of learning.

It was plain to many wise teachers that this too eager pursuit of special knowledge was breaking up the power that had so long worked through a broad and thorough curriculum, without replacing it by a real mastery of special subjects. The true nature of the university became a great subject of discussion. It was made plain that the American college was not the equivalent of the philosophical faculty of the German university, and that the too eager Germanizers were wrecking the most vital factor in American education in a rash attempt to bend it to a new and alien end. These leaders began the advocacy of graduate courses, conducted on the true university principle of high specialization, extended investigation, and absolute freedom of choice. In 1876 Johns Hopkins University was opened. Working on this plan of supplementing, instead of supplanting, the admirable college course, it has done a splendid service to American education.

It has become clear that the univer-



sity purpose is best fulfilled in this country through the professional schools, on the one hand, and the graduate courses on the other. These courses are now conducted by the ablest specialists in America. They cover the widest possible range of scholarship, and are well supported by endowments and admirably supplied with laboratories and libraries. Professor Munsterberg of Harvard, looking through German glasses, thinks they do not as yet possess much fruit in "productive scholarship," but he has his eyes too much on books and academic performances, too little on men and economic and social forces. Though in their first age, and in some things too conscious of their own importance, the graduate faculties of American universities have accomplished a great deal in making plain the value of research and specialization as the real university work, and in discrediting the imitation of university work which has in some places been palmed off on a too credulous public in connection with the teaching of boys in colleges.

#### THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT STORE.

It remains to note the extension of universities by the addition to them of other faculties not historically connected with them, and the final extension of the name to cover the great "department store idea" in education. Thus, the medical school in this country early developed a very useful offshoot in the school of dentistry. A school of pharmacy followed, and the science and its application went a step farther in the school of veterinary medicine.

Some of the newer institutions, catching the popular feeling in favor of the combination suggested in the development of the medical field, at once began to make the standard of the university the old but somewhat discredited one, of a *studium generale*, in the sense that any one could learn in it anything conceivable. Thus, the prospectus of the Leland Stanford University announced that provision would be made for the instruction of any one in any subject demanded, and that the only qualification required would be a letter setting forth clearly what the writer wished to learn. This can scarcely be regarded as

a step in university expansion. It was rather university degradation.

The University of Chicago has taken up the idea of making a university a universal educational institution, and has achieved a popular success. It has had enormous financial resources, a remarkable executive, and a great field. At present its organization consists of five divisions. The first of these contains the professional schools, graduate schools and colleges of arts and science, and also an academy. The fourth contains the natural adjuncts to the schools and colleges, the libraries, laboratories, and museums. When we pass beyond these divisions we are in a position of doubt as to the attitude the remaining divisions bear to the university idea, or, indeed, to any sound educational scheme. The second division, for example, is that of "university extension," and includes a correspondence study department; the fourth is "the University Press," with a "department of purchase and sale"; the fifth consists of "the university affiliations," and includes "the work done in institutions which, although not forming an organic part of the university, have entered into the relationship of affiliation."

The wide scope of such an institution makes it possible for it to give great service, but it may be doubted whether the highest service of university leadership is not lost in an attempt to carry on too many of the departments of approved and unapproved educational work.

#### THE NEED OF A MORE PERFECT SYSTEM.

And here is the great weakness in the university development in America. On the foundation of the college and the "land grant" school of agriculture and mechanics we have erected splendid groups of buildings, and have peopled them with capable professors and eager students; but each in turn has followed a policy of rivalry instead of coöperation, of repetition instead of supplement. Clark University stands out as a lonely attempt to do a few things supremely well. Why is it not possible to avoid the endless repetition of costly equipment, and secure a cordial coöperation? Some work admirably done in one university

may well be supplemented in another. A system of migration, such as is common in Germany, would enable a graduate student at Princeton to spend part of his time at Columbia or Johns Hopkins with due credit. An eminent foreigner, who is now a professor in one of our universities, made this experiment not long ago. The trustees deemed his act a blow at their claim to absolute and final possession of all knowledge, and made it the subject of a formal rebuke.

The growth of the past half century is remarkable from every point of view. It is to be hoped that the next half century will place a higher value on the university spirit in all forms of work, will more clearly recognize the limitations of the university as an institution, and of individual universities as effective forces, and develop a spirit of coöperation which will place learning above local reputation, and productive scholarship above the number of students.

## Insects as Carriers of Disease.

BY SMITH ELY JELLIFFE, M. D., PH. D.

HOW THE PLAGUE, CHOLERA, CONSUMPTION, AND MALARIA ARE SPREAD BY FLIES, MOSQUITOES, AND OTHER INSECTS—WHAT CAN BE DONE TO GUARD AGAINST INFECTION.

UNTIL a quarter of a century ago imperial Satan was held personally responsible for most of the ills that Providence mysteriously permitted human beings to suffer. Today the microbe is king of evil; plagues and pestilences, pox and murrain, are laid to its door.

In the reign of Satan, the afflicted were perpetually asking why. Why should the just suffer with the unjust? Why should the devout man be smitten by smallpox, regardless of his godliness? Why should the missionary contract cholera along with the unregenerate heathen? The answer of modern science is by no means irreverent when it establishes the fact that prayer will not take the place of antiseptics, and that the microbe is no respecter of persons.

In this era of the microbe, the scientist is continually asking how. How does the cholera blow out to sea, and breathe death to a passing ship? How do the vapors of the stagnant marsh cause the blood to become full of malarial germs? How do cattle contract Texas fever by simply grazing in meadows where other sick cattle have been? How can one sore eyed child in a little Florida school-house give sore eyes to another child,

and to the whole community besides, without leaving its bench?

### MANKIND'S MICROSCOPIC ENEMIES.

The microbes of disease are such minute and inoffensive germs of life, they lie so innocently in little groups of pink and blue stained dots or scratches under the microscopist's three hundred magnifying lens, that we wonder how they can be capable of so much evil. Even though we accept the statistics that each one can run up into the billions every twenty four hours, and that they devour the elements of human blood, leaving poisonous toxins behind, we cannot see how they can leap from one person to another, how they can jump across a river, or up three stories in the air, or survive boiling and sunlight and chloride of lime.

The "how" question may be answered in almost the same words as the how of the botanists, who used to wonder how the pollen of plants got from one blossom to another. It has long been evident that just as the pollen of the pine could be blown from tree to tree, so the germs of consumption could be carried by the wind; and just as the cocoanuts of the palm could be washed down

rivers to fertile beaches, so could the germs of typhoid travel by water from village to village. But only recently has the discovery been made that air and water are not the sole carriers of disease.

In such diseases as cholera, whose germs are killed by air and sunlight, in spite of every precaution with food and water, cases would break out in places where no cholera patient had been. It seemed that microbes had wings, and could fly around the world if they chose. The explanation was that the microbes can borrow wings. The mysterious power of some pestilences to spread like wildfire across a continent is undoubtedly due to the fact that insects are carriers of disease.

According to Darwin, the insect travelers that sip nectar from the flowers wipe out their score by doing light porter work, and carrying pollen from one blossom to another; but, alas, there are hosts of insects not so refined, who feast on all sorts of abominable things, and in consequence carry the microbes of disease from one person to another. Travelers in Egypt tell us that in the summer it is no unusual thing to see the flies settling on the eyelids of the little sore eyed children, who are so used to these pests that they make no effort to drive them away. If the pollen can be carried on the legs and antennae of insects, the minute germs of the infectious discharge of Egyptian ophthalmia can be transported quite as easily. The similar disease of the eyes in Florida is spread, they say, by a little gnat, that does not bite, nor even settle, but that flies teasingly in the face, causing people to rub their eyes. When "sore eye" appears in gnat time, the disease literally takes to itself wings.

#### HOW FLIES CARRY DISEASE.

From the days of Pharaoh, when the plague of flies was followed by the death of the first born in every household, there have been many shrewd guesses at the relationship of flies to disease. The people of Holland have a saying, "*Een vliegenjaar, een ziekenjaar*," and that sage observer, doctor, and philosopher of London in the seventeenth century, Thomas Sydenham, laid down the rule that if swarms of insects, especially

house flies, were very abundant in summer, the following autumn was likely to be exceedingly unhealthy.

Now, the house fly has always been considered a troublesome but exceedingly useful pest. The housewife is perpetually told that, were it not for its scavenging propensities, the world would be a much dirtier place than it is; but modern science is very emphatic in its assertion that, with good plumbing and plenty of soap, water, and sunlight, the housekeeper can very well dispense with the assistance of flies.

It was a tradition in the middle ages that the Great Death, which we now know as the bubonic plague, was heralded by frequent changes in the weather, by fog and rain, by meteors, and by swarms of flies. However it may have been with the meteors, we realize now that the flies were not thrown in for effect. When atmospheric conditions were favorable to the breeding of the flies, the few cases of plague that always persisted in certain places had millions of winged emissaries to spread the germs, and the result was one of the epidemics that wasted countries and depopulated towns. Only half a century ago, the city of Bengazi, in Tripoli, lost two thirds of its population. The fact that this particularly filthy little town has been nicknamed the "Kingdom of Flies" has peculiar significance for us in the light of experiments that have been made to find out just what relation these insects bear to the spread of the disease.

To prove that flies as well as men and animals were able to contract the plague, a certain number of insects were allowed to feed on the crushed organs of an animal that had died of it, while an equal number of flies were fed on similar organs of a healthy animal. In several repetitions of this experiment all the infected flies were dead at the end of six or seven days, while nearly all the other flies were alive. All the dead flies had the living germs of the plague in their intestines. In plague stricken countries where there are no sewers, no garbage laws, and no sanitation, where dead animals lie unburied, where families live and eat and sleep in the same room, it is logical to conclude that the flies, the only natural scavengers, should become

infected, and should, in the few days that elapse before they die, infect all the food they light on.

#### HOW THE "GREAT DEATH" TRAVELS.

Flies are not the only insects that carry the plague. Ants and fleas are just as dangerous. In India, when a rat dies of the plague, his body is promptly eaten by ants. To prove that the insects contract the infection, an experimenter dipped the point of a needle in their excreta, and with it pricked some living rats and mice, which he kept carefully in cages. They in turn died of the plague. That such a slight thing as a pin prick is enough to allow the germs to enter the body of a human being is shown by the case of the two Japanese physicians who scratched themselves with the points of their instruments while making autopsies on plague patients, and immediately took the disease.

When we find an insect that punctures the skin, in addition to carrying the germs, we have an almost perfect means of inoculating men and animals. This is what the flea probably does. Dead rats and mice have always been associated with the history of the plague ever since the days when the Israelites were smitten with a pestilence for having disobeyed the Lord by going into the camp of the Philistines, and when four golden mice appeared with the propitiatory offerings. But it now seems to be not the rats and mice themselves, but the fleas which swarm upon them when they are too sick to rid themselves of the insects, that are the active agents in spreading the disease.

It has been noticed that natives who remove rats soon after their death are frequently stricken with the plague; whereas, if the rats are allowed to lie for twenty four hours, they may be handled with safety. The probable explanation of this is that the fleas leave the rats soon after they are dead, and attach themselves to other animals or to people. In the dirty and crowded quarters of the poor in the eastern home of the plague, it is fatal to scratch. The dreaded buboes or swellings frequently appear first at a point of irritation caused by the bite of a flea, and the lively insect is probably the means of

establishing that mysterious death connection between man and the lower animals. In view of this possibility, it would be a wise precaution, during epidemics, to throw scalding water on dead rats before they are removed, and to protect plague patients with mosquito netting, so that no insects can spread their malady.

#### FLIES AND CHOLERA.

Some fifty years ago, an American war vessel was at sea for nearly six months with cholera on board. The disease gradually diminished, and the flies, which had started with the craft in swarms, had died off, so that there was comparative freedom from the visible and invisible pests. On dropping anchor in Malta harbor, however, the disease again broke out violently, and yet there had been absolutely no connection with the shore, except through the flies that swarmed out to the ship.

Another of the vagaries of cholera is reported from a prison in India, where the men all took the disease, while the women, who were quartered on the opposite side of a high wall, escaped. The men's quarters, it seems, were in the path of a breeze that blew from some huts where natives were ill of cholera, and with the breeze came flies, which never went over the wall, but settled on the milk and food of the prisoners. This happened within recent days, and the microscope showed that the milk from which the flies had sipped was swarming with cholera germs.

The shrewd guesses of the sailors who associated the outbreak of cholera with flies, and the scientists' assertion that a single fly can, in one day, infect a quart of milk with a hundred colonies of cholera germs to each drop, lead us to condemn the carelessness of people who allow flies to have access to food and filth at the same time. The fatalistic orientals are no worse than the highly educated occidentals who are proud of their progress. What can we say of the carelessness that is shown on every hand in cases of typhoid fever and consumption? In a military camp near New York, some three years ago, everything in the tents where the typhoid patients lay was exposed to myriads of flies;

everything in the kitchen and dining tents, not far distant, was also open to the flies. To say that they passed back and forward was to put it mildly. They settled in swarms on soiled linen, utensils, everything that had been brought from the patients' bedsides to be disinfected; and they winged their way, with death on their feet, to the soldiers' food, to spread the disease through the camp.

#### TUBERCULOSIS AND TEXAS FEVER.

There is undoubtedly as much danger of contracting some form of tuberculosis through flies as there is of contracting cholera. The "white death," as this most fatal disease is called, does not seem to horrify us as it should, because it is so slow, so varied in its forms, and so hard to trace to its origin. The germs are constantly entering by the stomach to cause white swelling, curvature of the spine, hip disease, and decline; but how? The milk supply has been carefully watched since it was discovered that cattle often have tuberculosis, and that milk is a favorite medium for the germs to grow in.

We may license our cows, but who will license the flies? For they, too, have tuberculosis. In every instance when a fly caught in a consumptive's room has been examined, germs were found in its body. It needs no elaborate argument to make it plain that every single fly, as it goes to the kitchen for its next meal, will add a few germs to the food of the family, and that somewhere, probably in the body of a little child, the infection may take effect. The fiat should go forth, in any case of typhoid and consumption, that not a fly should be permitted on the premises under pain of death.

The house fly is not the only messenger of evil, for we learn that in Africa there is a certain insect called the tsetse fly that is the evil genius of certain lowlands known as the "fly country." Livingstone and other traders used to report the mysterious loss of their mules in these regions; and then they found that all animals—cattle, sheep, dogs, and cats—were affected by this disease which the natives called *nagana*. As soon as bacteriologists began to investigate, they found a parasite in the blood of the

sick animals. They also found that the wild animals of the woods had the same disease, and that a pricked drop of blood from a wild animal injected into a healthy tame animal would cause it to fall sick of *nagana*; but how the contagion took place, lacking a surgical operation, they could not see. Finally the tsetse fly was proved guilty, for when these flies were tied up in gauze bags, brought out of the "fly country" into a new and healthy region, and allowed to alight on animals, they promptly gave these latter the disease.

The problem of Texas fever in cattle, which was assuming such serious proportions, is now all centered on methods of dealing with the tick that buries itself in the hide, for experiments have proved that the tick is the only means of transmitting the fever from one animal to another. Grass carried from fever fields did not make cattle fall sick. Sick cattle from which all the ticks had been carefully picked could herd with other cattle, and never a new case; but let a herd of wild cattle be turned to graze alone in a field where Texas fever cattle had grazed before, and as soon as the infected ticks fastened on the animals they would fall sick. Even ticks hatched in an incubator from the eggs of a tick taken from a sick animal could transmit the fever to healthy cattle.

#### MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

But of all insects that spread infection, the mosquito is the one that has most surprised science by turning out to be the carrier of malaria. Stagnant water, swampy lands, night mists, upturned ground, and miasma, all of which have been regarded as causes of the disease, have proved to be but favorable conditions for certain common mosquitoes to breed, and the theory has finally been formulated: "No mosquitoes, no malaria."

Koch says that the mountain negroes in East Africa guessed this fact long ago, for when they go down to the plains, they say that they get a disease called *mbu* from certain insects of the same name, which sting them and cause them to fall sick. It is interesting to find that the insect *mbu* is the mosquito, and the disease *mbu* is malaria.



In the light of the mosquito malaria theory, many of the fanciful precautions of travelers in the tropics turn out to be eminently practical. Some have asserted that the "miasma" could not be breathed through a gauze veil. Emin Pasha held to the tradition that malaria could not pass through mosquito nets, and always took a pair of curtains with him when traveling in Africa. The Jeevas of the Punjab, who fish and catch wild fowl in reedy and malarial marshes, say that they never get the disease, though they stay in their boats all night long, because they wrap themselves at sunset in a peculiar costume which covers them from head to foot, and they always keep a smoldering fire in the boat.

Though many persons believed that malaria entered by the skin, like the Russian physician who said that he had never contracted the disease in malarial countries, because he had always slept in a mask and gloves, yet it never seemed to occur to physicians that it was the mosquito that punctured the skin and jabbed the germs into the blood. Now that the connection between mosquitoes and malaria is established, it is easy to see that all the accumulated experience concerning the habits of the disease apply just as well to the insect.

It is common in summer, especially in wet summers, and it almost dies out in winter. It is frequent in the open country and suburbs, and is seldom found in the center of large cities. It is more dangerous by night than by day, but a fire will keep it off. It is likely to attack any one who sleeps out of doors, especially on the ground. Any or all the conditions that raise a crop of mosquitoes will scourge a community with malaria, providing the mosquitoes are of the right species, and have already bitten any one with the malarial germs in his blood.

#### THE PROOF OF THE MOSQUITO THEORY.

The actual, demonstrable proof of the mosquito malaria theory took place in the Roman Campagna last summer, when an English royal commission made a test experiment. These scientific men created for themselves what they called the "mosquito hut," a severely simple house

whose chiefest attribute was that it was mosquito proof. There they lived and worked through the whole three months of the Roman summer, in the midst of the most pestilential weather. Cases of malaria were on every side of them, but none of the party fell ill.

To prove the reverse of the experiment, a few of the mosquitoes from the neighboring marshes, which had "smelt the blood of an Englishman," but had been rigorously debarred from a taste of it, were carried to London. There the son of Dr. Manson, who started the expedition, allowed himself to be bitten by the hungry travelers. He had never had malaria, and had never been in a malarial country, but in due time he came down with a severe and typical attack of "Roman fever."

While scientists have been proving that mosquitoes carry malaria, the microscope has been busy discovering how they do it. Entomologists, laboratory workers, bacteriologists, and physicians have contributed their experience and researches, with the result that we find that each of the three or four different kinds of malarial or intermittent fevers has its parasite in the blood, and each has its own species of mosquito which not only carries the parasite to other victims, but is essential for its complete development and reproduction.

For instance, when a "dapple winged" mosquito bites a person suffering with æstivo-autumnal or Southern malaria, or Roman fever—these being different names for the same form of the disease—it sucks in blood filled with little crescents. In the insect's stomach they undergo a marvelous change, swelling up, fusing together, and reproducing swarms of new curved rods, which finally reach the little creature's salivary gland, and are injected into every wound it makes in the human body. As soon as these parasites enter the human blood, they multiply enormously. Each curved rod becomes a crescent curling up in a blood corpuscle and ultimately destroying it. Just as the meadows break forth with daisies at a certain time in spring, so, at a certain stage of development, these crescent parasites all break in two and push the new ones out of the blood corpuscles.

The body at this juncture has a paroxysm called a chill, followed by a fever, which latter is probably the result of the onslaught of the white blood corpuscles trying to carry away the parasites. They partially succeed, but the process of multiplication goes on until the number is up to the limit again, and there is another chill, and so on, until quinine, which for some reason acts as a poison to these infinitesimal organism., is administered in sufficient quantity to put its quietus on the whole batch.

Malarial patients who live in a mosquito haunted district infect every mosquito that bites them, and they, in turn, infect everybody whom they bite. In countries where there is a great deal of malaria, crows, pigeons, and larks have an ailment closely resembling malaria, which they get by being bitten by mosquitoes at the moulting time. Many animals have a disease that shows the same sort of germs in their blood. It may therefore be quite possible that some bird or animal keeps the malaria germs going for the benefit of the chance explorer who penetrates parts unknown and finds mosquitoes and malaria awaiting him.

#### THE WAR AGAINST THE MOSQUITO.

When it becomes a question of defensive measures against insects, and, incidentally, against the diseases they may carry, our learned friends the bacteriologists are glad to go to housewives and cowboys or to any one whom practical experience has taught to avoid these pests. For house flies, the combination of cleanliness, screens, fly paper, and poison is a pretty safe one. But if there is a stable near, the fly larvæ and pupæ will breed in the manure, and unless it is placed in covered pits or sprinkled with lime, and the stable floor is sprinkled with petroleum, there will never be an end to the flies.

As for fleas, one author suggests a brilliant method of catching them that might be serviceable to travelers who pray for quiet sleep in strange hostelries. He made his servant tie sheets of sticky paper around his legs, and then walk through the rooms that were to be occupied. The hungry and unsuspecting fleas leaped forth with eager greetings

to the stranger, and his master slept well that night.

Gnats and mosquitoes are so common that we are tempted to think that the altar fires of the ancients, always offered to the gods on coming to any new place, may have been closely allied to smudges. We know that the Minotaur, the monster which demanded a certain number of Athenian youths and maidens as its victims every year, was but a personification of the deadly malaria of Greece and Italy; and now that we discover the mosquito's relation to the disease, we may wonder whether that small insect had anything to do with the fire worship of the ancients.

The surest relief from insect swarms in the woods is the method used by the Hudson Bay Company. Pyrethrum powder is moistened, shaped into little cones like a chocolate drop, and dried in an oven. When these are burned in a tent or room, they smolder slowly and stupefy all insects, which fall to the floor and may be swept up and burned. For personal relief the woodsman will neglect any part of his toilet sooner than his tar oil for his face and hands, and if he has work to do, he will set his birch bark smudges where the breeze will blow the fumes towards him.

The chief insect problem for the coming years is the extermination of the mosquitoes in malarial neighborhoods. To keep them out of houses, the first thing is to screen the doors and windows, and then to make a daily round of each room with that most efficient of home made traps, a tin can cover nailed like a shallow saucer on the end of a broomstick and filled with kerosene. This being elevated to the ceiling, and held for a second under each clinging mosquito, causes him to be overcome with the fumes of the oil, and to fall into the trap.

If no one ever made excursions out of doors, after nightfall, without the gauze veil and the Jeevah fisherman's costume, malaria would soon become extinct; but the problem can scarcely be solved in that way. The suburban dweller who considers the imputation of mosquitoes and malaria a slander on his property, must organize a relief committee, and see that every water barrel is

covered, that every rain hollow is filled up with earth, that every little pond is drained off, that every brook runs free, and that every larger pond is stocked with fish to eat up the pupæ and larvæ. Then he must start a subscription for petroleum—gallons, nay, hogsheads, he will require—and the surface of all the water in the neighborhood must be sprayed with it once a month through-

out the summer. Five dollars' worth will treat a hundred thousand square feet, covering it with a thin layer which prevents the young from breathing, and the female from laying her eggs. Petroleum is, up to the present day, the most effective and indeed the only known sure slayer of the mosquito, and therefore the only true preventive of the ravages of malaria.

## Chronicles of Us.

THE INTIMATE HISTORY OF SEVEN GOOD FRIENDS.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

### THE SEVEN:

CHARLOTTE, otherwise Mrs. McLean, a poster artist.

CAMERON, her son.

PAUL, a sculptor.

RUTH, a magazine writer.

LORRIMER FLOYD, a caricaturist.

LANSE { ambitious playwrights.

EVELYN }

### V—The Blond Lady.

IT was Lanse's first Sunday in the luxurious bachelor rooms that were to be his for a month, while their rightful owner was away. He woke up slowly, with a joyful consciousness that there was no family breakfast table awaiting his presence below, no grim remarks to be encountered from a somewhat old fashioned father, who did not sympathize with the artistic temperament, and cherished an annoying desire to have all his family about him during his solemn progress from oatmeal to hot cakes, *via* sausages or beefsteak. Lanse's indifference to the value and importance of eight o'clock as a breakfast hour, and his somewhat shuddering refusal of strong food, tried the old man quite as much as the discordant breakfast bell and the heavy, unbeautiful meal did the younger, though the latter bore it with more philosophy.

"Poor man, he can't understand." Lanse always concluded, with a shrug: "he has missed the best part of everything!"

This morning he dawdled up at his leisure, tubbed, shaved, and shampooed exhaustively, put on a flowered dressing gown with a blue silk cord, and whistled down a tube for his breakfast. When the

maid appeared with it, he was in an effective attitude in one corner of the divan, smoking a cigarette over the morning paper. She was an unattractive young person—he afterwards discovered that all the maids employed in this great bachelor establishment were strikingly plain; but she drew a table up beside him with a demure little air that was not displeasing, and showed a friendly solicitude about the softness of his egg. To Lanse it was all immensely picturesque, and he acted the part of a languid but affable young prince with so much satisfaction to himself that he felt no need of an audience.

When that scene was over, he played a little Chopin with one finger on the piano, and sang an aria with more dramatic feeling than voice; then, still thrillingly happy, he began to rummage in a carved chest. A blue silk kimono, heavily embroidered, tempted him out of his dressing gown and into its voluminous folds. An elaborate blond wig, its curls and puffs held in place with brass hairpins, made his happiness too great for any expression but stifled chuckles. He carefully put it on, and, sitting down with a hand glass, studied himself with deep admiration. Somewhat delicately cut features and a pink and white skin lent themselves well to the effect. He was so absorbed that he did not hear the outer door, which the maid had left open, pushed back, and steps that started boldly to cross the little entry, then stopped short.

Cameron, who had come down with a note from his mother, was standing transfixed, the sound of Lanse's laugh in his ears, his eyes fastened, through the opened portières, on a mirror that reflected a

startling sight—the back view of an elaborate blond lady who was looking at herself in a hand glass, readjusting her hairpins with delicate little feminine touches, her blue draperies sweeping around her. It was amazing—it was unbelievable!

The lady tipped her head to one side, holding the mirror off at arm's length. Catching his scattered wits, Cameron tiptoed out again, then tramped heavily in the hall and banged on the knocker. He heard a hurried scramble and a stifled laugh, a swish of silk and the quick closing of the door that led to the inner room of the suite. Then Lanse, in a dressing gown, appeared at the portières and invited him in with a show of somewhat confused cordiality.

A sudden embarrassment was on them both, and the boy got away as soon as he could with his answer. He came back to Charlotte brim full of mystery and suppressed laughter, but when she demanded an explanation he looked dubious and shook his head.

"Oh, it's nothing at all," declared Evelyn, who had just dropped in. "He's just a giggly little boy."

Cameron rose to this, of course, and promptly told all he knew.

"Oh, she was a bird," he concluded. "You ought to have seen her luffly yellow hair! Lanse was so rattled he didn't know what he was doing." But his story was a distinct failure. Evelyn had turned her back and was gazing out of the window, and Charlotte was staring at him with wide, tragic eyes.

"Cameron, you must have been mistaken," she exclaimed.

"But I saw her myself, in the mirror. She was doing little fussy things to her hair, like that. When I knocked I heard her run and the inner door shut—then Lanse came out, all in a funk. It was terribly funny," he insisted, but no one would smile, and he went off offended.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Charlotte after a pause. Evelyn stared persistently into the street, and made no response. "It's some cat who has contrived to get hold of him," Charlotte went on. "I can't understand it. Lanse is so fastidious, so—oh, I don't know! Tell me, what shall we do about it?"

"I really don't see why we should do anything," said Evelyn coldly. "He is quite old enough to take care of himself by this time."

"Very few men are that—at any age," said Charlotte with a sigh.

Evelyn turned slowly. Her eyes were narrowed, her mouth set in a hard line.

"It's queer," she said; "I'm so advanced—in theory. I can understand so much and accept so much and overlook so much—while it's in general. But the moment it's any one I know and care for, all the original narrow, philistine, stone throwing woman rises up in me. I don't feel as if I ever wanted to see Lanse again."

"But, my dear," urged Charlotte, "Lanse is a good boy. We both know that. If some cat has managed to get hold of him—well, it wouldn't be like Us not to stand by him and help him out. And no one has so much influence over him as you, Evelyn." The girl's face softened a little, though she frowned to hide it.

"What can one do?" she protested.

"Why, just be friendly, and suspect nothing, and let him see how much better worth while you are than that—thing. Oh, I'd like to wring her neck! Stand by him—I don't believe there's anything else one can do. Paul might—" A quick flush rose in Evelyn's face.

"Oh, don't tell Paul," she exclaimed. "I—I can't bear to have him know. Paul might commit crimes, but he—he wouldn't be a little fool!"

"We won't tell a soul," said Charlotte warmly. "We'll just be as good friends to him as we know how, and we'll have faith in him."

Now, it so happened that a temptation did come to Lanse that very day, a real temptation, much more potent than the apocryphal blond lady would have been in his case; and he fell. He would never have yielded if he had been living in the solid, uncompromising surroundings of his own grave home. But the charm of these lawless rooms, with their strange pieces of brass and silver, their harmonious colorings, their atmosphere of indulgence, stimulated him to a sudden hatred for the decorous round of his daily life. And upon that mood in walked Claude Gerry of the vaudeville stage, very blue and discouraged.

"Well, how's the play?" asked Lanse.

"Off," was the moody answer.

"Off!" Lanse exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes," said Gerry. "Here I write the whole cussed thing, Cochran not turning in a line. Then I hustle and persuade Barker to let us put it on at his theater for a trial performance, Cochran not doing a lick of work. Then I get all the press people, and all the vaudeville managers, and all his friends and mine who could shake up a laugh, to promise to be there—Cochran not drumming up a soul. And then, at the last moment, Cochran gets a

chance to rant around at a fresh air for little orphans benefit, and gives me the dirty shake. Now, what do you think of that?"

"Just exactly what you think," said Lanse indignantly. "Can't you get some one else?" Gerry shook his head.

"Too late. Besides, there isn't a man in town who can play leading lady like Cochran—blast him! And a woman in the part would spoil it."

"I know," said Lanse; "he's good stuff. I'll never forget his 'Lady on Broadway.'" He jumped up and took the stage, catching up his dressing gown as Cochran did his petticoats, and throwing himself forward in an absurd imitation of the modern feminine walk. Lanse always did women's parts when they acted "Alfaretta, the Little Slave Girl," in their inspired moments at Charlotte's suppers.

A light flashed into Gerry's eyes and he started to speak, then bit off the sentence and considered for a moment.

"That was a good thing," he commented casually. "Did you see his 'Princess Mud'?"

"I should say so;" and Lanse gave it with considerable abandon.

"See here," began Gerry, taking out his cigar, "you can act." Lanse threw himself down, laughing somewhat excitedly. Anything pertaining to the stage always went to his head.

"Only women's parts," he said. "I can't do a man to save my neck. I'm self conscious. But with a wig and a skirt——"

"See here," said Gerry again; "take Cochran's part for me Thursday afternoon."

The two men stared at each other for a moment. Then Lanse began to protest. Gerry cut him short.

"It's an easy part. You can do it," he insisted. "I'll rehearse you every night and every day at lunch time. It will teach Cochran a lesson he'll never forget, if we make it go without him."

"But, my dear fellow, my father would—blow up," exclaimed Lanse. "Matters are strained enough between us now; he thinks I'm rather a degenerate because I try to write plays. But this——!"

"Well, why need he know?" Gerry suggested. "Don't tell a soul, and I won't. It will be 'Gerry and Cochran' on the placards, just as usual, and not twenty people will be on to the difference when you're made up—and they won't know who you are."

Lanse made a last faint hearted stand against temptation.

"But, you know, I'm in business."

"Well, don't you sometimes take an afternoon off without explaining to the firm?" Gerry argued. "Come on down to my place and have a look at the piece any way," he added artfully.

"I might do that," Lanse rather weakly consented.

When, a few hours later, the different members of *Us* assembled for their regular Sunday night supper at Charlotte's, Lanse was represented only by a telegram: "So sorry that I can't come. Detained by business." Charlotte read it sorrowfully and handed it to Evelyn, who shrugged and tossed it aside, but nevertheless grew rather pale and silent. With an energetic tightening of her lips, Charlotte wrote him a note, asking him to come and see her the next night.

"I'm going to have it out with him," she vowed to herself. "He has got to choose between us and—that cat. And I think he will choose right."

Lanse, however, gave her no chance, for he sent back word that he would be "up to his eyes in work" on Monday night, and could not come. At the same time Evelyn received a note from him, begging off from an engagement they had had for Tuesday night, on the same novel pretext.

On Wednesday, at noon, Evelyn, with a sense of dismay, saw him coming towards her on Broadway. Her first impulse was to slip down a cross street and avoid him; but Charlotte's words, "It wouldn't be like *Us* not to stand by him," were still sounding reproachfully in her ears, and she went on reluctantly. Her resentment softened a little when she saw how careworn and unhappy he looked.

"Well," she said cheerfully, "I haven't seen you for ages."

"I know you haven't," he answered with a certain embarrassment. "You see, I've been—busy."

"I'm going to take luncheon down town," she went on. "Don't you want to come with me?"

"I wish I could," he said, "but I've got to meet a—a friend."

Evelyn felt herself grow rigid, but made a desperate effort and kept her voice friendly.

"Well, walk a block with me, and tell me what you've been doing?" she suggested pleasantly. "You may not believe it, but we've missed you."

Lanse, who was tired with rehearsing half the night, disgusted with having rushed into what cold daylight showed him to be a foolish scrape, and nervous



for possible consequences, answered irritably:

"Oh, I've been making about seven kinds of an ass of myself!"

Evelyn felt a sudden tenderness for this sinner who had so evidently repented of his offenses.

"Poor boy," she said gently. He struck at the pavement with his stick.

"It's just that I've let myself be tempted into something that—bothers me," he said, frowning. "I hate the whole thing, by daylight; and yet every night I'm as big a fool as ever. That's the worst of it."

"And you can't—break away? Walk right out?"

He shook his head.

"It wouldn't be fair now. I'm in too far. No, I've simply got to see the thing through."

"Can't any one help you?" she asked earnestly. "Your father——"

"My father!" he interrupted. "If he finds out, he'll never speak to me again—except to fire me out of the business. Well"—with a shrug—"I won't weep on your shoulder any more just now. It will all come out some way. Good by, my dear."

"You're risking a good deal, Lanse," she warned him gravely, holding his hand for a moment.

"I know," he nodded. "But it can't be helped. I'll tell you all about it afterwards."

"Indeed you won't do any such thing," Evelyn said to herself as she turned away. "Oh, dear, things will never be the same. I hate men!"

The next morning they all received notes from Lanse asking them to come to a certain up town vaudeville theater that same afternoon.

"A friend of mine is going to try on a new farce, and I want to help him out all I can," he wrote. "Do come and make it go. It's to be put on at four thirty, right after the biograph, and if it pleases the management Gerry will be sent out on the circuit with it, and make pots of money. Don't clap much, but laugh a lot. It's a fool thing, but you'll like it. You'll come, won't you?"

Of course they would. No one of us ever refused an appeal of that kind. At half past four they were all in their seats, blinking at the biograph and totally unsuspecting. When the last of the wounded had been landed at Spion Kop, two attendants appeared before the curtain and set up placards announcing "Gerry and Cochran."

"Children, do your best," Charlotte signaled along the line. Evelyn smiled back

with an effort. It was rather a dreary business to her, this farce.

The curtains parted, disclosing the vaudeville idea of a boudoir. A tall woman in blue draperies trailed languidly across the stage, and, seating herself at the toilet table, began to readjust the hairpins in her elaborate blond hair. Cameron, after one look, bent hastily down and disgraced the party with an explosive choke. They all stared at him in wonder as he gradually struggled back to something like composure.

"Mother," he gasped, leaning across Evelyn, "that's—that's—her!"

"What her?" demanded Charlotte, with a sudden sinking in her chest.

"Why, you know—the blond lady—last Sunday down at Lanse's——"

"Nonsense!" said his mother sharply.

"Well, it is," persisted Cameron. "Same hair, same gown, same everything. I know it!"

Charlotte drew her breath in sharply, and was careful not to look at Evelyn, who sat rigidly still. This was a little too bad, to bring them here to applaud—that cat! Of course, he didn't dream they knew; but it was dreadful, and meant the end of Lanse. Charlotte silently foreswore all friendship for a man who could do a thing like that.

Gerry had come in and was bustling about the stage, scolding volubly. The figure at the mirror turned with ultra feminine languor and looked at him with raised eyebrows. Charlotte caught Evelyn's hand and held it convulsively. Evelyn, whose eyes were not on the stage, tried to draw it away; but at that moment the blond lady spoke.

There was a laugh from the house, just that moment fully awake to the fact that this blue draped person was a man. At the voice the six had exchanged startled glances, and now leaned forward breathlessly. The blond lady sauntered down to the front and spoke again in her incongruous voice, with a little gesture there was no mistaking—the imperious wave of the haughty countess in "Alfaretta, the Little Slave Girl." The house chuckled, but from the third row came a burst of laughter so spontaneous, so ringing, that it spread irresistibly through the whole theater, and ended in a crash of applause. The leading lady bit her lip, and had to be prompted before she could go on with her lines.

Cameron turned to his mother with tears of laughter on his face.

"It was Lanse—Lanse all the time," he exploded. "Oh, wasn't that one on me!"

Evelyn clung to Charlotte's hand and the two bent their heads down and caught their breath hysterically. Then they lifted wet, shining eyes to the stage.

"Oh, well, if you can't keep your temper, Bartholomew," said the leading lady, and swept off disdainfully. A few moments later an usher brought Evelyn a note:

"For heaven's sake, don't breathe that it isn't Cochran, or give me away. Do you think I'm an awful idiot? Do you hate me for doing it?"

She handed it to Charlotte and borrowed a pencil of the usher.

"Oh, Lanse, it's the nicest thing that ever happened," she scribbled back with trembling fingers.

#### IN AN ITALIAN CONVENT.

WITHIN my narrow room the sunlight falls  
And writes upon the floor, then passes on,  
Leaving a message from the sweet fair world  
Unfinished in the dusky gloom once more.  
Each day it writes me of the sunset skies,  
The Arno flowing purple underneath,  
Orchards and vineyards and the gray walled town,  
Of him—but always here the message ends  
In the black shade thrown by my crucifix.  
Why stand between, Lord Christ? For thou art kind:  
Thy lovely world it is they shut away;  
Thou gavest us the love we are denied!  
I hear his voice above the Kyrie  
Calling to me—ah, let me answer him!  
Might not Madonna intercede for me?  
She smiles so gently on her little son,  
I sometimes wish I might creep up to her,  
To touch her baby's cheek or kiss his hair;  
For never, never now my vows are sealed,  
May a sweet baby lie within my arms.  
Some day, perhaps, when I am very old,  
Christ will appear as to Sienna's saint,  
And give me proof that I have done His will  
In yielding life and love and tiny hands.  
Christ loved His mother; she was holy, pure;  
All mothers should be blessed for her sake.  
Yet motherhood is sin! Irene was good.  
And so was Guido, whom she wed last year:  
Why were it sin for me? We did no wrong.  
Our love a sin? I never praised Lord God  
Until I thanked Him for your priceless love!  
I knew no worship till within your arms  
I learned what His new earth and heaven meant!  
I might have been thy wife by now, and more,  
With all a wife's God given hopes fulfilled.  
Were this cold sill thy shoulder, best lov'd,  
Here would I kneel, thy hand about my neck:  
This rosary should be a baby's toy,  
My prayer a lullaby low sung, to soothe  
The little wakeful son upon thy knees;  
And he should have thine eyes, thy lips, thy smile.  
As we three shared our kisses, husband, lord!  
Mary, of mothers tenderest and best,  
Holding thy little babe in happy arms,  
Ah, teach me how to fold my empty ones  
Upon a quiet breast as should a nun!  
One comfort only send to strengthen me.  
It falls my turn on each Ascension Day  
To 'broider for thy Babe a festal robe;  
Then as I work in humble reverence,  
Weaving white lilies on the little coat,  
For that short moment let me be in thought  
A happy woman sewing at her door  
While with her foot she rocks her child to sleep.

*Edith de Charms.*

# THE STAGE

## THE COMING SEASON.

The rôle of prophet is always hazardous, and in the realm of the theater a forecaster labors under special disadvantages. Managers nowadays delay final decisions until the last moment, in the hope of securing, by some lucky stroke, a play or a player that will create a sensation. When definite plans are formed, a certain secrecy is maintained with regard to them, and, deepest pitfall of all for the luckless prophet, theatrical arrangements are more likely to be overturned than are those of any other calling. A star may fall ill, or a play prove disappointing at rehearsals; and such a trifle as a dispute over dressing rooms has been known to break up a whole troupe.

In order to gratify the playgoing public's natural desire to know what will be offered to it the coming season, THE MUSEY presents, as in years past, such information as is procurable at the time of writing. It should be distinctly understood that no guarantee accompanies this article. The so called Broadway houses, meaning those that charge the highest prices, shall first be considered.

### AT THE BROADWAY HOUSES.

The first opening of a Broadway theater, according to present plans, will be at the Bijou, where David Warfield will appear as a star in "The Auctioneer." Associated with him will be Marie Bates, who was the *Aunt Rosa* in "Zaza," and who will return to the broader humor of the *Mrs. Murphy* character which gained her renown in "Chimmie Fadden." It was at the Bijou on a September night three years ago that Warfield's predecessor at Weber & Fields—Sam Bernard—made his plunge as a star, in "The Marquis of Michigan," and sank with it as a dead-weight about his neck. After creating various rôles at the Casino and the New York, and disporting himself for a while in vaudeville, Mr. Bernard returns this autumn to his old place in the Weber-fieldian fold. Following "The Auctioneer," May Irwin will appear at the Bijou in a new farce. Very probably the author will be Ramsay Morris, whose "Madge Smith, Attorney," helped Miss Irwin out

last year when Glen McDonough's "Belle of Bridgeport" supplied her with the novel experience of seeing vacant seats at her performances. The third Bijou bill of the season will be Amelia Bingham, producing, in the latter part of January, a new play by the English dramatist, Had-don Chambers, author of "The Tyranny of Tears." Miss Bingham's company will, in the main, remain the same as it was last season, with the exception of Clara Blood-good, who goes with Elsie de Wolfe.

At the Broadway Theater, which Jacob Litt has promised shall remain in the dollar and a half ranks, we shall doubtless see John Mason as a star, possibly in a dramatization of Stanley Weyman's novel, "The Castle Inn," which ran as a serial in THE MUSEY from January to October, 1898. Then, in the way of melodrama, for which this house is peculiarly well adapted, there will be "The Queen of Society," written to order for Mr. Litt by Cecil Raleigh, the English playwright, author of "The Price of Peace," and various other big Drury Lane offerings.

The Casino will open the season with a new musical comedy which De Koven and Smith are preparing for Anna Held. For the time, at least, these old collaborators are making no attempt to write operas like "Robin Hood," and are following the fad of the day in producing musical concoctions with melodies subordinate to the story. Miss Held will have for her leading comedian Charles A. Bigelow, who has been with her for the past two seasons in "Papa's Wife." After Miss Held, the Casino will probably be given over to "The Silver Slipper," the successor to "Florodora."

William Faversham will open the Criterion, graduating from leading man of the Empire into a star, in "A Royal Rival," being a new version of "Don Caesar de Bazan" by Gerald du Maurier, the artist author's actor son, which was produced for the first time in London last May by Lewis Waller. "Don Caesar's Return," written by Victor Mapes for James K. Hackett, is built upon the same foundation, which was laid by Victor Hugo in "Ruy Blas." Mrs. Leslie Carter, in "Madame du Barry," will follow Faversham about November 25, giving way, in

February, to Julia Marlowe, who plans to appear in a revival of a standard modern comedy, a Shakspeare production, and an entirely new play. Miss Marlowe declares that she will not again jeopard her health by the strain of playing one arduous part a whole season.

"The Messenger Boy," English musical comedy, will make merry at Daly's from September until holiday time, and possibly longer. New York has waited nearly two years for this London Gaiety hit, which is to be cast with an American company headed by James T. Powers in the title rôle. Others already engaged are May Robson, who will make her first appearance in musical comedy, and young Tom Whiffen. If a "San Toy" strike is made with the piece, Daniel Frohman's stock will find itself without a home after its return from a long tour. However, the Lyceum, its old quarters, may receive the wanderers while mirth and melody is permitted to go on its romping way at Daly's for the rest of the season.

As usual, John Drew will start things at the Empire in early September—"in a new play," the announcement says. It is understood that Clyde Fitch has written one for him, but as Mr. Drew went abroad in June to look for something in London, it looks as if he was not entirely satisfied with the American playwright's work. He may secure "The Second in Command." At any rate, it is to be hoped that he will not chance upon such another misfit as "Richard Carvel." Although the money lost in New York during the "Carvel" engagement was in a measure recovered on the road, Mr. Drew cannot afford to trifle with his prestige by making himself ridiculous in an unsuitable rôle set against a background of cheap play building.

The Empire stock will travel westward, meantime, as far as San Francisco, returning to the home theater about Christmas with Charles Richman and Margaret Anglin at its head. If Mr. Frohman does not give it to Drew, their new play may be "The Wilderness," by H. V. Esmond, author of "When We Were Twenty One," produced by George Alexander in the spring at his London St. James.

Forbes Robertson may possibly follow Sothern at the Garden, and give Americans a chance to see his *Hamlet*, which has won extravagant praise in London. He and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, will also present "Romeo and Juliet."

After opening with "Are You a Mason?" the Garrick will next have Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks." In Oc-

tober comes Charles Hawtrey with his London company in "A Message from Mars," which, if it has only half the success achieved in England, will hold the Garrick's stage for the remainder of the season.

Andrew Mack, Chauncey Olcott's rival, is to make his first venture in a Broadway house at the Herald Square, opening in a play revolving about Tom Moore, the Irish poet, written by Theodore Burt Sayre. Peter F. Dailey, in "The Wine Agent," may also be seen at the Herald Square, and time is held here for Richard Mansfield, who may present the spectacular "Herod," the poetical play written by Stephen Phillips which Beerbohm Tree produced in London, or a dramatization of "Monsieur Beaucaire." From "Herod" to "In the Soup," an English farce, is a far cry, but the two are likely to be seen in the same theater.

Francis Wilson in "The Strollers" is a summer connecting link at the Knickerbocker. The regular season will see "The Rogers Brothers in Washington," followed by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "Coriolanus" and repertoire. Maude Adams will play a new comedy written for her by J. M. Barrie, with its scene laid in the Napoleonic period. Later Virginia Harned will be seen in "Alice of Old Vincennes," and it is promised that William Gillette will play *Hamlet*. When Manager Frohman announced last winter that the author and star of "Secret Service" and "Sherlock Holmes" would essay the *Prince of Denmark*, it was taken as a joke, but Mr. Frohman insists that both he and Mr. Gillette are very much in earnest.

Bertha Galland, whose rise has been meteoric, will shine as a lone star in a dramatization of Maurice Hewlett's "The Forest Lovers," at the Lyceum. Her leading man will be Harry P. Stanford, who made such a favorable impression as *Robespierre's* son with Henry Irving. Annie Russell will follow in "A Royal Family" and in a new play by Louis N. Parker, who wrote "Rosemary."

The Manhattan is not to be demolished after all. It has been leased by Harrison Grey Fiske, proprietor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, husband of Minnie Maddern Fiske, and implacable foe of the theatrical trust. He plans to have the theater thoroughly overhauled—there is no house in New York that needs it more—and to open in September with Mrs. Fiske, who has been kept out of the metropolis for two years owing to her fight with the syndicate. Her first play, "Miranda of the Balcony," is founded on the novel of that

name, and in her company she will have those sterling artists, J. E. Dodson and Annie Irish.

It is possible that Mr. Frohman will reopen the Madison Square with the new French comedy "La Petite Fonctionnaire," whose author, Alfred Capus, scored such a success with "La Veine" at the Comedie Française. Later we shall doubtless again see William Collier at the Madison Square, in a comedy now being written by Madeleine Lucette Ryley.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, the Grau season will be compressed to ten weeks instead of the fifteen it covered last winter and the seventeen of the year before. The company, however, is to spend a long time in the country, again going as far west as the Pacific, and not opening in New York until about Christmas. As to the roster of singers, it is perhaps easier to name those who will not be in it than those who will. Among the absentees may be set down Melba, Nordica, Bréval, and possibly Saléza. Grau hopes to have with him, for New York at least, the brothers de Reszké, Calvé, Eames, and Ternina, also the indefatigable Dippel, who has grown to be almost as useful as the faithful "little Bauermeister" herself.

The Republic's second year will begin on September 23 with a revamped version of three tales from Ian Maclaren's collection, called "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." The original play was produced in Washington two or three years ago, found wanting, and finally handed over to Augustus Thomas with the request that he should give it a good shaking up. It is the result of this heroic treatment that Kirke La Shelle will bring to New York next month. The veteran J. H. Stoddart and Reuben Fax will again be leaders in the cast. Following this engagement, W. A. Brady, late of the Manhattan, has secured eleven weeks at the Republic. Later Kyrle Bellew, in "A Gentleman of France," is to appear there, and so will Henrietta Crosman, in a new play by the author of "Mistress Nell."

Charles Frohman will have the Savoy, which he may open with "La Veine" and possibly follow with the new English comedy by Basil Hood, "Sweet and Twenty." The major part of the year will doubtless be given over to Mary Mannering, as her manager, Frank McKee, is associated with Mr. Frohman in the direction of the house. Miss Mannering announces a new leading man, Walter Hale, last seen in New York as the villain in "Arizona."

Wallack's opening is set down for Labor

Day, September 2, with Miss Mannering's husband, James K. Hackett, in "Don Caesar's Return." Mr. Hackett's new leading woman is to be Florence Kahn, who was *Chorus* in "Henry V" with Mansfield last year, while such strong players as W. J. Le Moyne and Theodore Roberts are also on the roster. It is announced that the run of "Don Caesar" is to be limited to four weeks, as Mr. Hackett has a new play by an American author on an American subject which he is anxious to produce, to say nothing of "The Crisis," sequel to "Richard Carvel." It will be a novelty to see Mr. Hackett in everyday surroundings, but if "Don Caesar" turns out a winner, there is little likelihood of a change of bill. Theater folk are fond of casting an anchor to windward in the shape of this "first play of the engagement" line on the bill, in order to let themselves down easy in case of a fiasco. Mr. Hackett is booked at Wallack's for eleven weeks, after which Charles Frohman produces at this house Augustus Thomas' next State play, "Colorado."

#### STARS, STOCK, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

"Arizona" will open the season in August at the Academy of Music, with elaborate spectacular accessories, for a run of thirteen weeks, after which William A. Brady is scheduled to put on a new rural piece. This in turn will give way to a production by David Belasco in the second week in January, and the season will end up with a revival of "Way Down East."

At the two repertoire company theaters, the same policy will be maintained that was so successful during the past year. The American continues to make melodrama its leading card, and next season will add the Sardou pieces to its list, while the Murray Hill will accentuate comedy. Each theater now has a good clientele of its own, and their low prices are a boon to play lovers with slim pocketbooks. Last year the American brought out several new dramas, and at the Murray Hill the Hoyt farces were given for the first time in stock houses. The latter theater also took the initiative in reviving the old custom of presenting a visiting star with stock support.

Inspired by the success of Amelia Bingham, Elsie de Wolfe proposes to launch out with a strong company of her own in a play of American life by Clyde Fitch, called "The Way of the World." Mr. Fitch is likewise down as the author of "The Marriage Game," to be exploited by Sadie Martinot.

On October 7, at the Tremont Theater,



Boston, Mrs. Le Moyne will create the part of *Madame de Maintenon* in a new play by Marion Crawford. Robert T. Haines is to be her leading man. E. M. Holland, it is rumored, will enact the title rôle in a dramatization of "Eben Holden," which Charles Frohman will put forth. This matter of plays from novels has resolved itself into a war between the critics and the managers. The critics seem determined to banish book dramas from the

people that "Marcelle" was bad, and Blanche Walsh was compelled to shelve it. Miss Walsh will next try "Joan of the Sword Hand."

Ada Rehan, who is in poor health, is taking a long vacation. When she appears again it will be in a modern society play, now being written for her by Martha Morton, from whom the public has not heard for several years. Miss Morton first came into notice with a drama called "The



SCENE FROM SECOND ACT OF "UNDER TWO FLAGS." BLANCHE BATES AS CIGARETTE, DEFENDING THE BEDOUIN AGAINST THE SOLDIERS IN THE ACE OF SPADES WINE SHOP—"SHAME ON YOU! SO MANY AGAINST ONE!"

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

boards, and the managers are no less resolved to cling to them as long as there is a shred of profit left in the venture, whether that profit be all made outside of New York or not. The preliminary advertising is too tempting a tidbit for them easily to forego. "The Gentleman from Indiana" is another book Mr. Frohman will doubtless stage in the near future.

After all, the public appears inclined to agree with Richard Mansfield's opinion that average theatrical criticism is only the personal opinion of an individual. "Florodora" was chillingly received by the press, but the public took the matter in hand for itself, and turned the piece into the big money winner of the season. On the other hand, "Mrs. Dane's Defense" was highly eulogized by the reviewers, but did only a fair business from first to last. An yet the newspapers told

Merchant," which took a prize offered by a newspaper, and in which Henry Miller appeared with considerable success at the Madison Square Theater. Later she wrote for Crane some of his hits, among them "His Wife's Father" and "A Fool of Fortune."

Augustus Thomas, who is coming into nearly as great demand as Clyde Fitch, has written the new farce that Peter F. Dailey will use, and has also collaborated with Eugene Presbrey on a comedy called "Rex," for Harry Woodruff. Among other arrangements for the coming season may be mentioned Lulu Glaser in a piece that is more of a musical comedy than the vehicle with which she was handicapped last fall, and Edmund D. Lyons, the *Nero* of "Quo Vadis," as the hero of a play founded on Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," which would seem to por-



PERCY HASWELL, FORMERLY OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY, LATELY LEADING WOMAN AT THE LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WASHINGTON.

*From her latest photograph by Gilbert, Washington.*

tend that novels having been run into the ground, the ruthless dramatizer is now going to begin on poetry. But we have by no means seen the last of the staged stories. The Nick Carter thrillers are to be laid under contribution, and it has been rumored that Oscar Hammerstein will open his new Drury Lane, in Thirty Fourth Street, with the first of a series of these dime hair raisers.

Both Edward Morgan and Katherine Grey, who headed the cast in the "Christian" revival in Chicago last spring, are to go forth with companies of their own the coming season, Morgan with a dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Master of Ballantrae," and Miss Grey in a play called "On the Heights." Charles Frohman has engaged Alice Nielsen, whom he proposes to place in a musical version of "Madame Sans Gêne." Otis Skinner will appear in "A Heretic," Henry Miller in "Darcy of the Guards," and Tim Murphy (to be known hereafter as Timothy Lawrence Murphy) in "A Capitol Comedy," by Mr. Mansfield's representative, Paul Wiltach.

#### THE STORY OF EDNA MAY.

When Edna May returned to her former home in Syracuse last January, to visit her father, a letter carrier, there was a big

crowd at the station and red fire in the street. It was an event. And really Edna May Pettie-Titus deserved the acclaim, because she has done more to disprove Lincoln's oft quoted saw about fooling people than any actress on the stage. She was Miss Edna Pettie when she played *Calliope Ayre* in Hoyt's "A Contented Woman" at the Madison Square, in January, 1897. Before that she was in Hammerstein's "Santa Maria," which cost its author a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. When "A Contented Woman" went on the road, she applied for admission to the Casino chorus. Mr. Lederer put her on the waiting list, and when "The Belle of New York" came up for production, he paralyzed his associates by declaring



MARGARET ANGLIN, NOW THE REGULAR LEADING WOMAN OF THE EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY.

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.*



EDNA MAY AS OLGA IN "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY WHICH WENT FROM NEW YORK TO LONDON.

*From her latest photograph by Dinturff, Syracuse.*

that he was going to give her the leading part.

"But she hasn't any experience," they told him.

"So much the better," he replied.

"Doesn't the rôle call for innocence, demureness? We shall be able to give the public the genuine article. I'm not booming Miss Pettie. I'm only fitting the girl to the part."



Mr. Lederer has affirmed that he drilled Miss May in her every movement, even measuring out the steps she must take to

she nor "The Belle of New York" made any impression in New York, although no one could deny the rare charm of her pret-



MARCIA VAN DRESSER AS THE PRINCESS OF EBOLI IN "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

*From her latest photograph by Dana, New York.*

the footlights, arranging for a smile when she reached this point on the boards, a sigh when she arrived at that, and so on. This Miss May has denied, and has ascribed her success to that indefinable thing we call "temperament." Neither

tininess and demure innocence. She can't sing much, she can't act much, and she dances no better than she sings or acts; but she can make an exquisite picture, and as the Salvation Army Lassie she was at her best—a sweet, good, pure little maid



ESTELLE WENTWORTH, THE  
NEW SOPRANO OF THE  
BOSTONIANS.

*From a photograph by Schloss,  
New York.*



GEORGE DE LONG, OF THE  
DOUBLE SEXTET IN  
"FLORODORA."

*From a photograph by Thors,  
San Francisco.*



MARGUERITE ARDEN, OF THE  
"BEAUX AND BELLES"  
OCTET IN VAUDEVILLE.

*From a photograph by Rockwood,  
New York.*

who seemed to have wandered upon the stage by mistake. While London failed to take "The Belle of New York" seriously, Edna May made such a tremendous hit that she appeared in it for seven hundred performances. She was a sensation. People gathered about the stage door to see her enter and leave the theater. Of course the usual stories were told about young noblemen paying homage to her, and it was said that one admirer killed himself on her account.

When Edna May tried to make "An American Beauty" succeed, it was proven that her personality couldn't carry any-

thing. In "The Girl From Up There" she has again attempted to duplicate her London hit, and Charles Frohman has renewed his contract with her.

#### MADE BY "THE LADY SLAVEY."

Virginia Earl is French on her father's side, and Irish on her mother's. She was born in Cincinnati, and appeared on the stage when only thirteen in "The Mikado." She began to attract attention when she assumed Della Fox's part, *Prince Mataya*, in a road company that gave "Wang." She gained metropolitan recog-



LOUIS MANN AND HIS WIFE, CLARA LIPMAN, STARRING IN "ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA."

*From photographs by Schloss, New York.*





ROBERT T. HAINES, TO BE LEADING MAN NEXT SEASON FOR MRS. LE MOYNE.

*From a photograph by Hoge & Hadaway, New York.*



KYRLE BELLEW, TO STAR NEXT SEASON HERE IN "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE."

*From his latest photograph by Falk, Melbourne.*

dition at the Casino in the title rôle of "The Lady Slavey." When Augustin Daly brought out "The Circus Girl," he engaged her to play the opposite rôle to Cyril Scott, and she instantly became leading favorite in his musical company. She was altogether captivating in the revival of "The Geisha," and later made a *Runaway Girl* of enchanting qualities. Mr. Daly's death sent her back to the Casino, where for a year or two she was muffled in unsuitable parts. In "The Girl From Up There" she has a sprightly character to depict, and she does it admirably. A London notice describes her as a "skilled vocalist." In New York she is best liked for her winsomeness and a certain *chic* air which, if one has it not by right of dowe-



HILDA SPONG, LEADING WOMAN OF DANIEL FROHMAN'S STOCK COMPANY AT DALY'S.

*From her latest photograph by Dana, New York.*

er, is as impossible to acquire as to describe with an approach at accuracy.

The first performance in London of "The Girl From Up There," at Charles Frohman's Duke of York's Theater on April 23, was received with some expressions of disapproval by the gallery, that troublesome factor with which happily managers "in the States" have no experience. This practice of "booing" a piece sometimes has no reference to the quality of the performance itself. The "boos" organize themselves into a kind of cabal, predetermined to make things unpleasant for the management if the latter has in any way displeased them. On the occasion in question they chose to consider that Mr. Frohman, fearing them, had packed his the-



VIRGINIA EARL AS PHRYNETTE IN "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE," WHICH SERVED TO INTRODUCE HER TO THE LONDON PUBLIC.

*From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.*

ater with his own friends, and in consequence the gallery was hostile.

#### THE ROOF GARDEN SEASON.

Although the public, from force of habit, still alludes to summer aerial resorts as "roof gardens," the prominent ones of Gotham are so no longer, in the strict sense of the term. The fear of rain has ousted the desire for the free airs of

heaven, and the crunch of gravel under one's feet has been exchanged for solid boards, while what breeze there is must find its way prosaically in at the windows.

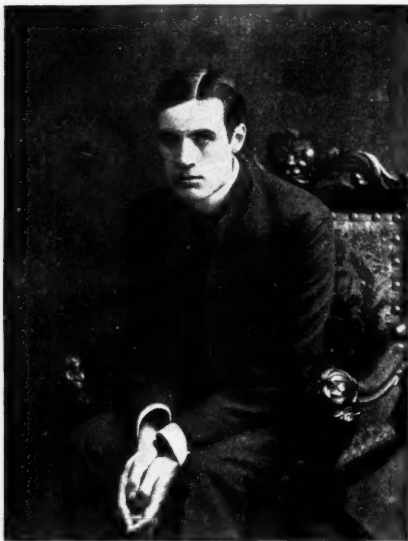
It would seem that the failure of the Metropolitan English opera scheme in midwinter fired managers with the determination to give New Yorkers a plethora of the article in the summer. In addition to the Lion Park affair begun last year, this season William Parry, late of the





MAUD HOFFMAN, LEADING WOMAN WITH E. S. WILLARD, AS LUCY IN "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY."

*From her latest photograph by Keuney, Boston.*



EDWARD MORGAN, WHO IS TO STAR IN "THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE," AS HE APPEARED IN "THE CHRISTIAN."

*From his latest photograph by Rose, Providence.*

Metropolitan itself, is presenting at Terrace Garden "El Capitan" and "The Isle of Champagne," while the roof of the American, late home of the Castle Square

forces, is being used for still another series of light opera performances. Then, at Manhattan Beach, there are the revivals of the Daly musical comedy successes.



AGNES PALMER, WHO ENACTED LADY BABBIE IN THE WESTERN "LITTLE MINISTER" COMPANY.

*From a photograph by Zimmerman, St. Paul.*



OLIVE REDPATH, WHO LAST APPEARED IN "NAUGHTY ANTHONY," THEN MARRIED AND RETIRED FROM THE STAGE.

*From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

# THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

THE REVOLUTION THAT HAS OPENED THE REALM OF OUTDOOR SPORT TO WOMAN, AND THE CHANGES IT HAS BROUGHT IN HER HABITS, HER DRESS, AND HER HEALTH.

NOT long since, a very entertaining writer, named Gerald Stanley Lee, who seemed to be suffering from an attack of that scorn of majorities which is inevitable in a country ruled by them, ridiculed the pretensions of the crowd, and jeered at the intelligence which sought to accomplish all things by monster mass meetings. He made numerous witty remarks on the convention as a cure all, and to prove how very slight is its influence, when compared with that of the single enlightened mind, he instanced the dress reformer and the bicycle. He declared that what conferences unnumbered and "movements" beyond the possibility of counting had failed to do had been quietly

accomplished by the unaided efforts of the man who placed the first "ladies' wheel" upon the market.

There may be, of course, some who will object to Mr. Lee's contention, and who will claim that the Hartford manufacturer owes as much to women as women owe to him; who will assert that only minds prepared by the discourses of the delegates to many conventions would have given open welcome to a toy requiring a marked change in attire.

However that may be, one point is indisputable; to whomsoever the athletic woman owes her existence, to him or her the whole world of women owes a debt incomparably great. Absolutely no other



THE ATHLETIC GIRL ON THE GOLF LINKS—OF THE TWELVE HUNDRED GOLF CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES THERE IS ONLY ONE THAT EXCLUDES WOMEN.

social achievement in the behalf of women is so important and so far reaching in its results. The winning of the Sacred Latchkey, from which such magnificent results were argued, and the half winning of the ballot, are far less important, even in the minds of those who fought for them. With the single exception of the improvement in the legal status of women, their entrance into the realm of sports is the most cheering thing that has happened to them in the century just past.

#### THE BENEFIT TO BODY AND MIND.

In the first place, there is the question of health. The general adoption of athletic sports by women meant the gradual disappearance of the swooning damsel of old romance, and of that very real creature, the lady who delighted, a decade or so ago, to describe herself as "highstrung," which, being properly interpreted, meant uncontrolled and difficult to live with. Women who didn't like athletics were forced to take them up in self defense; and exercise meant firmer muscles, better circulation, a more equable temper, and the dethronement of the "nervous headache" from its high place in feminine regard.

The revolution meant as much psychologically as it did physically. After all, philosophy and ethics have a certain weak kneed tendency to form themselves upon tastes and desires instead of forming these; so that any course which inculcates a taste for wholesome living and a desire for simplicity and sunshine is of incalculable benefit even in the realm of morals.

In dress, since the day when the Greek girdle became the Teutonic corset, no boon has been granted to woman so great as the privilege of wearing shirt waists and short skirts. When the tennis players of ten or fifteen years ago first popularized that boneless, free chested, loose armed bodice they struck a blow for feminine freedom compared with which the vigorous assaults of Mrs. Jenness Miller and Mme. Sarah Grand were puny thimble taps. The woman who plays golf has made it possible for the woman who cannot distinguish between a cleek and a broom handle to go about her marketing in a short skirt; she has given the working girl, who never saw a golf course, freedom from the tyranny of braids and bindings; she has made wet ankles an unnecessary evil, and restored to the street sweeping department entire responsibility for the condition of the thoroughfares.

To have improved half the race in health, disposition, and dress would seem

almost enough for one movement to have accomplished. But athletics have done more than this. They have robbed old age of some of its terrors for women, and they promise to rob it of more. The golfing grandmother is a subject upon which the humorist occasionally whets his wits; but those in whom the sense of humor is not so strong can only rejoice in everything that adds to the pleasure, the interests, and the health of the good lady who for generations has been forced to consider herself amply repaid for the trials of a long life by the privilege of taking care of her grandchildren whenever their parents needed a holiday. It is a magnificent institution which has exchanged her felt slippers for the calfskin boots of the athlete, and has delayed for fifteen or twenty years the purchase of the lace cap of her decrepitude. Any one who can see, in the spectacle of a gray haired couple wheeling along in the spring sunshine, only an object for mirthfulness, has developed his sense of humor at the expense of other and even more valuable senses.

#### WHEN "PLAY" WAS "WISELY BANISHED."

There was a time, which one does not have to be an Oldest Inhabitant to recall, when American women took no part in outdoor sports or in any form of exercise. It is not a quarter of a century since the round eyed children of Washington used to press their faces against the iron fence surrounding the British legation grounds and gaze with wonder and awe at the young Englishwomen playing tennis. They could see croquet without pausing in their own occupations to gape and to speculate concerning its nature, but any more violent sport was unfamiliar to them. Now it would require an open air trapeze performance to stir their wonder.

Twenty five years ago a woman so fortunate as to live in the country probably rode on horseback—primarily as a means of locomotion, however. She could also play croquet. The city woman might walk, and she too might play croquet, if she had a large enough lawn; but that was about the sum of the sports permitted.

The change began with the gradual introduction of physical training into the schools. Today there is not a girls' school of any standing that does not include in its curriculum a course in gymnastics, and encourage or insist upon some sort of outdoor exercise. In the public schools in the large cities supervisors and instructors of physical culture are chosen as carefully as the teachers of mathematics and history. Boards of education require that





THE ATHLETIC GIRL ON THE TENNIS COURT—  
LAWN TENNIS IS A GAME IN WHICH  
WOMEN ARE A PARTICULARLY  
STRONG FACTOR.

the newer school buildings shall be properly equipped with gymnasiums. It is a long journey to this condition from that which prevailed when one of the most public spirited of our early citizens said exultingly of a Maryland college: "The Methodists have wisely banished every species of play from their college."

That was Dr. Benjamin Rush's opinion about a hundred years ago, and it prevailed so widely that there was no physical training in any American institution, except West Point, until 1825. As for physical culture for girls—our good forebears would have expected a thunderbolt from heaven to answer the impious suggestion.

#### DIO LEWIS AND HIS WORK.

Until the time of Dr. Dio Lewis no attempt worthy the name was made to apply the "sound mind in a sound body" saw to the education of girls. Probably it was deemed unnecessary for them to have sound minds. Miss Catherine Beecher, in 1837, had introduced into a Cincinnati school a set of callisthenic exercises whose sole aim was to give gracefulness "without dancing." They were mild exercises and rather futile ones, but Miss Beecher thought them all that a well regulated young person of the then gentler sex should have. Later, she expressed her disapproval of Dr. Lewis' exercises. "They were so vigorous and *ungraceful*," she wrote, "as to be more suitable for boys than for young ladies." It is disturbing

to imagine what Miss Beecher's feelings would be if she could read the daily newspapers now, with their reports of fashionable women riding astride and of college girls temporarily disabled in basket ball games.

When Dr. Lewis' Normal Institute for Physical Education was opened in Boston in 1861, with President Felton of Harvard as its presiding officer and its active supporter, people breathed a sigh of relief and sank back convinced that the relation of women to exercise was settled with dignity, finality, and gentility.

A full course of training at this estab-



THE ATHLETIC GIRL IN THE SALLE D'ARMES—FENCING IS A SPORT THAT HAS MANY FEMININE DEVOTEES IN NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE.

ishment took just ten weeks, and consisted in the familiar dumb bell and club movements. Today a normal course in physical culture occupies two years of eight months each, and includes instruction in such airy branches as anatomy,

anthropometry, physiology, and physical diagnosis.

#### AN AWAKENING IN THE COLLEGES.

In 1878 the Hemenway Gymnasium was established at Harvard, under Dr. D.

A. Sargent, the most accomplished athlete of his time at Bowdoin, the stroke oar of the college crew, and afterwards a successful physician and teacher of gymnastics at Yale; and the cause of women's exercises looked up as well as men's. At that time women's colleges had not quite proved themselves. They were taking serious pains to make their course no less thorough than that of the masculine institutions. If Harvard had such a gymnasium and such an athletic instructor, then Vassar and Wellesley and the rest must bestir themselves on the physical culture side. Today the Hemenway Gymnasium is itself important to women, being open to them, with the rest of Harvard, for the summer school work.

The result was a gradual supplanting of the old two by two walking system of the seminaries. Today no college for women would think of sending out a catalogue without its alluring half tone cuts of the interior or exterior of its gymnasium, its duly set forth attractions in lake or river, tennis and hand ball courts, golf grounds, and the like.

That the gymnastic and athletic work at women's colleges is a real factor in promoting health, and not merely an unimportant though natural catering to a prevalent craze, is shown by statistics. At Wellesley, where rowing is the chief of the outdoor amusements, and where class and college crews practice during five winter months in the gymnasium, as well as on the lake, measurements were kept for many seasons. The average girth of chest in November, in the case of forty students, was 31.5 inches, and the average shoulder measurement 14.4 inches, while the average strength of the back was represented by a hundred and forty five pounds. In May, after five months of gymnasium training for the lake and one month of actual rowing on it, the average chest measurement was 33.4 inches; shoulder measurement, 15.3; strength of back, a hundred and sixty two pounds.

Forty other students, who had not been in the crews, but who had taken a course of Swedish gymnastics, showed an increase of chest girth from 31.6 to 33.4 inches; of shoulder girth from 14.6 to 15.4, and of strength in the back from a hundred and forty five to a hundred and sixty six.

Another forty girls, excused for various reasons from all gymnastic and athletic work, showed no increase whatever in the average chest measurement of 31.6 inches, or in the average shoulder measurement of 14.9 inches, while the average back strength decreased from a hundred and

forty six to a hundred and eighteen pounds.

Measurements kept in another woman's gymnasium show that in six months of regular exercise of about three hours a week, there was an average gain of about two inches in chest girth, and as much in chest depth; an average gain in lung capacity of about seventeen cubic inches; an increase in shoulder measurements of about one and a quarter inches, while the increase in back strength was about forty pounds, and in leg strength about sixty pounds.

Even women long past the age for striking changes in physical measurements are affected by the regular exercise of the gymnasium. Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell, one of the most prominent physicians in New York, who has been connected with gymnastic work for women for many years, cites the case of a woman of thirty seven, who, after a seven months' course of two hours a week in a gymnasium, found that her chest increased four fifths of an inch, her waist lessened one and four tenths inches, and her hips two inches, while her lung capacity increased thirty cubic inches.

#### THE GROWTH OF COLLEGE SPORTS.

From being the chief factor in the athletic life of the women's colleges, the gymnasiums have grown to be distinctly subsidiary. They supplement the outdoor exercises which the location of most of the institutions for higher education makes so natural and attractive. Each has its specialty in the line of sport, and the young woman who wins a championship in rowing, swimming, track events, basket ball, bicycling, or whatever it may be, is a lionized creature who tastes for once the sweets of the cup of utter adulation.

At Wellesley, where the distinctive sport is rowing, Float Day is the banner festival of the year. No girl is allowed to row upon the crews who is not able to swim, but, even with this wise precaution, the only contest permitted is in rowing form, not in speed. Bryn Mawr has by far the most complete and elaborate of the gymnasiums connected with the women's colleges, and its basket ball is famous wherever college women, past, present, or to be, are gathered together. Vassar's tennis vies with her basket ball in the hearts of her students. At Smith, in addition to all sorts of general outdoor sports, there is snowshoeing. At Mount Holyoke, a rink polo club is a feature of the winter life. Vassar's ice carnival is as famous as Wellesley's aquatic festival.

Just now the active gatherer of feminine sporting news makes rather a speciality of alleged accidents in the basket ball courts—items which an anti college education league, if there is one outside of Elbert Hubbard, would find admirable for parental reading. As a matter of fact, there are no serious mishaps in the games; and if there were, it would prove nothing in particular. An old graduate of Vassar tells somewhere a delightful tale of the faculty's blinking at small accidents in the days before gymnasiums, when the world of outdoor sports was undreamed of so far as women were concerned.

In those dark times the irrepressible energy of the young women found its outlet in a form of baseball played with some skill, great vigor, and the utmost secrecy. The faculty knew, of course, that the young women were emulating the idols of the bleachers, but they sanctioned the game to the extent of not prohibiting it. One day a young woman broke her leg in a game. Dread sat heavily upon the other enthusiasts. They had no hope that the faculty would allow them to continue their pastime; but the authorities proved unexpectedly reasonable, admitting that accidents were liable to occur in the best regulated sports, and agreeing that baseball was no more to be condemned for the young woman's broken leg than dancing would be if she had slipped upon the floor in a waltz. Whereupon, to bear out this benign judgment, a girl fell a few months later while she was dancing, obligingly broke her leg, and thereby saved baseball from exclusive aspersions.

There are many reasons why college athletics for women are the most important of all. In the first place, a girl who, while struggling for a degree, develops a taste for outdoor sports, never loses it. The chances are ten to one that as a grandmother, she will be an active pedestrian or mountain climber, and that the only chimney corner which she will agree to occupy will be that in a country club after a vigorous day's sport. Moreover, it is college athletics that have the greatest effect upon the physique of women. Once they have attained their full growth, exercise may keep them well, or make them stout or thin, but it will not have the marked effect upon their bodily development that it has upon that of a growing girl.

#### PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE CITIES.

Once upon a time the young woman who came out of college was somewhat at a loss how to expend her energy and to

keep up her sports. Bicycles, golf, and the country clubs have altered that. Moreover, for those seasons when the rigors of the miscalled temperate zone make outdoor exercise almost an impossibility, there are, in the large cities at any rate, excellent gymnasiums. In New York, for instance, apart from the gymnasiums in all the schools, in the working girls' clubs, and in the various branches of the Young Women's Christian Association, there are at least six well known private gymnasiums where women may pursue physical culture to their hearts' content and the good of their bodies.

Many systems have been developed since Dr. Lewis first tackled the problem. You may go to a Swedish gymnasium, where no small apparatus is used, but only body movements and exercises on the larger apparatus are practised. You may go to a place where the German system is in vogue. Athletics in this country, by the way, owe a great deal to the German citizens, whose *turn vereins* were among the earliest athletic associations.

In gymnasiums managed on the German plan, all sorts of apparatus are used. In the Delsartean schools of grace there is no apparatus at all. The Delsartean's secret of a happy life is relaxation, and she does not believe that a wooden horse or a vaulting pole is an aid to relaxation. The American system, as the one developed by Dr. Sargent at the Hemenway Gymnasium is called, is, in a way, a combination of all. It is almost universal in this country, forty eight of the leading gymnasiums having adopted it.

Between three and four hundred women are enrolled as pupils of the Savage Gymnasium, which, both in attendance and equipment, is the largest in New York. There are classes and there is individual work. Fencing and boxing, both of which have many ardent disciples, are taught privately. Girls of five and women of fifty and sixty are among the patrons. It is an encouraging fact that the gray haired women look almost as well in their blue and crimson bloomers and blouses as the little girls.

The cost of being a gymnast in New York varies. There is one gymnasium with pillowed couches about the room, soft, lovely lights, and walls that rest weary eyes; where a crisp capped maid brings the exerciser a cup of milk during her rest upon the divan, where her boots are laced or buttoned by deft fingers other than her own. For these privileges and the ordinary ones of gymnastic training the charge is a hundred dollars a year.



THE ATHLETIC GIRL RIDING TO HOUNDS—SOME OF THE MOST SKILFUL RIDERS OF THE HUNT CLUBS ON LONG ISLAND, IN THE GENESEE VALLEY, AND ELSEWHERE, ARE WOMEN.

Forty dollars covers the cost in less Sybaritic circles, and if one has the distinction of being a working woman, ten dollars will pay for gymnastic instruction and privileges. The gymnasiums con-

nected with the Christian Associations, the working girls' clubs, the settlements, and the like are even less expensive.

What New York offers women in gymnastic opportunities, all the other large

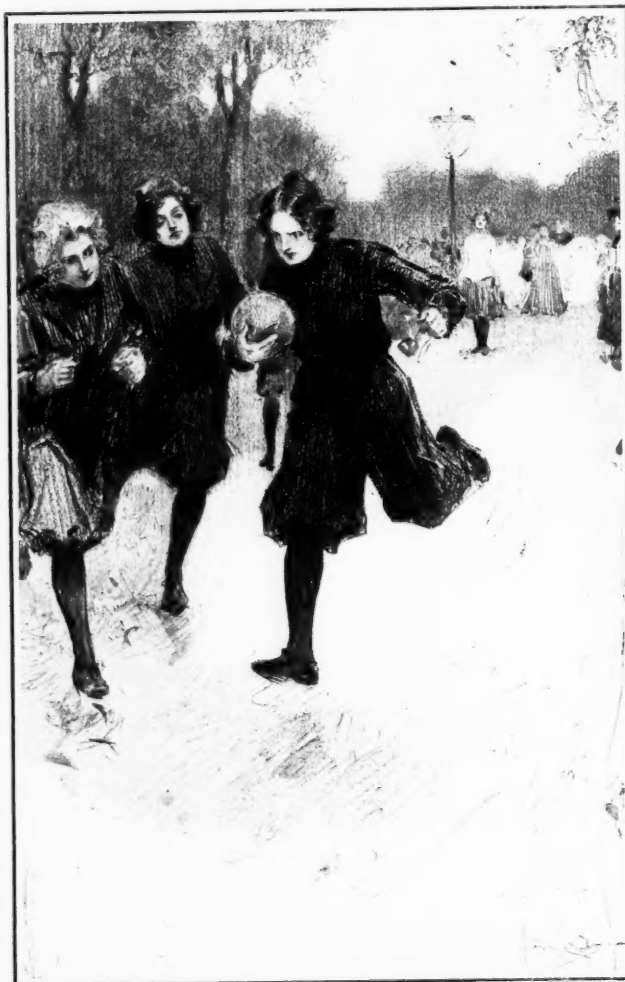


cities duplicate. Chicago, indeed, is in advance of the metropolis, for it has a woman's athletic club, the only large and successful one now in operation in this country. It was started more than a year ago through the efforts of Mrs. Pauline H. Lyon, who interested Mrs. Philip Armour, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, and other wealthy women in the project. A business building was remodeled to fit the needs of the club, the cost being about sixty thousand dollars. In addition to the gymnasium proper, a swimming tank, sixty five feet long, eighteen feet wide, and nine deep, has been con-

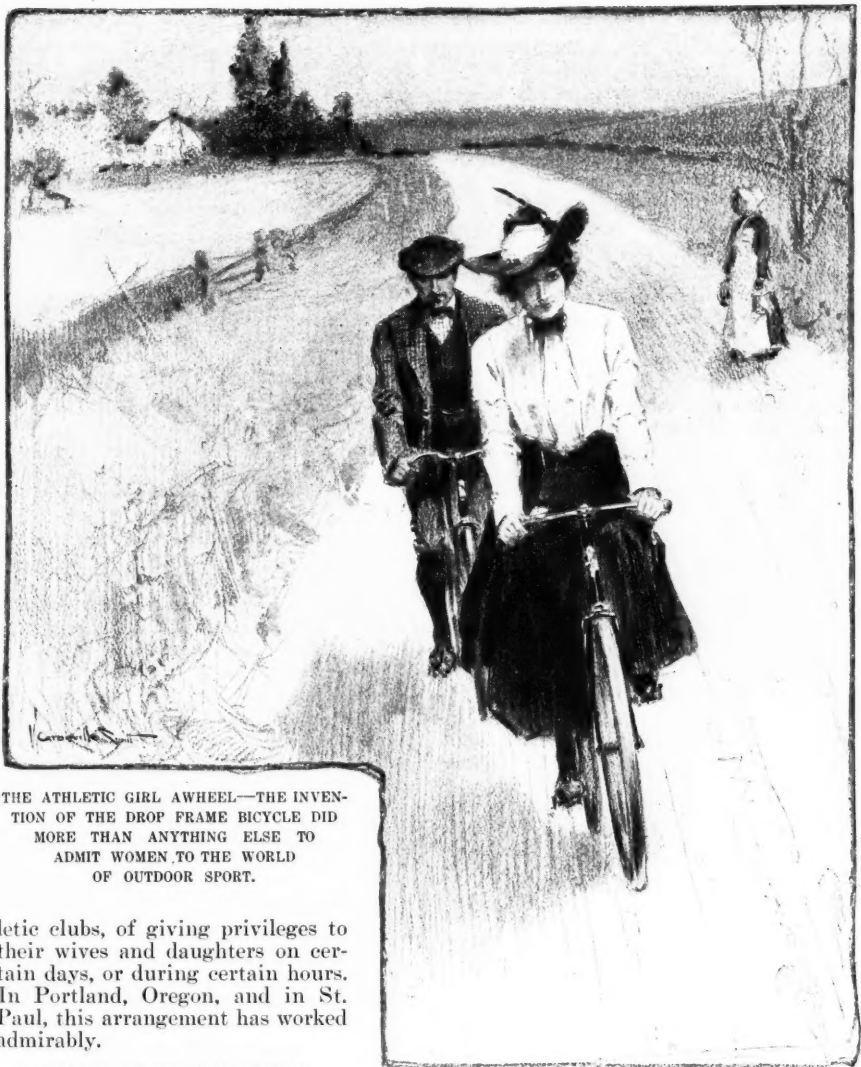
structed. It is constantly filled with filtered water, and mirrored sides and ceilings add to the glittering effect. A Swedish teacher of swimming was engaged, and the gymnasium instructor is also a graduate in the Swedish methods. There are bowling alleys, rooms for fencing; a Turkish bath, parlors, library, a tea room, diningroom, and everything that such a club could possibly require. And—a crowning glory—there are absolutely no literary or social annexes to the athletics.

In London there is an older and even more interesting club where women may exercise, swim, fence, bowl, and become general athletes. Its greater interest lies in the fact that it is a sort of coeducational venture, men and women belonging. The seven years of the Bath Club's existence have demonstrated the entire practicability of the scheme. It has a membership of about two thousand, one third of whom are women. It is a very distinguished membership at that, including Lord and Lady Curzon, the Marchioness of Granby, the Countess of Minto, the Duchess of Sutherland, and no end of "smart" London women. For women, the entrance fee is twenty five dollars, and the annual dues for both town and country members thirty five dollars. The Turkish bath, the gymnasium, and the swimming pool are open to women three days a week and to men three. There are two sets of apartments for fencing, bowling, and so on.

In one or two progressive Western cities the plan has been tried, by the generous men's ath-



THE ATHLETIC GIRL PLAYING BASKET BALL—THIS VIGOROUS AND EXCITING GAME HOLDS A POSITION AT MANY OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES CORRESPONDING TO THAT OF FOOTBALL AT THE MEN'S UNIVERSITIES.



THE ATHLETIC GIRL AWHEEL—THE INVENTION OF THE DROP FRAME BICYCLE DID MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE TO ADMIT WOMEN TO THE WORLD OF OUTDOOR SPORT.

letic clubs, of giving privileges to their wives and daughters on certain days, or during certain hours. In Portland, Oregon, and in St. Paul, this arrangement has worked admirably.

#### WOMEN ON THE GOLF LINKS.

With the gradual athletic development of women, the tendency of men to regard their gymnasiums and country clubs as close corporations from which women must be barred at any cost, is disappearing. Of all the twelve hundred golf clubs which dot the United States with red and white flags, only one was instituted upon the monastic principle of excluding women. A club near Chicago was guilty of this painful lack of gallantry, and there was, at the time of its formation, not much hope that it would be long able to resist public sentiment.

There are, however, many courses where women are not allowed to play on Sundays and holidays. There is excellent and almost universal masculine testimony to the fact that on crowded days nothing so discourages a man as women playing before him on the golf links. In England, where women have had their own golf associations since 1867, this difficulty was settled to the entire satisfaction of the men by providing the women with small separate links of perhaps five holes, where they could very comfortably play a sort of ladylike golf, a close relative of croquet.

There is something to be said in favor of the separate course, though not of such as those early English ones, now happily abandoned. The best drive of the champion women players is equal in distance to the average drive of the average man. In other words, Miss Beatrix Hoyt, of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, three times the national woman's champion, has a drive of from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and sixty yards. The men who are champions drive off from two hundred to two hundred and fifty yards. A good average drive for a man is a hundred and fifty yards. Therefore it often happens that the woman playing on a course laid out by men and for men either drives into the bunker and wastes several strokes to get out, or, playing purposely short, loses a stroke at once in endeavoring to avoid the bunker.

In driving, skill counts most, but muscle undoubtedly counts for something also. In the rest of the game the well trained woman has an equal chance with a man. Still, most women would rather lose that extra stroke from the tee than be banished to a nursery course, as it were. At Shinnecock Hills there is a separate course for women known as the "red" course. It is of nine holes, but the distances are not short. Until a woman has played this course at least three times in a certain minimum number of strokes, she is not allowed to play upon the "white," or eighteen hole course. The red course has turned out some admirable players, Miss Hoyt and Mrs. Charles Turnure being graduates of it.

In some places women have been more enterprising than men in the matter of forming clubs. The Morris County Club, of Morristown, New Jersey, was started and managed by women alone. In the associations of golf clubs there are both women's and men's. There is a Women's Metropolitan Association, under whose direction the women's championship matches have been played. There is a women's association of the clubs around Boston, though there is not yet a men's.

Every country club nowadays has its golf course, and perhaps three fourths of the country clubs are merely golf clubs. All this has come about in a very short space of time. St. Andrew's, near Yonkers, was the first golf club in this country, and the links were laid out only fifteen years ago amid much derision. Up to that time a country club was generally either a riding and driving or a hunt club, and women were admitted by courtesy, or, in a few instances, through actual achieve-

ment. The membership was of the rich leisured class, the healthy spirit of democracy that characterizes the golf club being utterly unknown.

#### WOMEN AFIELD AND AFLAOT.

On Long Island, women have ridden to hounds, after the satisfactory fashion of their English cousins, for a long time. Occasionally the newspapers have recorded an accident in the cross country runs of the women on Hempstead Plains, or at Lakewood or Aiken, but on the whole the casualties have been infrequent.

In water sports the American woman is not so proficient as her cousin across the Atlantic. Most Englishwomen can row; many race their own yachts, and not a few have reputations as swimmers. Lady Constance McKenzie is the swimming champion of the Bath Club, mentioned before, and there are cases on record where young Englishwomen, challenged to jump overboard from a yacht and swim to shore in the full regalia of serge and calfskin, have not hesitated to plunge in and cover themselves with glory and water. Only the "lady natators" of the dime museums would be likely to do that in this country.

Water tournaments in general are little known here, although the number of those who dare great feats in the waves is increasing. The Newport colony, too, has several women who can sail small craft, and a race with feminine skippers takes place every year.

Of course there is not any equality between the athletic accomplishments of women and those of men. The best Vassar "dasher" could not do a hundred yards in less than thirteen seconds, while the men's college record is nine seconds and four fifths. Vassar's running high jump is four feet and five inches, instead of six feet and two inches like the University of Pennsylvania, and so on. But this is no more to be deplored than it is to be wondered at or changed. In gymnastic work the record breakers, according to the medical authorities, generally find their reserve strength gone by the time they are forty five. The aim of athletics among women has been the establishment and maintenance of a high general standard of health and vigor, rather than some single brilliant achievement.

So far, with a few notorious exceptions, like the triple century riders, women have made freedom and fun their objects in athletics; and there are certain indications that this temperate view of the subject is gaining ground even in the ranks of the record breaking sex itself.

# STORIETTES

## A Contrariness of Cupid.

"A LAVENDER gown," said Miss Cambron, with a swift and critical survey of herself in the glass. "A lavender gown—quite suited to thirty eight; some lines about the mouth and eyes; a mere ghost of color; and, altogether, a look not specially young. He won't come again. He'll want little Blue Eyes—with pink cheeks and a coral necklace! It's not his fault—it's the eternal fashion of his kind."

She had expected him, and was quite ready—or so pretended, against an absurd conviction to the contrary. She did not go down at once, however, but stood at her mirror, contrasting the image it gave back to her with another from the deepening glass of her memory—that of a young girl, at once herself and a stranger—and considering, without bitterness, the old, tragic propensity of men to youth and beauty. She could not suppose, of course, that Alfred would be free from it; she knew the world; she knew men and women, and what to expect from them; and from a man like Alfred, who had adventured and explored and studied, and then delighted his world with scientific treatises, you must expect a marriage with some wide eyed young girl in white muslin.

Alfred, to be sure, was, or used to be—she corrected herself, as not having seen him for ten years—a man of strong sense and of delicate perceptions; and his letters, coming with some regularity all this time, had not shown him as deteriorating. But letters! One wrote them

and straightway proceeded to belie them! They might give—if you had the time and the patience—your ideal, your desire, your aspiration; but there was still your other side, your weaker nature—and letters, therefore, were not trustworthy.

Even as she thought it, however, she glanced with a sudden dimness of eyes at a little box on her table, which held his letters and nothing besides. They were not love letters—her cheek flamed a little at the mere denial—but in the later ones



"GOODNESS ME! I MUST TELL EDWARD!"

there was something more than the tone of a friend; there was an accent of affection and appeal, quite unconscious, she assured herself, and so the more cause for her pride, but—to be honest—no proof of his love.

At the bold word she checked herself, and, with a quick resolve, flung open her door and went through the hall to another room. Being sure of Alfred's proclivity, she would make no pretense either of feeling or of looking young. On the contrary, with disdainful pride, she would have Lucy Lee come down, and so face him at once with her own age and with Lucy's exquisite youth.

"My dear," she said to the young girl, her niece, "Mr. Hardaway has called—Mr. Alfred Hardaway—and I want you to meet him. Come as soon as you can, please, and—"

"Mercy, aunty!" said Lucy Lee, with sudden flight from her sofa. "The one that wrote that book? I won't know what to say to him! And what'll I wear? A fresh white muslin?"

"It won't make any difference what you say," said Miss Cambron. "A fresh white muslin? Yes—I would."

While Hardaway waited for her in the library—he was a patient man, whose soul did not fret itself against waiting—he looked with some curiosity, and with a certain uneasiness, at the place and its furnishings. It was a room which, as he knew, Miss Cambron had herself designed and added to the old house; and it struck him as at once grave and lovely, oppressing him a little—because he felt himself unequal to such an achievement—with its delicate stateliness of build, its exquisite propriety of detail.

On the walls there were a few pictures that he knew—for instance, that copy of the Sistine Madonna—but a greater number that he did not know; and as to those things that she had picked up in Florence—a good many with "Santa Maria Novella" on them—he regarded them dubiously, as pictures whose beauty was in the eye of the beholder. From the table he took a few of its scattered books—"Paolo and Francesca," "Imaginary Portraits," "Earthwork Out of Tuscany"—and finally settled on a bibelot in which were reprinted Blake's "Songs of Innocence" and Rossetti's "Hand and Soul." When he put it down it was with a look of added discomfiture.

"Hanged if I know one of them!" he said mentally. "I—I ought to have looked up such things. What will she think of me, I wonder! Probably think me a

bore, with nothing in his head but a few material facts. Well, you're not in it, Hardaway, that's all. She'll want a—a poet or something; she knows what, I suppose—but it's not you!"

There was at that moment a little rustle from the door, and, turning, he saw her—a slight figure, with an unforgotten look of mingled softness and distinctness, but with a face that he did not quite remember. It flashed to him that once Mary Cambron had not been pretty—though he had always thought her so.

Twenty minutes later, and Lucy Lee, appearing at the door in her fresh white muslin, was not even observed. Seeing this, and seeing that Edward was coming in at the gate, she escaped to that young gentleman, and took him off to the library, where they tried a French song, and looked at some new Gibson pictures, and ate fudge.

Two hours afterwards—Lucy Lee always knew it was two hours, for Edward had been in a hurry and had stayed only that length of time—she started again to the library. She got as far as the portières, where she stopped; for she was a girl of acute mind and of several lovers, and, moreover, there are certain tones of the voice—

"Are you sure you don't mind?" said Hardaway. "You know—I'm not up on literature!"

"Are you sure *you* don't mind?" returned Miss Cambron. "You know—I'm not a young girl!"

"Oh, bother a young girl!" said Hardaway. "I'm thankful you're not! You—"

"Well, I should think so!" giggled Lucy Lee, as she beat a decent retreat. "It wouldn't be suitable at all. Goodness me! I must tell Edward!"

M. S. Anderson.

### Freckles.

NATURE named him. Once in his earlier youth he was known as Reddy, but as he gathered years his hair grew darker, and the freckles shone forth with greater glory. They tipped his nose and adorned his ears. They seemed to flow over his entire face, almost tumbling into the depths of his blue eyes. They covered forehead as well as cheek, and in places they seemed to be piled up on one another, as if waiting for a vacant place.

When he was a freight brakeman, no one knew him except as Freckles. They all liked him—even the engineer, and that is saying a great deal. He had an-



other name, of course; on the pay roll it was James F. Morse, but with the men from one end of the run to the other it was nothing but Freckles.

He began as usual, and he was as green as his freckles were brown, but he had grit, and he passed through the primary experiences with the secret approval of his

there was nothing to do but to send some one several miles up the line for help. It was bitter cold, and to most men it would have been a walk into another land. All saw the impossibility of it—all except Freckles.

"I'll go," he said, and he went.

Less than a month afterwards an order



BUT THAT DID NOT STOP  
FRECKLES. HE FELT  
HIS WAY THROUGH  
THE STEAM.

immediate superiors. He accepted his nickname as he did his duties, quietly and cheerfully. Whether the weather was good or bad, whether the train was held up hours on the siding or had a clear track for its station and a warm bed, Freckles never complained. The conductor soon found out that the lad was a trustworthy fellow.

Thus it went along until Freckles knew more about things than the conductor himself.

One fateful night the train—the yard master should have known it was too heavy for the engine—got stalled on the Hammond grade, the very worst place on the line. It began to snow like fury, and when the snow had swirled down for some time, the engineer found that the straining up-on the engine had broken her down. Then

was issued transferring him to the passenger service. Even those who saw him jumped over their heads could not object to his promotion.

Freckles never talked about his past or his home; but there were a few facts behind it all.

One day, before he became a brakeman, he walked into the office of the president of the road. The president wheeled in his chair and exclaimed, "Why, hello, Freckles—James, I mean—where did you come from, and what are you doing in this part of the world?"

"I came from home," he replied.

"Well, sit down and give an account

of yourself. How are things in the East, and what brought you out West?"

And James—Freckles, that is—told the home news, news that was interesting to President Ranson, who was born in the same town, and whose lifelong friend had been the father of Freckles. Then, after all the local gossip, Freckles got down to business.

"Mr. Ranson, I've come out here to be a railroad man. All I want you to do is to put me in somewhere—I don't care where—and let me work out the rest. Just give me the usual chance of one who wants to work from the bottom as far up as he deserves to go. I don't want a clerkship, but a job on the road, so that I can get the practical part of it."

President Ranson had heard that kind of talk before, and all he said in reply was to ring for a cab and send Freckles up to his house. "I'll see you at dinner," he added, "and we'll talk it over."

The house was a mansion, and Miss Judith Ranson was its most precious possession. She knew Freckles, and Freckles knew her, for the Ransons generally spent part of the summer in Medway, where Freckles lived. And so the day passed pleasantly, with billiards and an afternoon drive and a delightful dinner in the evening. After that Mr. Ranson and Freckles had a talk in the library.

"You mean this, James?" said Mr. Ranson.

"Every word of it," said Freckles.

"And you'll start as a freight brakeman?"

"As soon as you say so."

"All right. I believe you've got it in you. We'll go to the theater tonight, and have a good time, and tomorrow you will report for duty at the freight yard."

So Freckles became a brakeman, and won his transfer to the passenger by his walk through the blizzard.

It was his second month in the passenger service, and he found himself getting on better trains until he reached one of the expresses.

He was devoted to his work, unfailing in his attention to duty, and watchful for the comfort of the passengers. As usual, he went by the name of Freckles—really there seemed to be no other name. They tell the story yet that the funniest sight that ever happened on the run between Marketville and Concord was when Freckles, in the kindness of his heart, tried to hold a crying baby, to give a little rest to a tired mother. They said the baby got an idea that the freckles could be pulled off, and began to act accordingly.

But Freckles got along, and now he was on the express. On this particular night there was an additional importance to the train, because it had taken on the president's private car, in which were the president and his wife and daughter and some friends. Freckles knew this, and he also knew that even if his place were in the rear of the train—which it was not—discipline would throw a chill on any social intentions. And if the Ransons should make the advances—which they would surely have done—he would have been extremely uncomfortable.

So Freckles kept well in front, where he belonged, and smiled to himself, as if fully enjoying the situation. A noisy passenger, who was becoming unruly in the smoking car, claimed his attention for a few moments. When the man threatened to whip everybody, Freckles stood closer, gazed at him through his calm blue eyes, and said: "I wouldn't talk that way if I were you, and you must not, anyhow, you know. Be quiet."

That "Be quiet" seemed to weigh a ton. The brave passenger sank promptly into his seat and in a few minutes was asleep.

The train, which was half an hour behindtime, was rattling along at a sixty mile clip. Freckles stood just inside the car at the front end, when suddenly there was a flare of something, followed by a dull report. It might have been escaping steam, but it did not sound like it. Then he looked out, and realized that the train had too much speed for the approach to a near station. It was on a down grade, too—otherwise the locomotive might have stopped of itself.

He sprang through the door, rushed through the baggage car, and, with the agility of an acrobat, clambered over the two express cars. All the time the train was keeping its speed, and the conductor was pulling the rope in frenzy.

As Freckles reached the tender, he saw in a moment that something had happened. An accident had thrown the steam into the engine's cab, and both the engineer and fireman were probably dead.

But that did not stop Freckles. He felt his way through the steam, which was not so bad then. He had learned something about engines in his work on the freights, and he soon stopped the train.

Well, the engineer and fireman were saved by long weeks of nursing; and Freckles, who was taken to the private car, and afterwards to the home of the Ransons, was a different man after he got well. There was not a single freckle on his face.

Mr. Ranson, who is getting along in years now, but who expects to keep the presidency in the family, has one little joke which he never tires of telling.

"If you want to get rid of freckles," he says, "use steam, and use it good and hot. If you have any doubts about it, ask Jim."

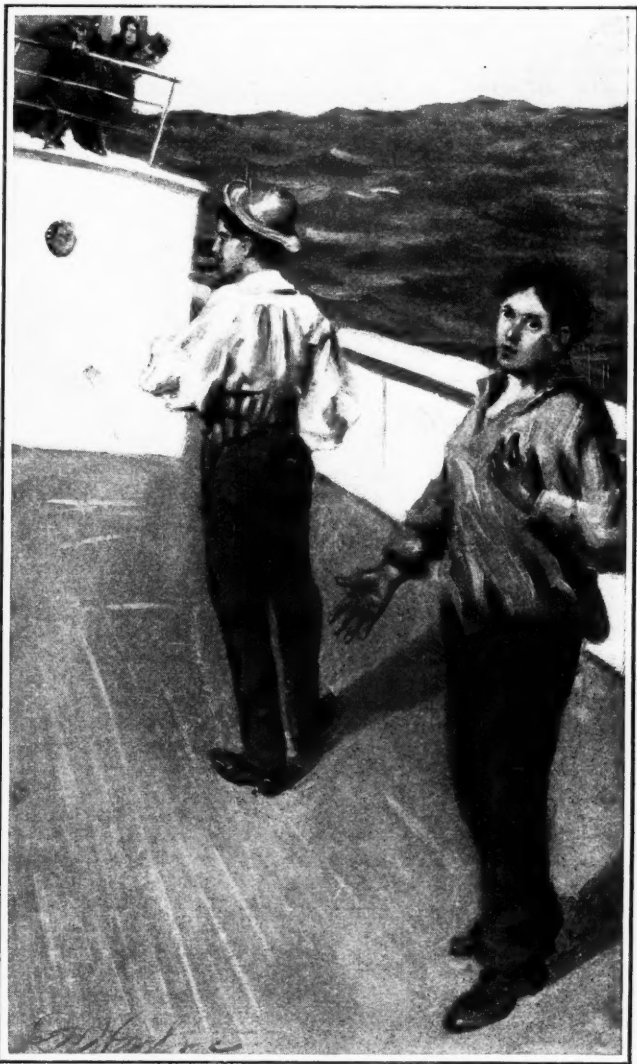
Jim—by the way, it used to be Freckles—is Mr. Ranson's son in law.

*Lynn Roby Meekins.*

### From the Upper Deck.

Down on the lower deck, two Italians were dancing to the whine of an accordion. One, a gay little buffoon, jigged about with grotesquely bent knees and an end of shirt tail flapping humorously behind, his leathery face wrinkled into sympathetic smiles at the amusement of the bystanders. The other, slim and disdainful, danced with the air of a young prince, his performance being clearly for his own amusement, not that of the crowd. The men who looked on smoked their long pipes contentedly, or ate portions of the meal that seemed to be always in progress, while the women bared their breasts to patient babies, or lifted shy eyes to the first cabin passengers leaning over the rail above, idly watching the tarantella. As the dance ended, these laughed and applauded, threw some candies to the children, then broke up into groups and began to drift away. An American girl turned to the man beside her, with a little frown.

"Some way, I don't like this watching them—from up here," she exclaimed—"and throwing them things. They don't seem to mind, but I mind for them. It's as if they—they——"



THE WIND CAUGHT THE LOOSE BLOUSE AND STRAINED IT TIGHTLY BACK AGAINST HIS CHEST.

"Were 'butchered to make a Roman holiday'?" Hillyer suggested. Miss Beldon smiled at him gratefully, and started to turn away; but he was leaning over the rail again, so, after a faint hesitation, she came back to her former position.

"One has to do something on such an endless trip," she said, as though in apology to herself. "If you're not watching the steerage, you're trying to overhear somebody's conversation; and I don't know that that is any better."

A quick stir in the people below checked his answer. They were surging forward excitedly, ejaculating, straining to see over the crowding heads. Two sailors were making their way through the confusion with some difficulty, leading between them a half grown boy, who stared about him with great, sullen eyes from under a tangle of loose curls.

"Hello, it's a stowaway," exclaimed Hillyer.

The rumor that a stowaway had been found spread as quickly through the first cabin as it did through the steerage, and in a moment the upper rail was crowded again.

"This is twice as much fun as a whale," one girl said joyously. "Oh, aren't we lucky!" Miss Beldon turned to Hillyer with a deepening of the little troubled frown, but he was absorbed in the scene below.

"Look," he whispered suddenly; "the man who danced—the tall one. Watch him."

The young superb had strolled forward to look at the stowaway, but had stopped abruptly, and they saw a sudden pallor cross the warm brown of the cheek that was towards them. The boy looked at him steadily with heavy, expressionless brown eyes until the young man turned away and strolled with even greater insolence to the rail, where he leaned over the water, his back to the rest. He did not even turn when they came to summon the waif before the captain, though the brown hand, that now trembled visibly, could have touched his loose white shirt in passing.

The first cabin passengers crowded to the stairs to see the stowaway brought up, exclaimed over his youngness and his good looks, and afterwards besieged the captain with questions.

"He won't be allowed to land," they reported. "He'll be sent right back. Think of having all this over again! And he wouldn't tell the captain a thing. They say he fought like a little cat when they dragged him out. And now he's sulking."

After that, to "go and see the stowaway" was a daily diversion for the first cabin. He was always sitting apart from the rest, staring vacantly at nothing in particular. Even the dancing did not rouse his attention—though it was of less interest now, since the young superb held

aloof from the tarantella. He spent most of the time on the other side of the deck from the boy, frowning out over the water. Miss Beldon watched them with absorbed interest.

"They are fighting something out between them; don't you feel it?" she declared to Hillyer, who had paused beside her.

"I can't make it out," he answered. "Do you suppose there's a vendetta, and the boy had a knife saved up for our proud friend?"

"N—o; I don't believe it's hate, exactly," she answered musingly.

"It's something pretty unfriendly, I should say. Which do you back?"

She looked troubled.

"I don't know—I can't tell. The boy doesn't lift a finger—just *looks*, out of those great, blank eyes."

"And the prince imperial keeps his back turned," concluded Hillyer, stretching his arms up over his head. "Well, I'm sorry you can't come and have a smoke with me. We must take our walk later."

She nodded with just the right amount of indifference as he strolled away, and leaned her elbows on the rail again. But the little drama below seemed to have lost its hold on her. Presently she turned with a quick sigh and went back to her steamer chair.

"What is the best way to get what one wants?" she said out of her musings when Hillyer came back.

"Tell me and let me get it for you," he answered, picking up her scattered magazines as an excuse for not meeting her eyes. She seldom looked straight up at him, and when she did, it always gave him a little sense of distress. He had never tried to explain it to himself. She was usually quick to turn seriousness into flippancy at his suggestion, but now she shook her head and answered with a certain wistful earnestness.

"I don't mean pillows and tea and golf capes. Now, that boy down below wants something—I'm sure he does. It's in every line of his face. And he just sits there with his soul bent on it, waiting. It's like hypnotism. I wonder if it will work?"

He moved restlessly.

"It's like having some one saw steadily on one string of a violin," he exclaimed. "One would give in or go mad."

"Then it is a good way—*faute de mieux*," she concluded, with a little smile. "Come, let's go and see them."

The wind had risen and was sweeping

with cutting force across the exposed deck below. Most of the steerage had retreated before it, except for a few, huddled miserably on their blankets with closed eyes. The superb was walking slowly up and down, his head thrown back to the wind. At every turn, he passed within a few feet of the boy, who was curled down in an attempt to find shelter; but he never appeared to notice. The boy was looking worn and white, and he hugged his arms in his thin blouse in a futile attempt to keep warm. When the footsteps approached, he seemed to hold his breath, and waited motionless, with hanging head, till they went away again. They passed more and more slowly. Once they almost paused, and then the two above saw the boy's tremulous hand slip out and rest for a timid second on the coarse boot.

Perhaps the young superb faltered. When he had passed on, they could not decide. The boy stumbled to his feet, and threw back his arms as though in surrender to the cold wind he had been warding off. It fluttered his thin sleeves, and then it caught the loose blouse and strained it tightly back against his chest. Miss Belden gave a startled cry, and laid her hand on Hillyer's arm. A faint color rose in her face.

The little figure in fluttering white stood outlined for an instant against the sullen gray of the fading afternoon. Then it moved to the rail and, lifting one knee like a tired child, began to climb. The two above stood breathless, not quite believing. The young superb had reached the end of his walk, and turned. When he saw, he flung out both arms, and they shrank from the cry of alarm that must follow. But instead, after a second of stunned silence there came all at once a whistled call—a shrill bird summons of half a dozen notes, sweet and persuasive. The waif hesitated, and they could see the purpose fade from the slight figure clinging to the rail. Again the call came, lower this time because it was nearer. The little figure slipped back to the deck and flung itself face down, its head buried in its arm.

A group of men came laughing and chattering across the deck, the little buffoon, who had danced, shaking the lotto bag. They settled down and began to play, calling the young superb to join them. He shook his head, and threw himself down with careless grace between them and the stowaway.

Looking more insolent than ever, he pulled off his coat and flung it down. A moment later, he drew it over the heaving

shoulders in the thin blouse. His head was thrown back, and he was blowing cigarette smoke contemptuously at the sky; but the two above saw him slip a brown hand in under the coat.

Miss Belden turned to Hillyer radiant, with wet eyes.

"The—the boy won," she said.

The first cabin had a fresh excitement to be grateful for that night.

"The stowaway isn't to be sent back," it was reported. "The captain won't explain, but he doesn't deny it. Perhaps another steerage passenger is going to pay his fare and see him through."

"The poor have very kind hearts. I have always said that," assented a bulky matron.

"He won't be half so interesting to watch," some one complained. "Oh, listen—they're dancing the tarantella again. Let's go and look over."

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*

### The Complication in Becket.

WILBUR BAILEY loved Lucille King. So far so good. Everybody in Becket said they would make a first rate couple—that is, everybody but Wilbur's mother. Wilbur writhed under his mother's contrariety. He pictured himself saying to her aggressively: "What have you against Lucille King, anyhow?" What he said, with nervous timidity, was:

"I guess you know I'm paying some attention to Lucille King, mother?"

Mrs. Bailey gave no sign of hearing him.

"I thought I'd—I'd like to marry her," said Wilbur.

Then his mother spoke. "Lucille King!" said she irefully. "If you can't get anybody a little better than Lucille King, I'd give up. My senses! When my father was preaching over in the north meeting house, Lucille King's grandfather was peddling meat all over the county! There won't any of *my* property go to Lucille King!" And that was her final word.

At his very first opportunity Wilbur went to see Jasper Ormsby. Ormsby was proprietor and editor of the Becket *Bugle*, and Wilbur admired him. He told everybody that Ormsby was "darned smart."

"I'm in a lot of trouble," said Wilbur heavily. "You know I've been going with Lucille King, don't you?"

"If you press me for the truth, I didn't know it," said Ormsby, who was reading newspapers and smoking. He was older than Wilbur by some years, and to the



most heedless observer they must have appeared strikingly unlike.

"We—we like each other," said Wilbur. "I want to marry her. I told mother so. And mother won't have it."

"Won't have it!" Ormsby eyed him peculiarly. "Why won't she have it?"

Wilbur told him. Ormsby laughed so long and extravagantly that Wilbur grew red in the face.

"I don't see anything funny about it," he sputtered. "Nor you wouldn't if you knew mother. When she gets a thing into her head once it *goes*. And I don't want to go against mother. All the property's hers—"

Ormsby wheeled round to his desk. He wondered why some creatures walked around on two legs that ought by rights to be crawling on all fours.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," said Wilbur piteously.

"Why," said Ormsby, in open contempt and sarcasm, "get another girl; get one with a grandfather that didn't sell meat."

"Who?" Wilbur demanded.

"Oh, anybody. Try the new school teacher," said Ormsby. And he was sorry instantly. He did not know why he had said it, unless it was because he had just been thinking about the school teacher. Ormsby was on the school board, and he had been instrumental in hiring Miss Lake, of Hillsboro, holding out with some doggedness against Taylor, who wanted his wife's spinster cousin.

He thought of going to see Miss Lake that evening, by way of tacit apology for using lightly the name of a woman whom he respected and admired. He could ask her if she wanted any chalk for the school-room, or anything. He went so far as to buy a blue satin necktie; then, by degrees, his courage diminished. He stayed at home, and moped in rising uneasiness.

A week and a half later, out for a solitary Sunday stroll, he saw Wilbur Bailey driving with—who was it? He looked again; Wilbur raised his hat with a jaunty flourish which he had learned from a commercial traveler. Ormsby knew well the delicate, pretty outline of that cheek and chin. It was Mary Lake. He stared at the dust cloud behind the disappearing buggy; then he laughed, with no semblance of mirth.

"That pitiful fool, that sap head!" he thought. And he himself had done it; he had inspired it; he had caused it. That girl! The embodiment of sweetness, a rarity, a wild flower; and she was out driving with Wilbur Bailey because he, Jasper Ormsby, had told him to "try" her.

Ormsby strode home in a turbid and frenzied mood. As for Mary Lake, she told Mrs. Parfitt, with whom she boarded, after Wilbur's attentions had continued for a space, that Mr. Bailey seemed to be a pleasant young gentleman, and she thought him kind to take her out.

"I never had much attention from young men," she said pensively.

Mrs. Parfitt gazed, incredulous. "*You?* You must have had attention from plenty of 'em."

"No. There were only two young men in Hillsboro," Mary confessed.

"How sweet you are!" said Mrs. Parfitt; she made the remark several times a day. "Well, you've got to have a beau. But—" She suppressed an intended observation about Wilbur Bailey. She distrusted the shape of Wilbur's head. "How do you like Jasper Ormsby?" she inquired abruptly, and retreated before Mary's startled look.

And thus did matters progress. Wilbur Bailey and Mary Lake went buggy riding. Ormsby smoked, and worked, and developed an unwonted irascibility and an increasing dissatisfaction with life. He took his Sunday walks on back streets and in the woods to escape the possible spectacle of Miss Lake driving with Wilbur Bailey. And that was but a fraction of his dread. What if Wilbur was taking her to evening meeting, and to church sociables, and to entertainments at the town hall? Jasper Ormsby knew something of the rebellious ferocity of a wolf in a trap. And groping thus for some balm for his soreness, he found himself one morning sauntering, in an accidental looking way, in the near neighborhood of the school-house, at twenty minutes to nine o'clock.

She wore a big brimmed hat, and she looked at him from under it with bright eyes. There was a beautiful pinkness in her cheeks. A small, dirty faced, pudding shaped boy was holding one of her hands. Ormsby disliked him immediately.

"Good morning," said Miss Lake.

"Good morning," Ormsby answered, flustered and stammering. That was all.

It was about this time that Wilbur addressed his mother again. "I guess," said he, "maybe you know I've been paying attention to—to somebody else?" He put into his voice a large amount of the rankling injury he felt.

"Who?" his mother demanded.

"Miss Lake," said Wilbur, "the new school teacher."

"Who? That new teacher? You've been going with *her*?" his mother ejaculated with unmistakable severity.

"Who is she? Where's she from? Who knows anything about her? I don't, nor you don't neither. Such works!"

Wilbur maintained a devastated silence.

"Well," said his mother grimly, "you needn't count on a cent of my money ever going to her, for it won't. That's all I've got to say about that."

She added tartly, having paused: "What's become of Lucille King?"

"My goodness gracious, mother!" said Wilbur, his voice choked with surging and chaotic emotions. And there followed the turning of the worm. Wilbur did not speak to his mother for two days. But when, on the third, she told him to fix the bolt on the wood house door, he replied that he would, and he did.

Four days later, he went to see Ormsby. His admiring fondness for the editor had by no means diminished, but of late Ormsby had been astonishingly busy and singularly impossible of approach. This time, though, Wilbur forced his way past all obstacles and appeared at the editorial door. He had a new straw hat with a red ribbon, and he looked peculiarly happy.

"I thought," he said, "that I'd—I'd drop in and tell you. Maybe you've heard it?"

"Maybe I've heard what?" said Ormsby crisply.

"About me and Lucille King. We've made it up. I—I guess we're engaged now," said Wilbur, and he blushed pleasantly and his smile spread.

Ormsby did not speak at once. "And Miss Lake?" he said slowly.

Wilbur's forehead puckered. He looked sincerely troubled. "She's mighty sweet," he said. "I thought mother—but there's no telling anything about mother. She was dead against it. She was worse than she was about Lucille—and I always *did* want Lucille. Maybe you think I'm shilly-shallying, but I don't want to bump up against mother, for all the property——"

Ormsby faced him with a bulldog's savageness; but he was an object too contemptible for the healthy vigor of wrath. "Will you get yourself out of here?" said Ormsby, with a quiet voice. And he did not look upon the poor young man's staring and gasping astonishment. He waited for his withdrawal, and shut the door.

"It is four o'clock," he said. "I will hate myself till six." But at six he was hating himself still. "It is going to be chronic," he groaned.

And the bitter drop lay in this—that he had done it. He had done it! A woman for whose happiness any man might gladly

and proudly exert himself—and *he*? He had brought trouble upon her.

The next morning, with half furtive eagerness, he bought a conspicuously large and fine bouquet, and sent it, his card attached, to Miss Lake. He resurrected his blue tie, had his mustache trimmed, got a flower for his buttonhole—and that evening he went to call on Mary Lake.

He would go directly to the point. To what depth had she been wounded by the defection of that idiot? He rehearsed his speech, conceived in humility and phrased with delicacy, as he went; he had rehearsed it all day.

At the Parfitt gate he found his heart thumping uncomfortably hard. Miss Lake was at home. Mrs. Parfitt opened a shutter in the parlor with an excited and emphatically welcoming manner, which under other conditions might have struck the editor. As it was, he was nervously oblivious of all but the sound of Mary Lake's step on the stairs, and her smile and the touch of her hand.

If he could have gone on holding that hand, he might, he felt, have found composure; but Miss Lake sat on a distant sofa and looked at him in gentle interrogation. She had thanked him for the flowers, and she carried one. Ormsby opened his mouth, but he spoke no word. He knew his speech, but in the light of her cool, sweet presence how indecorous it seemed, how brutally presumptuous! And Mary Lake sat looking at him with her serene expectancy slowly changing to alarm, while Ormsby stared at her in dumb appeal. She was so far away! He went and sat on the sofa beside her. He hoped he did not smell of tobacco.

"Miss Lake," he faltered, "that whippersnapper, that—that—he was unworthy of you!"

She gave a gasp. "Mr. Bailey?" she murmured; and Ormsby searched her face with tremulous anxiety. Was consciousness written there, or any shrinking, or any distress? There was only startled surprise and questioning, her blue eyes—how blue they were!—lifted widely to his.

"He was unworthy of you," said Ormsby. "And so am I."

He heard his words. Had *he* said them? He looked at Mary Lake, and a great flood, a rush of comprehension, swept and engulfed him. He knew why he had hired Miss Lake for the school in the face of Taylor's strong opposition. He knew why the thought of her and the vision of her had been always with him. He knew why

he had hated Wilbur Bailey for his attentions to her, and why such bitterness had been his because of his own share in the affair; why he had on a blue tie; why he had sent her the flowers—yes, and why he was there now. He laid his hand on hers, with the rose in them.

"I am not worthy of you," he repeated; "the man does not live who is. But if you can trust me—if you will try me—I have loved you since the first minute I ever saw you!" he said; and knew it was the truth.

Miss Lake breathed fast. Her lips trembled sweetly. She turned her flushed face so far away that Ormsby had to lean far to see it. But, having seen it, for a joyful moment he laid his cheek on hers.

*Emma A. Oppen.*

### A Railroad Incident.

"BE all that's holy," muttered Connor, the section foreman, as he shook the rain from his sou'wester, "it's a terrible bad night! Aisy, McCann, is that you?" he inquired, as a figure emerged from the outer darkness and joined him beneath the shelter of the station platform.

"Aye, it's me," the newcomer replied in no very warm tone, "an' I'm none th' better for your askin', Mither Connor. It's not like I'd be furgittin' so soon that it's you as got me slated for this midnight p'rambulatin'. Shure, ain't there plenty of single lads ye could have picked out, widout making a dacent married man stay out all night track walking?"

"Well, of all the ongratefulest mortals iver I seen in my borned days, you're the worst!" his superior retorted, turning on McCann two eyes that flashed angrily beneath the uncertain flicker of the station lantern. "Here I lay awake nights, plottin' an' plannin' for to help ye along, an' all because the sun don't shine in the night an' the rain wets your delicate little brogans, you forgit all about the money you'll be after makin' whin the twelve twinty comes in."

"Oh, but ain't I the furgitful sinner?" McCann interjected apologetically, his whole manner undergoing a complete change. "Shure, Mither Connor, I might have known as you'd have an eye on a friend. I'd clane forgot they don't kape a night porter at this place."

As if to bear out the foreman's promise of a golden harvest, the Western limited rumbled up to the station at this point, and the two trackmen were speedily engaged in attending to the wants of the passengers. Five minutes later, Connor

and McCann were seated on a baggage truck counting up, when their monotonous chant of "foive, tin, fiftane, twinty," was interrupted by the sudden apparition of a man in traveling costume. For a second he gazed at the empty tracks in dismay, and then, as he caught sight of the tail lights of the limited disappearing in the distance, he gasped, "My God, I've missed it!"

For an instant the two railroad men stared at the stranger, too startled by the suddenness of his appearance to say a word. They were soon aroused from their stupefaction, however, for with a sudden rush he seized Connor by his coat, and, dragging him from the truck, cried:

"Tell me quick how I can stop that train!"

"Stop the limited?" the foreman retorted, trying to free himself from the other's grasp. "Why, man, you must be crazy. You couldn't stop the limited if—"

"I'm not crazy, and I will have it stopped," the passenger put in before he could finish. "You don't understand," he continued. "I got off for a breath of fresh air and to stretch my legs. I knew they changed engines here, but they switched the train, and I lost it. My wife is on board that train and all alone. I'm taking her West to try and save her life. If she awakes and finds I'm not there, the shock may kill her. I'll pay any amount in reason to catch that train!" He pulled a fat roll of bills from his pocket.

"Mither Connor," McCann here put in, "seein' the trouble the gentleman's in, maybe we'd better bring down the super. Perhaps he'd find out a special."

"A special engine, that's it!" the man cried, grasping at the hope contained in the suggestion. "Hurry, man!" he added. "Don't stop for that"—as McCann struggled with his rain coat.

At the end of a short twenty minutes, McCann returned with the division superintendent, who approached the stranger and said abruptly:

"I'm told you want to be put on board the limited. Have you any idea what it will cost?"

"I don't care what it costs," the other retorted. "It isn't a question of money. I'll pay cash."

"That's all right," the superintendent replied. "I've already called out an engine. This sort of thing isn't done every day, but I'll trust to luck. McCann, you'll have to come along and help stoke. She'll gobble coal on the run up the mountain."

Almost before the superintendent had

finished speaking, No. 64, a new express locomotive fresh from bringing in the East bound limited, glided up to the platform under the hand of Jim Courtwright, one of the most experienced runners on the road. Delaying only long enough to hand Connor some directions as to the right of way, to be forwarded from the nearest semaphore tower, the superintendent ushered the others into the cab of the locomotive, waved his hand to go ahead, and swung himself aboard as the engine started on its race against time.

"Do you think we can make it, Jim?" the superintendent cried, his mouth close to the ear of the engineer.

"It's an even thing, sir," said Courtwright. "They've a forty minute start, and night running without orders is ticklish business. Lord only knows how many freights they've let in ahead of us. We'll make the old lady walk, though."

Through towns and villages the locomotive rushed, stopping only once to allow McCann to drop another set of running orders at a switch tower on the next division. Once, as they followed the line around the mountain, the superintendent's heart almost stopped beating as he saw on the track ahead what appeared to be the headlight of another locomotive. Instinctively he sprang to Courtwright's side, and laid his hand on the reversing lever. Only the engineer's shout of "Drop that, sir!" prevented him from reversing the engine, which at the speed they were then going would have meant almost certain destruction. When he again mustered courage to look out, the headlight had disappeared, and Courtwright railed at him for being frightened at what any old engineer would have known was the shine of their own headlight in a pool of water.

As the dawn was tinting the horizon, No. 64 drew up with the heave and pant of a tired race horse, not fifty feet from the limited in the junction station. Before the locomotive had fairly come to a stop, a man without a hat, his face black with coal dust, and with a small bag hung over one shoulder, tore down the platform in time to board the last car as the limited pulled out.

Upon seeing their task accomplished, the superintendent, who was a young man with all his youthful enthusiasms thick upon him, danced an impromptu breakdown on the floor of the tender.

"Well, Jim," he said, grasping Courtwright's hand, "I guess we'll stand next with the manager all right. This blooming road isn't so rich but what it can stand a little windfall of five hundred dol-

lars, and that's what that ride cost our friend there"—pointing in the direction in which the train had vanished.

Before the engineer could make any reply, the station master came up at a run to know what they meant by bringing an engine into the station without orders. Slowly and with a somewhat patronizing air, the superintendent, who had no authority beyond his own division, descended from the cab, and, patting the indignant official on the back, said:

"You're all right, old man, only you don't understand. I've just earned the road five hundred dollars by putting a passenger on the limited."

"What?" the other inquired. "Put a passenger on the limited? Where did you pick him up?"

"At Cooksville. He said that he'd left his wife sick on the train while he got off for a walk."

"Well, of course, if you say it's all right, sir, I suppose it is," the station master replied somewhat doubtfully as he turned away. "Still, it's something that never happened since I've been here, and I don't know what they'll say up there"—pointing to the general offices.

Next evening, when McCann reported to his foreman, he said:

"Misther Connor, did you hear how we come out on that run last night?"

"Faith an' I did not," the other answered. "I thought ye might be by way of having a bit of a tip for me out of it."

"Oh, don't spake of that," McCann said sadly. "Shure, we're lucky to have our jobs. That felly that we was all sympathizin' wid, thinkin' he was I don't know what all, was the cashier of the Maysville bank. They imported him as a great financier, and he stole everything in sight. He got on to the fact that the directors were examining his books, so he shaved his whiskers for a disguise, and drove forty miles across country to catch the limited."

"Howly mother of Moses!" exclaimed the foreman aghast. "What became of the super at headquarters?"

"Well," the other answered, "it seems that the general manager had been kicking for wakes because the limited didn't make betther time. He was so plased at the way his statements was held up by us catchin' it afther it had forty minutes' start that he let the super off with a tongue lashing, and promoted Courtwright to take charge of the express. They telegraphed after the thief, but he had too big a start, an' I guess he's safe away by this time."

*John H. Paine.*

# Engineering as a Profession.\*

BY GEORGE HEBARD PAINE.

THE COST AND THE VALUE OF THE ENGINEER'S TECHNICAL TRAINING, HIS PROBABLE EARNINGS, AND THE QUALITIES THAT WIN SUCCESS IN A CALLING OF SEVERE EXACTIONS AND HIGH PROFESSIONAL STANDARDS.

M. VITRUVIUS POLLIO, who, just anterior to the Christian era, practised and taught the art of building, begins his treatise of ten books on that subject by saying that it is composed of two elements, practice and theory. There is no clearer way of expressing the essential principles of the profession than the formula used by the first great exponent, although we commonly reverse the order of his statement by placing theory before practice. Strictly speaking, he was more consistent than we are, because it is plainly evident that all theory is based upon practice, for experiment is neither more nor less than practice, and truly scientific men do not elevate a theory into a law until its truth has been confirmed in every possible way. The college professor who is credited with saying to a class: "Young gentlemen, if this theory does not agree with the practice, so much the worse for the practice," would find few engineers to uphold him. We should like to believe that he spoke with intentional humor.

The reason why we give theory the first place is because the embryonic engineer begins with several years of study; and it is usually understood that the knowledge accumulated without actually being engaged in work comprises the so called theoretical or, to use a much better word, the technical part of the subject.

## A YOUNG ENGINEER'S MISTAKE.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of scientific acquirements to an engineer, but a young man just emerging from the gates of his alma mater is too likely to think that what he has learned there has prepared him to be at once a "free and accepted" member of his guild. On the contrary, it may be received as a certainty that the freshly made C.E. or M.E. is not often a safe person to intrust with the independent design and control of

even unimportant work; a fact which he finds hard to understand until he has made a few mistakes. It is impossible, as a rule, for him to see that in the four years which have passed since he left the high school or preparatory academy, and which have been spent in close study of particular subjects, he has not become a fully competent practitioner. Yet what he has learned is barely the alphabet; truly, it would be more accurate to say that he has only found out what the alphabet is.

In the rooms of an undergraduate of one of our most honorable scientific schools, several years ago, two young men were discussing their prospects of professional success. They were juniors, who, having completed three quarters of their four years' course, already saw themselves full fledged engineers, holding important positions and enjoying handsome incomes. One of them outlined very clearly what he intended to do, and his idea is repeated here because it illustrates the hopes and mistakes of the ordinary neophyte, and shows how little he is prepared by his theoretical training to appreciate the necessities of his future career.

His plan was to scan the whole engineering field, select that problem which seemed to stand most in need of elucidation, study it, write a thesis upon it, send his work to one of the engineering journals for publication, and then, with folded arms, observe the wonder and joy with which experienced men in his profession would hail the advent of so great and ingenious a mind. These, of course, were not his exact words, but the language expresses with perfect fairness the thought which was at the back of them. As it turned out, his thesis was of the ordinary kind, he was graduated well towards the middle of his class, and he was very glad to get a place as leveler in a party that was

\* This is the third of a series of articles on the earnings of the great professions. "The Rewards of the Law" appeared in the June *MUNSEY'S*, and "The Physician and His Fees" in July. The next article will deal with the architect's vocation.



engaged in locating a line for a railway, with a salary of sixty dollars a month.

#### THE QUALITIES THAT BRING SUCCESS.

The importance of accuracy, the use and misuse of approximations, the keeping of accounts, the purchase of supplies, some knowledge of jurisprudence, and many other kinds of information—all these are just as much a part of an engineer's education as the technical studies on which he was granted his degree. They are seldom even mentioned in the schools, not because their importance is unrecognized, but because the curricula are already full to overflowing. Then, too, the conditions surrounding actual work cannot be duplicated in a technical course, any more than the editing of a newspaper can be embodied as part of the baccalaureate's studies. The young collegian may—if his tastes incline strongly in that direction, he probably will—have something to do with editing a college journal, but it will be as different from the real thing as the survey which the class at a school of engineering makes of a neighboring farm. An error in a calculation during a blackboard demonstration entails merely a low mark instead of a high one; another mistake entails another low mark, nothing more. But in the world, in earning a living, a mistake is usually followed by a humiliating comment from some superior, and frequent slips will burden a man with the reputation of being "constitutionally inaccurate"—a defect which, among engineers, ranks as a positive vice, and one for which no excuse is accepted, no cure is known.

The final success of an engineer depends upon more qualities than are absolutely required in most of the other professions. He must be thoroughly technical in his knowledge and perfectly practical in his methods. The lawyer and the clergyman are both tolerably sure of preferment, if they are eloquent and respectable. The physician who has an engaging manner need not be very scientific or a great practitioner in order to obtain a considerable following and a satisfactory income. In other words, mediocrity is a more definite handicap in the engineer's race for success than in almost any other line of professional effort.

By this it is not intended to say that high talents are not quite as desirable and quite as frequent in both law and medicine; but at the risk of appearing dogmatic, the belief is here recorded that the really great engineer will certainly possess characteristics which would have won

him much more fame and fortune if they had been applied to some other calling. It is proper that the young man who is about to choose a profession should be made acquainted with this fact.

#### ENGINEERING AS A BUSINESS.

Considered as an investment, the profession of engineering gives quicker returns than most others. It costs about four thousand dollars for the average youth to go through the four years' course, and as soon as he is graduated he is sure of getting work at wages that will pay for board, lodging, and clothing. While the young lawyer or physician must complete his education in office or hospital without pay, the young engineer is getting forty to sixty dollars a month.

This immediate advantage is more apparent than real, and has a singular effect on his future career, because it is almost certain to rob him of his independence. Under a salary from the start, he is unable to perceive any other way of getting an income, and if suddenly thrown out of employment, he has no other thought than to put his neck into the collar again.

The physician who opens an office and sports his shingle does so with all the traditions of his profession behind him. He expects, and is expected, to subsist upon fees; if he does accept a salary, he hopes in time to be able to surrender it. If he starves at first, well and good; are not half his classmates starving too? It is the normal condition, and in the mean time he studies, picks up odd jobs, makes acquaintances, does everything he can find to do which will not interfere with his ultimate object; and if he is of good stuff, he conquers in the end.

But the young engineer, in order that he may grow, must have a certain kind of experience, which can be got only in the field. This drives him to seek employment as soon as he gets his diploma. The glimpse of the real thing which he gets during his technical course is only a glimpse, as has been said, and no more prepares him to take actual charge of work than does the sight of a clinical operation in the college arena fit an M. D. to undertake independently an abdominal resection. Therefore the young doctor goes into the hospital, and the engineer goes into the field, to get experience which is of equal importance to them and to their clients.

To carry the parallel a step further, the doctor's failures die and are forgotten; but those of the engineer live to reproach him. Who would not be a doctor?

From the fact that an engineer must start in life as an employee, his whole career is in danger of being colored by the apparent necessity for a salary. When attacking a piece of work for an employer, he is courageous and ambitious. He works incessantly to satisfy himself as to the best way of overcoming some obstacle, or of reducing the cost of a method. He asks no thanks, and, for that matter, must usually be satisfied with the consciousness of duty well done. But in his own affairs he is pretty sure to be a coward of the deepest dye.

The ablest hydraulic engineer of his time was employed by a certain large city until he was about sixty years old. They could not very well dismiss him, because he had too great a reputation, but the powers that were wanted a more pliable person at the head of his department; so they cut his already small salary in half. He was responsible for a large family, and had no apparent means of supporting them. In his despair, he went to a confidential friend, also an engineer. This friend said at once: "Resign, and announce yourself as a consulting engineer in private practice."

He had not the courage to take this step until driven to it by his necessities, but when he took it he almost immediately found his services in demand. Within six months he had received a fee of several thousand dollars, and for the rest of his life he was in affluent circumstances. It was a rare form of poetic justice which forced the same men who had ousted him to pay him more as a consulting engineer during his remaining years than his salary would have amounted to if it had never been reduced.

#### THE EARNINGS OF A PRACTISING ENGINEER.

The question is often asked, "What emoluments may a man hope to obtain as a practising engineer, strictly in the line of professional effort?"

It is a difficult question to answer; it depends upon the man first and a thousand other circumstances afterwards. From forty to sixty dollars a month is the usual rating of a young American technical graduate; and when this is placed beside the fact that our British cousins are generally forced to pay for the privilege of working under the orders of some distinguished engineer, or in some important factory or shipyard, it shows that conditions here are comparatively favorable.

A railroad engineer in the maintenance of way or motive power departments may be said to have succeeded up to that period

if, at thirty years of age, he is receiving a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a month. In other branches of the profession, the expectations may be somewhat brighter. Particularly is this true of mining, where a man who is exceptionally active and acute may receive very large fees while still comparatively young. Electrical engineering is still too new a field to have arranged itself in a conventional order of promotion and position, and so it is impossible to formulate the prospects which lie before those who practise in it. In every human sense, however, the opportunities are great, and they are enlarging from day to day. There is, however, the danger of overstocking the ranks, a trouble which is already felt in the mechanical and civil divisions.

In the older branches of the profession, the highest salaried rank is called "chief engineer"; and the stipend connected with such a place will often reach ten thousand dollars a year; sometimes, but very seldom, more than that. However, this is not the end, for men who are competent to be chief engineers are frequently sought to fill more profitable places, and so the results of professional effort are not necessarily restricted by the technical boundaries. The late George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the late John Newell, president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, were both engineers of great ability, and their professional accomplishments were the chief reasons for their successes.

The training that an engineer receives is likely to fit him for many branches of commercial life. One of the most obvious of these is as a salesman of machinery and mechanical devices. Many of the most important manufacturers of electrical machinery find it almost essential to employ engineers to negotiate their contracts, and here is a great and increasing opportunity for the less studious or scientific, while at the same time, it offers higher salaries than are usually paid for purely technical work.

The most natural direction in which an engineer may turn, in order to increase the profits of his labors and to secure a more independent position than is possible while he subsists wholly upon wages, is towards contracting. This he does by allying himself with an established business, or by becoming a contractor himself; and the practice is increasing in frequency. It does not cause the engineer to lose caste, because, presumably, he has already acquired a professional reputation which he would rather suffer any misfortune than

forfeit. This gives him an advantage, both in securing and in carrying on work, since, besides the acquaintance with ordinary business methods which his experience has given him, he brings to his affairs the technical information, lacking to the average contractor, yet so important in the conduct of large works.

As for the specialists who are strictly consulting engineers, having nothing to do with contracts, the maximum income for those in the very first rank is perhaps fifty thousand dollars a year. There are not more than six men in this country whose fees amount to that sum. Charles SooySmith, of New York, who devotes his attention to bridge building, and Arthur Hazen, of Chicago, a hydraulic engineer, are among those credited with the highest incomes.

Perhaps the worst feature of an engineer's life is its uncertainty. The lawyer is, from necessity, either at his home, his office, or the court room. The doctor may be called up at night—he would feel very much disappointed if this did not happen frequently during the first few years of his practice—and this is the extent of his hardships. But the engineer must hold himself in readiness to go at a moment's notice to any spot on the earth where he may find employment. Especially is this true of the branch called "civil." It may be a reconnaissance in South America in January, and the sinking of a caisson in the upper reaches of the Nile in the following July, but go he must if he wishes continuous employment. His exposure to the elements, to extremes of heat and cold, and to the hardships of scanty and irregular fare, are taken for granted, and are hardly counted in comparing his circumstances with those of men in other walks of life, although they are as much a part of his business as is his education. Certain branches of engineering are largely exempt from the worst of these features, but the younger members, for the most part, are likely to find their early careers something more than trying.

#### SPECIALIZATION IN ENGINEERING.

As in all the professions, the pulpit alone excepted, the increase in accumulated knowledge and the continual expansion of the field of human activities have forced distinctions in the work of individuals; in other words, have created specialties. In very early times, the business of the architect and that of the engineer were so closely allied that their functions were usually well within the powers of one person, as in the case of Vitruvius. As works

increased in size and importance, those who showed a decided taste for decoration insensibly absorbed the artistic side, while the mathematicians, the ready managers of men, the utilitarians, were intrusted with the purely constructional parts. Another distinction was born in the growing importance of the art of war, which demanded that certain men should devote themselves to the design and improvement of the tools of combat. Thereafter, and until within the past twenty five or thirty years, we hear of the military engineer and the civil engineer as sharing the construction of all public works. The military engineer built catapults, battering rams, cannon, fortifications, pontoons, and so forth; the civil engineer devoted himself to the peaceful side of the profession.

The perfection of the first steam engine by Watt, and the discovery of the present scheme of chemistry, were the two nearly simultaneous causes for the diverse directions in which the engineer of today finds himself led. There are actually more specialties in engineering than there are in medicine, distinct indeed, but with no absolute line of division. All engineers, however, must have a thorough knowledge of certain facts which form the basis of the processes in every branch. Of these facts, mathematics and their applications are the most important, following which are the strength of materials and their behavior under varying conditions of temperature and moisture; the fundamental laws of physics; the elementary rules of geology, chemistry and electricity.

The engineer of experience may not—and, for that matter, need not—be a finished mathematician from the professional standpoint; indeed, he will probably forget most of the methods that he learned in the schools, retaining in the front of his memory only those which have served him best in his daily practice; but he must know what formulæ he needs, where to find them, and how to use them without a shadow of uncertainty. Lacking this, he is without the first requisite of a modern engineer; beyond it, the wider his range of knowledge, the more cultivated his mind, the higher he is likely to stand among his brethren.

#### PRACTICE AND THEORY IN ENGINEERING.

There has always been, and probably always will be, more or less antagonism between the so called "practical" engineers and the men of education or technical men. Those of the first class sneer somewhat at the refinements of the latter, and the latter distrust the "rule of thumb"

practice of the former. But the problem is a perfectly simple one, and there is an easy answer to it. The theory of one day becomes the practice of the next, and he who neglects or is ignorant of the theory is sure to adopt obsolete and therefore ignorant methods. The real difference between the meanings of "practice" and "theory" in engineering parlance lies in the two little adverbs "how" and "why." Practice is *how* a thing is done, and theory is *why* a thing is done.

The Egyptians and the Romans both used hydraulic cement in ancient times, but they knew no more than a child unborn why it "set" under water. The true reason for its behavior was not even suggested until the middle of the eighteenth century, and was not confirmed until fifty or sixty years ago. In short, the constructor of the year 1700 used hydraulic cement, the most important manufactured substance with which he had to deal, in exactly the same way and with about the same knowledge of its properties as the illiterate laborer of today. This illustrates the difference between practice and theory.

Until John Smeaton needed a bonding material for the foundations of the Eddystone lighthouse, and, by pure theorizing, compounded it successfully of separate substances, hydraulic cement was only made by burning and grinding a certain kind of limestone. No one knew why the product stiffened and became hard after it was wet; nor did engineers imagine that they were surrounded by materials which, if combined in proper proportions, would make a much better cement than any they had ever known. Furthermore, from having been a comparatively rare material—because of the rarity with which the necessary mixture was found in a natural state—cement became available as a local product in nearly every civilized land. Theory alone accomplished this, and without it the practical man would still be where he was in the beginning.

In writing of engineering as a profession, it is necessary to isolate the meanings of the two expressions, practice and theory. When a man knows only how to perform work, or to combine the parts of a machine, he is an artisan, a journeyman, a practical man, and is not described

by the term "engineer." But when he knows why the parts of a machine are of a certain size and arrangement, why a piece of masonry is of certain dimensions, why a dynamo is constructed as it is, then, in so far as he can explain the reason for doing work in a particular way, he is entitled to be called an engineer.

#### THE HIGH STANDARDS OF THE PROFESSION.

Although the members of the profession of engineering are entirely without the formal code of ethics which spreads itsegis over the moral performances of other professional men, they are nevertheless bound by understood laws, which are quite as strict and effective as if printed, sealed, and subscribed to under oath. The principle of *noblesse oblige*—we have no English expression for the idea—is the only restraining influence which seems to be necessary; and since it has operated so well, and with increasing power for good, up to the present time, carrying the professional standard always higher, it is to be hoped that no attempt will ever be made to codify the principles of engineering ethics.

A breath of suspicion as to the propriety of a candidate's acts is enough to prevent his admission to any engineering association. The engineer must not accept a commission for recommending a process or device. He must not testify as an expert in a case where he is convinced that the side which employs him is wrong, even though he need not pervert the facts in order to secure his fee. In other words, he must be true to himself in order to be true to his client; this is a rule which every engineer admits, and he does not need to have it in writing.

"Old men for counsel, young men for war," holds as true in engineering now as in the days when it was first said, and the fathers of the guild are the ones who will still be looked up to for advice and direction, while the sons go out and fight hand to hand with the forces of nature. And may these same fathers long be spared to us, for are they not the living exponents of the fortitude, the energy, and the intelligence which have produced the railways, the canals, the bridges, and the other great engineering works of this great country?

#### OF FAME.

HE won the heights he long had held in view  
And wore the wreath of bay;  
But dearer were the roses and the rue  
Gathered along the way.

Ellen Gray Barbour.

# LITERARY CHAT

## THE JOURNALISTIC JINGLES WITH.

He takes the topic serious,  
He takes the topic gay,  
And in a style imperious  
Constructs his little lay;  
And if it's anatomical  
In theme, or if it's not,  
He makes it grave or comical—  
And so he boils the pot.

Against all ills tubercular  
He chants in classic form,  
And lauds the fur lined circular  
That keeps the wearer warm;  
He frowns on all cheap Jackery;  
That from the earth he'd blot  
With all the grace of Thackeray—  
To glorify the pot.

He slings the ballad strenuous  
To celebrate a fight  
In manner quite ingenuous,  
Although he's wrong or right;  
He lets no harsh fate militate  
Against his tommyrot  
That's builded to facilitate  
The boiling of the pot.

No vigorous staccato can  
Bestill his pleasant note  
That tells how the tomato can  
Conciliates the goat;  
He chants with voice vociferous  
The fortune of his lot—  
The ode that's odoriferous—  
To boil the ancient pot.

He's tarter than the lemon straight  
That's taken for a cold,  
If he can't fairly demonstrate  
His worth in minted gold;  
In short, this poet lyrical,  
Though blowing cold or hot,  
Is kindly, or satirical,  
Or both—to boil the pot.

### "NEWYORKITIS"—A medical philosopher discovers and describes a new and insidious disease.

Medical science long ago discovered that insanity is a disease, that crime is a disease, and that genius is a disease. A New York physician, Dr. John H. Girdner, has carried the idea further, and enunciates the theory that living on Manhattan Island is a disease. He says—we

are not quite sure if his facts are entirely correct—that if an impassable wall were built around the tiny island where two million people are housed in thirty eight square miles, so that no one could pass in or out, its inhabitants would ultimately become quite or practically extinct. Therefore, he argues, life in New York is abnormal; therefore it is a disease. Dr. Girdner calls it "Newyorkitis," and in a volume of which this peculiar looking word is the title he describes the symptoms and suggests a remedy.

Here is a typical instance of the way in which the infection shows itself, one of its commonest results being a morbid tendency to measure everything by the dollar standard:

The New York Academy of Medicine appointed a committee, some years ago, to endeavor to induce Congress to pass certain legislation looking to the improvement of the national health laws. A distinguished Newyorkitic confidentially asked me this question: "What is there in this bill for you doctors?" He looked surprised and incredulous when I told him there was nothing in it except that the academy believed its enactment into law would save tens of thousands of human lives every year.

It is now time for some enterprising scientist to discover that rusticitis is a disease widely prevalent among residents in the country, to identify its bacillus, and to describe its alarming symptoms. In the mean time we may console ourselves with the fact that Dr. Girdner continues to live in the heart of New York.

### ANNE RITCHIE ON DRESS—The American women's fine gowns kept Miss Thackeray from coming to this country.

One of the incidents connected with the friendship between Thackeray and Bayard Taylor is still recalled by the latter's younger sisters, who accompanied him to Europe some years before his marriage in 1857. The three dined with the Thackerays in London. When the women had withdrawn from the table, Miss Taylor asked Anne Thackeray to come to America, and the latter replied that her father wanted to bring them to the United States, but that American women always dressed so magnificently that he feared the contrast and its result. Then, with a glance



at the Taylors, who were clad in the simplest of sprigged muslins, she added:

"It is surely such a relief to find that you dress just as we do."

The Misses Taylor, on the other hand, were disappointed for quite a different reason. Before going to the dinner they had read up carefully on "The Rose and the Ring," and the subject was never mentioned.

**DREYFUS, HIS BOOK** — In "Five Years of My Life" he publishes extracts from his prison diary and from his correspondence with Mme. Dreyfus.

The long expected book by Captain Dreyfus, published under the title of "Five Years of My Life," throws very little fresh light on the history of the famous *affaire*. It shows, indeed, that the victim of that terrible tragedy knew almost nothing of the working of the forces that struck him down.

It is as a "human document" that the book is interesting. It sets forth vividly, but without any extravagance of statement, the thoughts and emotions of a man placed in a position as agonizing as any that a novelist could conceive. Yet perhaps the most striking thing in the volume is not a part of Dreyfus' diary, but an extract from a Paris newspaper describing the degradation of the unjustly convicted officer on January 5, 1895.

By the way, when Dreyfus mentions, among the hardships he endured on Devil's Island, a hunger so extreme that he was driven to eat raw tomatoes, it is not to be inferred that there was anything unreal about his sufferings. Frenchmen consider raw tomatoes no more edible than uncooked potatoes.

**ANOTHER WAR BOOK**—An officer of the United States Army comments on the struggle in South Africa.

In the preface to his book on "The Second Boer War," Captain John P. Wisser, of the Seventh United States Artillery, frankly states that the sources from which he drew his facts were the military periodicals, chiefly French or German, received at his army post. A little more experience of historical work, and a little more knowledge of the character of the French and German press, would have taught him that his authorities were utterly untrustworthy. It is not surprising to find errors of all sorts in his narrative.

For instance, on page 39, he tells us that three thousand men and "several batteries" broke through the Boers' lines and "escaped" from Ladysmith. General White had only seven batteries in the beleaguered town, and no such "escape" took place during the siege.

On page 101 he states the garrison of "Kimberly"—meaning Kimberley, no doubt—at 2,600 men and 78 guns. This is a careless mistake, for on page 233 he gives it as 2,400 men and 16 guns, which is about correct.

On page 111 he mentions Cronje as having commanded the Boers at Majuba Hill. Cronje was at Potchefstroom, some two hundred miles away, at the time of that famous skirmish.

On page 116 Captain Wisser says that Clery, when temporarily invalidated, was succeeded in his command by Hart. Only three pages away we are told that Clery was replaced by "Lyttleton." The former statement is erroneous, the latter correct, except that General Lyttelton's name is misspelled.

The same carelessness of author or proofreader distorts many other names; we find Sir Henry Colville called "Colville" and "Sir A. Colvill"; Viljoen, "Viljeon," and so on. The proofreader, no doubt, is responsible for the amazing assertion, on page 248, that on February 15, 1900, the British had 15,142,800 unmounted men in South Africa; but it must have been the author—probably following the French journals, to which English titles are always a hopeless puzzle—who is responsible for "Sir Buller," "Sir Clery," and "Sir Gataere," on page 17 and elsewhere.

So much for Captain Wisser as a historian. As a military commentator, it is pleasing to add, he is far more successful. His observations on the war and its lessons are luminous, impartial, and judicious. For instance, it is gratifying to read his demolition of the newspaper strategists who have so loudly asserted that the great lesson of the South African conflict is the impossibility of assaulting fortified positions.

**THE PLEA FEMININE**—How Mrs. T. P. O'Connor appealed to the London critics.

The author of "A Lady from Texas," a comedy recently produced in London, introduced a startling novelty in "before the curtain" speeches, when a pleased audience demanded her presence. She is an American, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, formerly Miss

Pascal of Baltimore. Having made the usual remarks in somewhat unusual fashion, she addressed herself to the critics, and begged them to give her what encouragement they could in her new career as a playwright; "for if I fail, it will almost break my heart," said the ambitious lady.

What could any real gentleman do but go home and puff her hard? No doubt this particular play merited praise; but the critics are going to have a difficult time if they are to be subjected to the feminine appeal, "Be good to me, I'm so little—and then, you know, I'm a woman!"

Till women workers learn to get into line, and to stand or fall on the merit of their work alone, they can never be sure that their honors are not theirs by courtesy rather than by right.

#### SWINBURNE'S APOLOGIST—The poet finds to his surprise a kind friend to tell the world how sorry he is for some of his verse.

Theodore Wratishaw has probably a very low estimate of the gratitude of poets at this writing. Mr. Wratishaw compiled a monograph on Charles Algernon Swinburne, and proceeded to have it accepted for publication without the courtesy usually accorded a living author, that of submitting it to him. The book appeared, and among other things it was discovered that Mr. Wratishaw had assumed the responsibility of apologizing for some of Mr. Swinburne's fancies.

Swinburne is notoriously careless about his work after it has once left his hands, but this, apparently, was a little too much even for him. He felt that he could do any apologizing that might seem to him necessary, and that any beyond that had better not be done. So he expressed himself to Mr. Wratishaw's publishers, and that well meaning man's work was withdrawn from circulation.

#### A SOUTHERN LAUREATE — The crown of poetic bay worn by the late Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, of Louisiana.

A newspaper despatch announces the death of "Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, the poet laureate of Louisiana." It is probable that the nation at large, engrossed as it is in buying and selling, eating and sleeping, knew but little of Mrs. Townsend or of her work, which, a New Orleans newspaper assures us, was "beautiful in conception and exquisite in execu-

tion." Her death is no doubt a heavy loss to the Southern school of poetry, which is, however, in no danger of extinction so long as J. Gordon Coogler, the laureate of South Carolina, continues to put forth his justly celebrated brand of verse.

It would be interesting to know how many more of these local laureates there are in our forty five States, not to mention our Territories and miscellaneous dependencies.

#### ETIQUETTE AND GRAMMAR—According to Emily Holt, they have not much to do with each other.

Sad is the fate of the social aspirant, if any such there be, who relies upon an "Encyclopedia of Etiquette" as a guide to good manners and true culture. A recent volume of this sort, which bears the name of Emily Holt on its title page, contains such gems as these:

When asking permission of a lady to bring up and introduce a masculine stranger it is only necessary to say, *Miss Brown, may I present my friend Blank, he is very eager to know you, I hope you have no objections.*

*Miss Hazelton, my brother asks me to present him, in hopes you have a dance to spare, is a good mode of making a presentation.*

A gentleman would cross the room, if necessary, to take ceremonious leave of the lady to whom he had given his arm to the table—unless she was very distant or deep in conversation—saying, *Good night, Miss Blank, it has been a great pleasure to have known you.*

Neither elegance nor ordinary correctness of speech seems to figure in Miss Holt's scheme of etiquette.

#### "THE ARISTOCRATS"—An English view of a highly refined phase of American society.

The most important thing about a story is its interest, and the tale, told in the present popular form of a series of letters, purporting to be written by the *Lady Helen Pole*, certainly is interesting reading. *Lady Helen* accompanies her brother, the Duke of Something, to the Adirondacks, whither he has been sent to fight consumption, and she meets Americans who, one is inclined to say, have never before been described in books written by an English author.

"The Aristocrats" are a most superior class, the super refined persons with the artistic temperament that has been molded into good form. They take their culture seriously, and rejoice in an emaculated state of intellectual propriety.

*Lady Helen* writes frankly about them to her best friend, who loves a man not her husband, with pertinent and keen comment, which shows an honest hatred of sham. The English noblewoman doesn't feel thoroughly at home until she visits another camp, where authors of both sexes do not pose, and where the fact that married women have lovers appears to make her feel perfectly at home.

There is no mincing of words or of ideas in "The Aristocrats," and it may not find its way into the Boston Library; but there is a deal in it that is true, and all of it is interesting. American politics, love, culture, and literature are discussed with vigor and insight. Of course the author's name is withheld, but one has the impression that it might have been written by an English woman of rank who passed through the actual experiences which are so cleverly described.

#### **OUIDA ON THE CYCLIST — She holds rather strong views on the racing variety.**

Ouida does not love the cyclists. Her onslaught upon them is almost Corellian in this description:

Behold him in the velodrome as he yells insanely after his kind as they tear along on their tandem machines in a match, and then ask yourself, O my reader, if any age before this in all the centuries of the earth ever produced any creature so utterly low and loathsome, so physically, mentally, individually, and collectively hideous? The helot of Greece, the gladiator of Rome, the swashbuckler of medieval Europe, nay, the mere pimp and pander of Elizabethan England, of the France of the Valois, of the Spain of Velasquez, were dignity, purity, courage in person beside the cad of this breaking dawn of the twentieth century—the cad rushing on with his shrill scream of laughter as he knocks down the feeble woman or the yearling child, and making life and death and all eternity seem ridiculous by the mere existence of his own intolerable fatuity and bestiality.

After reading this, one can almost see Ouida standing in the "velodrome" and shaking her forefinger at the luckless wheelman.

#### **CHEEK AND FANCY—Charles Battell Loomis cleverly mingles the two in "Yankee Enchantments."**

Charles Battell Loomis begins his newest book with the usual cheeky little preface. A former volume set off with a dedication to the one who had encouraged him when others were all for discouragement—the Author. In the front pages of another, "The Four Masted Catboat," he

said nonchalantly, "It hasn't bothered me to write it. I hope it won't bother you to read it, for I'd hate to have you bothered on my account."

"Yankee Enchantments," the latest, is intended for children, but the author, with an air of innocent sincerity, begs that those too old for the stories will please read them aloud to their father and mother and show them the pictures. In the same prefatory note, he regrets that he could not see the illustrations before he told the stories, because the stories would have been twice as good—a pleasant tribute to Miss Cory, who has filled the book with nice, fat country children and graceful elves and fairies.

The various stories are for the most part audacious nonsense, told with a cheerful disregard for probability. They contain no moral that is visible to the naked eye, though the acute reader may occasionally suspect a small one in solution. The titles are pleasantly suggestive of boyish ambitions and imaginings: "Tod and the Stolen Holidays," "The Strongest Boy in the World," "The Million Silver Dollars," "The Boy Who Made a Trolley Car," "The Boy Who Required Winding." As a whole, they represent a new school of fairy tale, the outgrowth, perhaps, of a new school of children.

#### **A "NOVELIZED" DRAMA—"Mistress Nell" adds an argument against the doctrine of the transferability of plays and fiction.**

The dramas cut over from fiction to fit the footlights, which have deluged us for some time past, have convinced most of us that a great gulf is fixed between the material required for a good tale and that needed for a good play. The novel "Mistress Nell," by George C. Hazelton, would convince the last opponent of this view of its entire reasonableness.

"Mistress Nell" on the stage, by the same author, was not bad. It was not great. It left Shakspeare and Molière quite safe, but it was distinctly entertaining. It afforded a pleasing actress a pleasing vehicle for riding into considerable favor and a rather long "run." Its situations were lively, its dialogue crisp, and its plot seemed to hold water.

But Mr. Hazelton was not content with this. He said to himself, possibly as a result of what his friends said to him: "Go to! Why should I not novelize my drama, if Irving Bacheller and Marion Crawford and Mary Johnston and the others dramatize their novels?" There seemed no

greater argument against the one course than against the other, and Mr. Hazelton wrote his "merry tale of a merry time."

The story is as distinctly poor as the play was entertaining. The plot is incoherent, and the characters act without any special reason, either in their own disposition or in the circumstances, for their behavior. The speeches fall like lead; the situations are interesting neither in a dramatic nor in a human sense.

If it were not for the memory of good novels turned into soporific plays, Mr. Hazelton's book would convince one that fiction writing is a finer and more difficult art than drama building. But remembering what the last theatrical season brought forth, it seems safer to hold to the original proposition—that the two talents are of different kinds, not merely different degrees of one kind.

#### "DUPES" AND OCCULTISTS—A clever story which affords an amusing view of the rise and progress of a mystic society.

Among the officials of a certain medico religious organization which figures more or less prominently in the coroner's reports, there is said to be a publication detective. His duty is to keep track of all that is printed concerning the organization, and to threaten with libel suits all editors whose utterances he considers objectionable.

Whatever organization supports this dignitary should fine him heavily if he has not brought "Dupes" to book. For "Dupes," with its vain, ignorant, impressive charlatan of a figurehead, *Mme. Bonzales*, its unscrupulous, acquisitive "secretary," its hysterical feminine devotees, its elaborate ritual of deceit, might very well be regarded by almost any medico religious society as a personal and libelous attack. A libel, it will be recalled by those versed in the law, does not depend upon its falsity for its offensiveness. The only difficulty, in this case, would be to limit the number of "occult" groups which might claim the doubtful glory of having inspired it.

The novel was written by Ethel Watts Mumford. It is not a violent invective or a badly disguised brief, as might be gathered from the foregoing, but an entertaining story. Mrs. Mumford, whose first long piece of fiction "Dupes" is, makes no strenuous effort at satire, despite the material she uses. The events are satirical enough in themselves, and the author very wisely devotes her attention

to weaving them into a really interesting and amusing plot.

#### "HER MOUNTAIN LOVER"—Hamlin Garland's joy in tramping through London drawingrooms with muddy boots.

All the way through "Her Mountain Lover," Hamlin Garland's face wears a broad smile. Every page of it gives him a chance to heave another brick at conventional civilization, and he lets out his muscle with a naïve satisfaction. He is not the distant, obliterated creator of *Jim*, but his friend and familiar, showing him off as a generous elder brother sometimes shows off a younger. As soon as *Jim* opens his laconic mouth, Mr. Garland begins to chuckle. He is close behind the hero in his pilgrimage through London drawingrooms, rejoicing in every assault upon conventionality, taking pride even in *Jim*'s misuse of grammar and forks. So far the east is from the west! The lover of the wilds will never cease hotly explaining to the ultra civilized the superiority of the primitive—an attack that never stirs a ripple in the world of the effete.

"Her Mountain Lover" is a pleasant story, full of humor and quaint phraseology. The Western hero is of a very different type from *Black Mose*, the harsh, somber, joyless figure of "The Eagle's Heart," and the story is on far less heroic lines; but it is vivid, sincere, and eminently readable.

#### TWO LITERARY PHYSICIANS—The mantle of Dr. Holmes seems to have fallen upon Dr. Mitchell.

The mantle of Oliver Wendell Holmes seems to have descended upon Weir Mitchell. Their lives contain remarkable analogies. Both were famous physicians, and specialists at that; both were noted for their delightful occasional verse, and both wrote novels. In "Dr. North and His Friends," we find that Mitchell has much of the same kind of geniality, wit, wisdom, and skill in hitting off a character that the Autocrat possessed.

For those to whom dialogue is everything, and who like wit that is neither cheap nor machine made, we commend "Dr. North and His Friends," and its forerunner, "Characteristics." To those who delight in an interesting, amusing, and withal thoughtful story of adventure, "The Adventures of François" is sure to appeal; while the lovers of the histori-

eal novel will be likely to find that "Hugh Wynne" has few equals in America.

If the study of medicine so sharpens wit, our young authors should enter medical schools at once, for among the younger generation it will take a long and patient search to find two authors so scintillating and so philosophical as Dr. Holmes and Dr. Mitchell.

**CYCLOPEDIA SALES—And the inference drawn from the fact that they are much larger here than in England.**

The statisticians are always with us. One of them comes forward to prove that we are seven times as intellectual as the people of England, because a certain cyclopedia, issued in both countries, sold seven times as largely in the United States as in Great Britain. It appears that while London took eighteen sets of this most improving work per ten thousand inhabitants, Oxford twenty, and Edinburgh—alas for the Athens of the North!—only thirteen, the ratio in New York was sixty eight, in Chicago sixty nine, and in cultured Boston seventy four.

These figures are interesting, and perhaps significant, but do they constitute a safe index of intellectuality? The purchase of a well advertised cyclopedia is a praiseworthy action, but it might be regarded as a symptom of a certain raw state of culture rather than the finished product. Moreover, the statistician would be more convincing if his figures showed how many of the books went into daily use, and how many became mere parlor ornaments or even garret lumber.

**MR. BOK AS A "LADIES' MAN"—**

**He seems ambitious for this old but scarcely honorable title.**

Edward Bok, who is easily the most amusing young man in America, has been giving lectures around about the country. Sometimes he gave one called "Explaining the Editor," and sometimes, with equal modesty, his theme was "The Key to Success." The most interesting thing about his tour was not his diffident choice of topics, but the circular which was given out with the program. It was in itself a magnificent object lesson on methods of attaining success. It was adorned with a picture of a square jawed young man, printed in a pretty violet tint—the hue of retiring and sensitive worth. Below was what purported to be the autograph of the explainer of editors—and

above was this simple and reserved description of him:

**"THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND POPULAR YOUNG MAN IN AMERICA."**

Mr. Bok's history followed. It was sprinkled with such gems as this: "Almost like a page from the 'Arabian Nights' is the story of the success of Edward Bok." The most charming paragraph, however, touched upon a more delicate topic. "Mr. Bok's popularity with women," it ran, "has perhaps never been equaled. To young women, his personality is perhaps the most attractive in American public life today."

Fie, fie, Mr. Bok! This unblushing style of boasting of feminine conquests went out long, long ago—say about the time of the porter of Bagdad and the three Calenders. The likeness to the Arabian Nights must not be pushed too far.

**A WHEAT TRILOGY—Frank Norris starts it with a story of the grain growing, called "The Octopus."**

With "The Octopus," Frank Norris has put himself a long stride ahead of the author of "McTeague." In lieu of the life story of a San Francisco dentist, we have for the theme a Homeric struggle between a band of men and a corporation, the farmers and the railroad, with the man *Presley* to play the part of Greek chorus, pointing out the significance of it all, and giving the author a mouthpiece for his reflections and his righteous anger.

The railroad is the villain of the piece, a villain of the coal black, unmitigated type that gets hissed by the gallery; but unlike most villains, it is triumphant at the close. Those who have followed the bitter struggle between the farmers of California and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company are rereading history in "The Octopus"—though history of a somewhat partisan type, for the State owes the railroad vast benefits as well as vast grudges. The incidents of which the book is built are strong and vital, though there is occasional affectation in the style; and at points the narrator rises to a bigness and simplicity that makes it human drama of a high type.

Two novels are to follow "The Octopus"—"The Pit, a Story of Chicago," and "The Wolf, a Story of Europe," completing a trilogy which will be known as "The Epic of the Wheat." It is difficult to see what Mr. Norris or Zola, or their readers gain from the linking of novels into trilogies, though possibly their publishers think that it increases their sales.